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THE

# ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

## England.

BY HENRY NEELE.

"Truth is strange,
Stranger than fiction."

*Lord Byron.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO THE

KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES,

illustrative of the romantic Annals of England, from the Norman Conquest to the Restoration,—a period which presents no era more illustrious in Art, in Science, in Literature, and in Arms, than his Majesty's own glorious Regency and Reign,

Are,

By His Majesty's Gracious Permission,

Most humbly dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

# PREFACE.

THE following Tales are all founded upon facts in English history. The aid of fiction has, indeed, been made use of, but no important historical event has been falsified; and where the Author has wandered farthest from strict fact, he has yet endeavoured to be true to the spirit and manners of the age in which the scene is laid. It will also be found, that the most marvellous and improbable of the events narrated in these volumes, are by no means the least authentic. "*Le vrai*," says a French author, "*n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.*"

A few of the Tales refer rather to the history of foreign nations than of England, as

"The Rings" does to that of France, and "The Starry Tower" to that of Spain; all, however, have some degree of reference to English history, and if in one or two instances the reader should find this link of connexion a somewhat slight one, it is hoped that the *historiette* will not, on that account, be condemned, if in other respects it should merit approbation.

It is also hoped, that this work may lead to a more general perusal of English history, especially to the invaluable but neglected productions of the ancient annalists and chroniclers. The *naïve* and picturesque descriptions of Froissart—the terseness, energy, and eloquence of Hall—the profound and philosophical spirit of Philip de Comines, and the minute detail, the laborious research, and (where they speak of contemporary characters and events) the high authority of Walsingham, Eadmer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, Giraldus Cambrensis, Hardyng, Stanton, Camden, Holinshed, Hayward, and Stowe, entitle them to a

far more extensive perusal, and a far more general admiration than they have yet received.

The period to which these Tales refer, is that between the Conquest and the Restoration. The former epoch the Author selected as a good starting post, which would not carry him too far into the mist and gloom of antiquity,—and the latter as a point to stop at before he could become involved in any of the debateable matters which are agitated in the present day. The reign of every sovereign is endeavoured to be illustrated by at least one Tale, and an Historical Summary of the leading events of each reign is prefixed to the Tale which refers to it.

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# The Norman Line.

"Behold
The hand of God! From that dark day of blood
When vengeance triumph'd and the curfew knoll'd,
England, thy proud majestic policy
Slowly arose! thro' centuries of shade
The pile august of British liberty
Tower'd, till, behold it stand in clearer light,
Illustrious. At its base, fell Tyranny
Gnashes his teeth and drops the broken sword;
While Freedom, Justice, to the cloudless skies,
Uplift their radiant forms, and Fame aloft
Sounds o'er the subject seas, from East to West,
From North to South, her trumpet.—England! live,
And rule, till waves and worlds shall be no more."

BOWLES.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## William the First.

WILLIAM, on the defeat and death of Harold, fortified Dover. He then proceeded to London, where all was confusion and uproar, owing to a diversity of opinions; some were for placing Edgar on the throne, but the clergy carried the determination of offering William the crown. Accordingly a deputation was sent to him at Berkhamstead, the heads of which were the two Archbishops, and with them likewise went Edgar Atheling himself.

William was accordingly crowned, December 26, 1066, by Aldred, Archbishop of York.

He built Battle Abbey, near Hastings, to perpetuate his victory, under the pretence of praying for the souls of those who were slain in the action. He likewise built castles in different parts of England, which he filled with Norman soldiers.

William confirmed Edgar in the Earldom of Oxford, conferred on him by Harold.

The King went over to Normandy, (leaving Odo, Bishop of Baieux, and William Fitzosborne, Regents in his absence,) where he stayed several months, till accounts were received by him that the English were revolting in all parts, on which he repaired to England, and quelled the insurrection.

His wife, Matilda, arrived from Normandy and was crowned. She was soon afterwards delivered of a son, who was named Henry.

1068.—A new rebellion broke out, which William likewise subdued; but the cruelties he committed on the English were excessive. Edgar Atheling fled to Scotland with Cospatrick, Earl of Northumberland, taking with him his sisters

Margaret and Christina, the former of whom Malcolm took to wife.

William introduced the Feudal Law into England, and divided the whole kingdom amongst his most powerful barons.

He likewise disarmed the English, and ordered that no light should be seen in their houses after eight o'clock: for which purpose a bell should ring at that hour, when they were to cover all their fires. This bell was called the Curfew.

William ordered all the children to be taught French, and all law proceedings to be transacted in that language.

Edgar Atheling returned from Scotland and submitted himself to William, who received him very favourably.

1077.—The king's son, Robert, rebelled, and had nearly made himself master of Normandy, when the king went over there with an army of English; and in an action Robert wounded his father without knowing him; but the discovery of what he had done, had such an effect on him that he immediately submitted.

William chastised the Welsh for their incursions in England. He afterwards built the Tower of London to keep the city in awe.

He ordered an exact survey to be taken of every person's estate in the kingdom, which was called Doomsday Book.

1079.—The King depopulated a country in Hampshire of above thirty-six miles in compass, now called the New Forest. This year his Queen Matilda died.

1087.—William went over to Normandy, and carried on a bloody war with the King of France. He was taken ill of a fever at Mantes, carried back to Rouen, and died the 9th of September, 1087, at Hermentrude, a country house near Rouen. He left Normandy to his son Robert; England to William; and only a sum of money to Henry. Richard was already dead.

# Wulstan of Worcester.

The Bishop, he could lift his hand
And bless the kneeling crowd:
The Bishop, he could grasp a brand,
And chase the barons proud.

OLD BALLAD.

# Wulstan of Worcester.

"It is in vain—it is in vain, my children! This unhappy kingdom is now experiencing the tender mercies of the Conqueror: our liberties are trampled under foot; our religion insulted and despised; and our reverend prelates selected one by one as lambs for the slaughter. The noble primate Stigand is deposed and imprisoned; the bishops of Selesey and Elmham have shared his fate, and my lord of Durham has fled the kingdom. I, doubtless, am marked out as the next victim! To have had the mitre placed upon my brows by holy King Edward, is a crime which by this ingrate Norman will never be forgiven."

The speaker was a man of a stately figure and herculean proportions. The thin white locks upon his head, and the deep furrows on his cheek, proclaimed his advanced age; but indicated neither mental decay, nor bodily infirmity. His large bright blue eye gleamed with all the fire and vivacity of youth; and his step, as he paced the apartment, was firm and bold, although hurried and irregular. His

features were agitated with an expression of mingled scorn and sorrow, and his hand, which bore a silver staff, crooked at the top, seemed quite as well fitted to grasp the sword as the crosier.

"Nay, my good lord!" said a young man, to whom clung a terrified maiden, and both of whom seemed deeply interested in the old man's emotions, "do not believe that the Conqueror, haughty and tyrannical as he is, will venture so far to outrage the feelings and opinions of his subjects as to strip your lordship of those dignities which you have worn so honourably. My father, too, stands high in the favour of his sovereign, and will not fail to exert his influence in behalf of our friend: a friend," he added, looking with a smile towards the maiden, who blushed deeply, "to whom we shall shortly be united by ties of a tenderer and yet stronger nature."

"Walter Fitzwalter," said the prelate, "I doubt not your father's honour or his friendship; but I know the blind feudal obedience which your Norman laws exact from a subject towards his sovereign. I know that friendship and duty, and filial, and parental, and conjugal love, have often been sacrificed by the vassal, at the command of his liege lord. Thou, Walter, nevertheless, hast Saxon blood in thy veins and a Saxon heart in thy bosom; and the sun,

which will most gladden these old eyes, will be that which brightens the morning of thy nuptials with my fair child."

The maiden blushed again, and the youth pressed her more closely to his bosom. She appeared to be two or three years younger than her suitor, that is to say, she had perhaps seen some eighteen or nineteen summers. Her form was tall and stately like her father's; and although youth and bloom were upon her cheek, and her long auburn tresses fell in rich ringlets down her neck, while his locks were blanched with age, and his broad expansive brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles, still their features bore a remarkable resemblance. She was wonderfully fair; perhaps at the period to which this narrative refers, she might be called pale; for sorrow and suffering had intruded even into the high places of England, and left its traces on her once joyous countenance. Of her kindred, some had fallen in the field, some on the scaffold, and some were exiles in a foreign land: while her father, who had borne the episcopal staff for several years with honour to himself and benefit to his spiritual flock, was now waiting in expectation of the command of the Conqueror to resign it to some minion of his own. Her eyes were of a deep blue, and

sparkled brightly even beneath the tears which now streamed plenteously from them.

"Dearest Father!" she exclaimed, "doubt not that we shall yet be happy. King William, although a Norman, knows how to respect your virtues and your years; you swore allegiance to him, as soon as you perceived that resistance to his authority would only prolong the civil dissensions of the kingdom without benefiting the Saxon cause, and have ever since maintained tranquillity and obedience in your diocese."

"And did not Stigand, and Agelric, and Agelmare, the same," answered the Bishop; "and what is their reward? And have I not been spared thus long, only because this head has been sometimes known to doff the mitre for the helmet, and this bosom has changed the tunic for the corslet of mail; and my sleeves have occasionally been made of steel instead of lawn; but hark! some one demands admittance."

A bugle was heard sounding at the gate of the episcopal palace, and presently an armed man, mounted on a stately white charger, was admitted into the court-yard. He was not long in dismounting, and being ushered into the presence of the Bishop, where having unbarred his vizor, he exhibit-

ed features, which were well known to all. The prelate extended his hand, the maiden made a lowly reverence, and the young man sinking on his knee, exclaimed, "Your blessing, my noble father, your blessing."

"My Lord Fitzwalter," said the Bishop, "peace be with you!"

"Wulstan of Worcester," returned the other, "I greet you well."

"Ha!" said the prelate, "so blunt! It is long since I have heard myself styled plain Wulstan, and I did not expect that, the first time that title again greeted my ears, it should be from the lips of the Baron Fitzwalter."

"I dare not," said the Baron, "call you my Lord of Worcester, for I am the bearer of the King's command to inform you that you are no longer Bishop of this diocese."

"Is it even so?" said Wulstan; and then turning to the young people, "was I not gifted with the spirit of prophecy? And pray, my Lord, may I crave to know of what crime poor Wulstan of Worcester has been guilty, that his hand, which has borne this pastoral staff so long, may not retain it for the few years which yet remain of his mortal pilgrimage?"

"No crime is imputed to you, my Lord; but the King's conscience is troubled by his allowing you to retain the episcopal dignity which was conferred upon you by an usurper. You received your pall from Benedict IX. who was deposed for simony and intrusion into the papacy."

The features of Wulstan had as yet betokened only wounded pride and mortified dignity, but his lip now writhed with an expression of unutterable scorn. "Death!" he cried, forgetting his sacerdotal character, "the King's conscience was not troubled when he forgot his coronation oath, whereby he swore to protect the church, to administer justice, to repress violence, and to govern the Normans and the Saxons by equal laws."

"Pardon me, my Lord," said Fitzwalter, "if I say that I must not listen to these injurious accusations of my sovereign. I come not here to reason with you upon his commands, but to communicate them to you. A more reluctant messenger he could not have selected; but as he has intrusted me with this commission, I have no choice but to inform you that you are commanded to appear before our Lord the King, at the Abbey of Westminster, at the Synod to be holden there on Monday next by our gracious Sovereign, assisted by the most Reverend

Primate Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury; where you are to resign your ring and pastoral staff, the King having deposed you from the see of Worcester, and appointed Robert of Orleans in your stead."

"Oh! my father!" said Walter Fitzwalter, "surely the King knows not what he is doing, or how generally and deservedly the good Wulstan is beloved. A word, a breath from thee——"

"Peace, inconsiderate boy," said the Baron, interrupting him. His Grace of Canterbury, to whom such an office more properly belongs, tells me that he has endeavoured to act the mediator between the King and my Lord Wulstan, but without effect. His purpose is fixed and unalterable."

"Then, my sweet Edith," said Walter turning to his fair companion, "although I may not wed the heiress of Worcester's dignified prelate, yet the fair and virtuous daughter of good Wulstan shall still rule the heart of Walter Fiztwalter."

A cloud gathered on the Baron's brow, and his breast seemed agitated by a variety of contending emotions. "My son," he said, "banish these idle feelings from your bosom. When I gave my consent to your union with this fair damsel, her father had not fallen under the displeasure of the King. It would

ill become a Fitzwalter to espouse the daughter of a man who has been degraded from his dignities by his sovereign."

"My lord Fitzwalter," exclaimed the deprived Bishop, "Wulstan of Worcester, the descendant of a long line of illustrious Saxon ancestors, whose brows were honoured with the mitre by the sacred hands of holy King Edward, was never degraded till this moment, when a Norman adventurer, a baron, the creation of a Duke whose fathers were themselves Norwegian marauders, has dared to consider an union with his family a disgrace. Fare you well, my lord; I shall meet the King at Westminster, and trust me, that neither Edith nor I shall in future give you reason to apprehend that your family honour may be tarnished by an union with us."

As the Bishop spake, his eye flashed fire, and his outstretched arm and haughty brow fully confirmed the truth of his assertion that the steel gauntlet would fit his wrist as well as the lawn sleeve. The Baron seem startled, and had instinctively grasped his sword; but as he remembered the years, and the sacred character of the person with whom he conversed and with whom he had been on the point of being so nearly allied, it dropped again into its scabbard. Edith clung to her father with a grasp of min-

gled fear and affection, and Walter stood half advanced between the angry speakers, for whom he felt an equal veneration, yet was eager and ready to repress the violence of either. The Baron seized his son's arm, and was withdrawing him from the apartment, when Edith exclaimed, "Walter, dear Walter! leave me not thus."

The youth sprang towards her and would have clasped her in his arms, but the fathers of both were on the alert to prevent their embraces.

"Edith! child!" said Wulstan, "load not my grey head with the only dishonour which can fall upon it. Let not my daughter cling to the proud Normans who spurn her!"

"Walter!" said the Baron, "are thy father's and thy King's displeasure alike contemned? It were better for thee that thou wert in thy grave than wedded to the daughter of a man disgraced."

Wulstan's fury would at this speech have proceeded to violence, had not the Baron hastily retreated from the apartment followed by his son, who hoped that a more favourable opportunity would occur for reconciling these unhappy differences.

When Edith retired to her chamber that evening, her bosom heaved with a thousand painful reflections. For Walter Fitzwalter she entertained the tenderest and most ardent affection. He was the son of a

Norman nobleman of the highest rank and reputation, who had married a Saxon lady, and with whom, until the period of the invasion of England by Duke William, Bishop Wulstan had been upon terms of intimacy and friendship. The addresses of Walter were encouraged both by Edith and her father, and appeared certain of being crowned with success, until the period when the Duke of Normandy preferred his claim to the English Crown. That event put an end to all intercourse between Saxons and Normans, and Walter left the island, to return to it in a short time accompanied by his father, in the army which afterwards achieved the victory of Hastings. The rapid successes of the Conqueror, and the unqualified submission of all England to his sway, induced Wulstan to take the oath of fealty to the man against whom he had not only preached and declaimed, but had, notwithstanding his age and clerical character, actually borne arms on the fatal day which made him lord of the destinies of England. He then began to remember that Walter had Saxon blood in his veins—that he sincerely loved and was beloved by Edith—and would sometimes even go so far as to argue that the Normans and the Saxons had one common northern origin, and that the short sojourn of the former in Neustria was not of itself sufficient to cut asunder

the bond of consanguinity and amity. The Baron Fitzwalter and his son soon afterwards became, once more, welcome visitors at the episcopal palace of Worcester, and the youth and the maiden were again formally betrothed to each other.

Edith sat at her casement-window, ruminating painfully on the events which had just occurred. The world, politics, the claims of contending families to the English crown, were nought to her; and she could not understand why things like these should stand in the way of the love which she and Walter entertained for each other. She gazed upon the broad and rapid Severn, whose waters almost washed the walls of her father's palace, while the stately spires and columns of the cathedral rose on its opposite bank, and the majestic summits of Malvern towered in the distance. She thought how often, on such a night as this, when the tops of those stately hills, the spires of that venerable pile, and the waters of that translucent stream, glittered in the pale bright moonbeams, she had wandered with her lover, entranced in admiration of the enchanting scenery: while Walter, who was a professor of "the gay science," of no mean reputation, would touch his lute, and raise his voice in celebration of her beauty and his passion. She thought too (and wept) how, like

a dream, all that bliss had passed away in an instant, and left nothing but the sorrowful realities of life to fill its place. Tears streamed down her lids, and she had just closed the casement, for the purpose of retiring to her pillow, when a familiar sound met her ear. Surely it was Walter's lute, and it was Walter's hand that touched it. A low sweet prelude was played; they were the very notes with which, but a few minutes before, her thoughts had been occupied, and then a voice, in whose tones she could not be mistaken, warbled the following well-remembered lines:

"Love!* thou hast done me wrong to wage
Thy war within my heart,
Ne'er bringing Mercy* to assuage
The rankling of thy dart.
Where Mercy is not, Love is found
A tyrant haught and proud;
Love, let thy knee salute the ground,
At Mercy's footstool bow'd.

Surely the greatest of the great,
The best among the good,
May bid those powers together mate,
Oh! lady, calm their feud.

* Love and Mercy were supplicated as divinities among the Troubadours. These lines are actual specimens of Provençal poetry, the two first stanzas being imitated from Folquet de Marseilles, and the third from Geoffrey Rudel.

That thou canst blend in union meek
Things more opposed than they,
The white and red upon thy cheek
In love's own language say.

Once on my lip (my bliss to seal)
Thine own a kiss impress'd,
And ever since that time I feel
Love's pangs within my breast.
Give me again that kiss so dear
Which my heart's peace betray'd,
That kiss, which like Achilles' spear,
Can heal the wound it made."

Edith again unclosed the casement. A light skiff was on the river: the moonbeams fell directly upon it, and she had no difficulty in recognizing Walter, who stood up in the boat, and held a bow and arrow in his hand. He waved his hand towards her, and pointed his arrow at the casement. She immediately stepped aside, and presently the arrow was shot into the apartment. A little scroll was bound to the shaft, which she opened and read.

" To-morrow, dearest Edith, an hour before noon, your father will depart from the palace, in obedience to the King's summons, to attend the synod at Westminster. My father will leave his castle about the same time for the same purpose.

Within an hour after his departure I will be at the palace gates. The Seneschal knows my plot, and will conduct you to me. I have steeds fleet as the wind, which will bear us speedily to the Abbey of St. Anne. The Abbot is my friend, and will unite us in those bonds which neither kings nor synods can dissolve. Kiss but thy hand to me, in token that thou consentest to seal the happiness of

WALTER."

The scroll was no sooner read than the maiden re-appeared at the window, and gave her lover the testimony which he required. Walter kissed his hand in return, and then the boat was seen rapidly gliding down the stream, while the youth's lute uttered a few low soft notes of gratitude and benediction.

The next morning was gay and joyous, and all the roads leading to the metropolis were full of the gaiety and bustle occasioned by the throng of persons hastening to the synod. The good Wulstan had been cordially and affectionately greeted by the multitude, as he and his retinue passed. Some rent the air with their acclamations, others knelt by the roadside and implored his blessing, and not a few breathed curses "not loud but deep," upon the Conqueror

and his Normans. The Baron Fitzwalter and his train, as they rode by, were received with respectful silence, unmixed, however, with any demonstration of attachment. Other great peers and prelates had also an opportunity of learning the sentiments which the multitude entertained towards them. The popular murmurs, however, were most loudly expressed, as, late in the day, and at a hurried pace, Robert of Orleans, the destined successor of Wulstan, rode through the city of Worcester, escorted by a band of Norman knights. "Wulstan for ever!"—"Hallowed be the memory of holy King Edward!"—"God defend the good Saxon Bishop!" were the exclamations which rang in his ears as he traversed the metropolis of his intended diocese. "Death!" he cried, "these Saxon varlets are anxious for another field of Hastings." He proceeded as rapidly as he could over the bridge, and through the city gates, and emerged into the open plain. "Raymond de Caen," he said to the knight who rode next him, and pointing to two equestrians who were a short distance in advance of them, and who seemed to be urging their steeds to increase that distance as speedily as possible, "what read'st thou yonder?" "'Tis a stately knight and a gentle maiden, who, methinks, seem to have but marvel-

lous small desire for a more intimate acquaintance with us." "Spur ye—spur ye, my good friends," said the Bishop-elect. "I would fain understand more of this matter." The Normans urged their steeds to the full extent of their mettle, but would not have been able to overtake the fugitives had not the maiden evidently been unable to support the fury of the chase. Once, as the pursuers approached, the youth turned round, and with an expression of menace on his countenance, shook his spear at them! "By the holy Virgin!" said Raymond, "'tis the son of the Baron Fitzwalter; and I would stake my noblest falcon against the vilest coystril in England, that his companion is Edith of Worcester, Wulstan's fair daughter, with whom, during the absence of his father, he would steal into the bonds of matrimony." "Say you so?" said Robert of Orleans: "but I must not have Fitzwalter and Wulstan too nearly allied, or my head may yet ache long for the mitre which I thought was already encircling it. Seize them, and, should they resist, cleave them to the ground."

"Save ye, good master Walter," said Raymond, as he and his companions surrounded the youth, and wrenched his weapon from his hand. "I little thought to have the honour of your company on the road to Westminster."

"I travel not to Westminster," said the youth, "but am escorting this lady to the Abbey of St. Anne, within whose sacred walls she is going to reside as the safest asylum for her during the absence of her father at the synod."

"'Tis a trim story, master Walter, and well worthy the inventive genius of a Provençal poet of thy fame—but of a surety, although versed in 'la gaie science,' thou hast no skill in prophecy, for 'tis to Westminster that thou must travel, and not to the Abbey of St. Anne."

"Guard them well," said Robert of Orleans, who at that moment came up. "'Tis a case which the King himself must hear and decide. My Lord Fitzwalter, who will be present at the synod, will also be anxious, although not much gratified to learn how his son comports himself in his absence."

Resistance was vain, and Walter Fitzwalter was not one who, when his arm was shackled, could ease his heart in words. In sullen silence, therefore, he submitted to the dictates of his captors, and rode on in the same direction with them. The terrified maiden, mute and pale, followed the example of her lover. "'Twas well, my lord," said Raymond, "that accident detained you beyond your appointed hour. The springald had timed his plot bravely, and had we been two hours advanced on the road to Westmin-

ster, the Holy Abbot of St. Anne's had rendered unnecessary the pains which we are now taking."

On the day on which the synod was held, the whole population of Westminster, and (notwithstanding the distance between the two cities) of London also, seemed to be assembled in the vicinity of the abbey. The rumour that Wulstan of Worcester had been summoned to resign his pastoral staff to a Norman, had spread far and wide, and had created an extraordinary sensation. The Bishop was almost idolized among the Saxons. His virtues were numerous, his liberality of an extent correspondent to the princely revenues with which he was endowed; and, although he was reputed to be an indifferent scholar, his eloquence was overwhelmingly powerful. He had, moreover, enjoyed the especial favour of the late King, Edward the Confessor; who, although slighted and neglected in his lifetime, was after his death remembered with the utmost affection and veneration by his people, and even canonized by the Pope. As the Bishop moved through the crowds collected outside the Abbey, clad in his episcopal robes, and bearing his silver staff in his hand, the multitude knelt down reverently before him, and bowed their heads to receive his blessing. The soldiers, who guarded the entrance

to the Abbey, received him very differently. Although they bowed their heads and crossed themselves when a Norman prelate passed, they remained as immovable as statues when any one of the few Saxons, who still retained that dignity, entered the sacred edifice. Wulstan, however, only grasped his staff more resolutely, and trod with a firmer step as he moved between these irreverent sentinels. An expression of applause which burst from the multitude as he entered the Abbey, was instantly silenced by the uplifted spears of the soldiers; and then a tumult of anxious and half-suppressed whispering pervaded the dense and rapidly increasing crowd.

Before the high altar, and near the tomb of Edward the Confessor, was erected a throne of great splendour and magnificence, under a superb canopy of state. On it sat a man apparently about five-and-thirty years of age, holding a sceptre in his hand, with the diadem of England on his head, and surrounded with all the insignia of royalty. Without these extrinsic symbols of his rank, however, the lightning glance of his keen blue eye, the haughty but majestic loftiness of his brow, and the imperious smile with which his lip was curled, sufficiently indicated William the Conqueror. On his

right hand, on a seat somewhat lower, sat Lanfranc, a Milanese Monk, who had been recently elevated to the primacy, and who, by virtue of his distinguished station, presided over the synod. Several bishops, abbots, and other dignified ecclesiastics, including Robert of Orleans, sat around him. The Baron Fitzwalter and other Norman lords, stood on the left hand of the monarch, who, as Wulstan entered, and bowed before the royal presence, stooped down and conversed for a few seconds with the primate.

"Wulstan, sometime Bishop of Worcester," said Lanfranc, "I am commanded by our Sovereign Lord King William, to inform you that he has been pleased to remove you from the station which you have so long unworthily occupied, seeing that you are an unlearned and foolish person, ignorant of the French language, and wholly incapable either to instruct the church or to counsel the King. I, therefore, call upon you to deliver up your pastoral ring and staff, that I may give it to him whom the King has been pleased to nominate as your successor."

Wulstan drew himself up proudly to reply, and his tall form and sinewy limbs seemed to expand to colossal dimensions as he spake: "I know, my

Lord Archbishop," he said, " that I am entirely unfit and unworthy of so high a station, being undeserving of the honour, and unequal to the task; and yet I think it unreasonable that you should demand that staff of me which I never received from you. However, in some measure, I submit to your sentence, and will resign that staff; but I consider it just to make that resignation to none other than King Edward the Holy Confessor, who conferred it on me."

Thus ending, he rose, and crossed the church towards King Edward's tomb. " Bold traitor!" said the King, " art thou mad? or whither would thy insolence lead thee?" Wulstan heeded not, and seemed not even to hear the indignant exclamation of the monarch, but approaching the tomb, he knelt down before it and said: " Thou knowest, O holy King! that with much unwillingness, and even by force was I constrained to take this office upon me: for neither the desire of the prelates, the petitions of the monks, nor the voice of the nobility prevailed, till thy commands were laid upon me. But now, behold, there are a new King and new Lords; and a new Bishop pronounces a new sentence. Thee they accuse of fondness for making me a bishop, and me of assurance for consenting to become one.

Nevertheless, not unto them, but unto thee will I resign my staff."

Thus saying he rose, and striking his staff with extraordinary force and violence on the tomb, it penetrated above an inch into the solid stone, and remained there fixed. The King, who had risen from his throne, on perceiving the impassioned gestures of Wulstan, sunk back into it again, with a smile of contempt, when he saw that his passion had ended in a display so impotent. "If," he said, "the wounded vanity of the old dotard can be thus alleviated, be it even so. My good Lord Robert of Orleans, pluck, I pray thee, that episcopal staff away, and keep it for thy pains."

The Norman monk descended from his seat, and proceeded with alacrity to seize upon the symbol of his new honours; but he might as easily with his single arm have uprooted the oak from its firm foundations, as have removed the staff from the place in which the hand of Wulstan had planted it. "Death!" cried the King, foaming with passion, "have our Norman prelates such girlish muscles, that they cannot unseat the planting of that old driveller's arm. My Lord Archbishop, bring me the staff!"

Lanfranc, a man apparently of superior strength to Wulstan, and of fewer years, then approached the

tomb, but his efforts were as unavailing as those of his brother monk. The King, with a mixture of wonder and contempt in his countenance, derided their imbecile efforts; and, at length, to punish their effeminacy, promised to confer the bishopric upon whichever of the ecclesiastics could remove the staff. The reverend fathers, one and all, laboured painfully, and no doubt, with hearty good will, but all were at length obliged to abandon the task in despair.

The King, incensed almost to madness, leaped from his throne, and approaching the tomb, seized the silver staff in his own Herculean grasp. It shook in his sinewy hand, but to remove it from its place seemed impossible. The big drops started from his brow, and he gasped for breath with the violence of his exertions before he relinquished his hold.

Wulstan, who had resumed his seat, now again approached the tomb of King Edward, and taking the staff into his hand removed it as easily as Sampson broke his manacles.* The whole assembly seemed panic-struck—for a moment they gazed on, in breathless silence, and then, "a miracle! a miracle!" was shouted out by every one present. Some of the populace, who had pressed into the aisles of the Abbey, cried, "Blessed be the memory of good King Edward—honour to his servant Wulstan!" and the cry

* Hollinshed.

was caught and echoed by the assembled crowd without, until the arches of the Abbey rang with its reverberations.

"The will of Heaven be done!" said the Conqueror, approaching Wulstan. "Keep, my Lord of Worcester, the pastoral staff which your hand has borne so long with honour, and may God pardon us for having listened to evil counsellors who were plotting the destruction of one of his most faithful servants. But Robert," he said, turning to the disappointed candidate for the episcopacy, "was there not a charge against some persons in your custody to which you would crave our attention?"

"Truly, my liege," said the monk, who entertained some hope that he might still remove Wulstan from the monarch's favour; "such a charge have I to prefer, and it grieves me much to say that it is a charge in which my Lord of Worcester is implicated."

"Give it utterance then, reverend father," said the King, resuming his seat upon the throne, "and we will listen to it attentively."

Robert of Orleans then motioned to some of his attendants, who immediately disappeared, and shortly afterwards returned, leading the lovers, to whom the reader has already been introduced, into the royal presence.

"My liege," said the monk, "I charge my Lord of Worcester with the practice of magic, witchcraft, and other diabolical arts. I charge him that by means similar to those by which he has this day, I fear, deceived you and this reverend synod; he has seduced this youth from his allegiance to his king, and his duty to his father, and fixed his affections upon this damsel, his daughter."

"Nay," said the King, smiling, "'tis a comely youth, and a most sweet maiden, and methinks that it needed not much magic to fix the stripling's affections in the place to which they have wandered. But what says my Lord Fitzwalter—doth this match meet with his disapprobation?"

"My liege," said the Baron, "I have to crave this reverend prelate's pardon for my late unworthy carriage towards him, and to supplicate his consent to the marriage of his fair daughter with my son."

"Freely, freely, is that pardon granted, and that offence forgotten," said Wulstan, delighted at being able to seal the happiness of two persons to whom he was ardently attached.

"Then," said the King, "the first duty which my Lord of Worcester shall now perform on the restoration of his functions, shall be the union of this fair pair in the bonds of matrimony. Proceed, my lord, in your holy office; and as the damsel will

want some one to perform the duty of a parent on this occasion, perhaps she will not refuse the tender of the services of William of Normandy."

A shout, which seemed to rend the roof of the venerable pile under which they were assembled, burst from the multitude. Wulstan pronounced the marriage rites, the King gave away the blushing bride, and a day which had been ushered in with so many lamentations and ominous forebodings, closed amidst expressions of general satisfaction and delight.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## William the Second.

WILLIAM II. set off for England whilst his father was expiring, his brother Robert being at that time in Germany; and having got possession of his father's treasures, and being aided by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, he conquered all difficulties, and was crowned on the 27th Sept. 1087.

1088. William was, if possible, more avaricious than his father; his exactions on the English were insupportable: he likewise kept the benefices vacant for years, and retained the income of them himself.

1090. William invaded Robert's patrimony of Normandy, but in a short time the brothers were reconciled, and entered into an agreement, that, if either of them should die without heirs, the survivor should succeed to his dominions.

1093. Malcolm, King of Scotland, invaded England, but was killed in an action near Alnwick.

Margaret, Malcolm's wife, only survived him three days; on which Edgar Atheling retired into England, taking with him Malcolm's young children.

1094. The King again quarrelled with his brother Robert, and not only instigated his Barons, by bribes, to declare against him, but prevailed on the King of France to withdraw his protection. But whilst he was thus successfully employed in Normandy, he was obliged to return to England owing to an incursion of the Welsh, which he soon quelled without much difficulty.

1096. Every smaller warfare was swallowed up this year by the Crusade to the Holy Land for the recovery of Jerusa-

lem out of the hands of the Mahometans. This war was recommended by the Pope, and preached up every where by Peter the Hermit. Among those who embarked in this enterprize was Robert, the King's brother, who mortgaged Normandy to William for a sum sufficient to enable him to join the Crusaders.

1089. William rebuilt London Bridge, surrounded the Tower of London with a thick wall, and built Westminster Hall. He likewise rebuilt Carlisle as a curb on the Scots after Edgar Atheling's expedition to that kingdom, where he had been sent with an army to reinstate his nephew Edgar, son of Malcolm, on the throne. After this, Edgar Atheling joined Duke Robert in the Holy Land.

This year the Crusaders took Jerusalem, putting forty thousand Saracens to the sword. Duke Robert was offered the sovereignty; but on his refusal it was given to Godfrey of Boulogne.

1100. The Earl of Poitiers likewise mortgaged his dominions of Guienne and Poitou to William, to enable him to go to the Holy War.

The King entered into contests with the Clergy, particularly with Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.

As William was one day hunting in the New Forest, he had with him one Walter Tyrrel, a Frenchman, who, to show his dexterity, aimed an arrow at a stag, which, glancing against a tree, shot the King through the heart. On which accident Tyrrel immediately rode to the sea-side and embarked for Normandy. The King's body was found by the country people, and his servants carried it in a cart to Winchester, where it was privately interred.

William Rufus died unmarried.

# The Red King's Dream.

" Gautier Tirel, un chevalier
Qui en la cort esteit mult chier,
Une saiete del reis prist
Dont il l'occist si com l'en dist."

WACE.

# The Red King's Dream.

"Is not the morrow Lammas-day?" said King William, (who was surnamed Rufus, or the Red, from the colour of his hair,) as he sat in his banqueting-hall in the Castle of Winchester, surrounded by his peers and courtiers.

"Even so, my liege," said the Abbot of Westminster; "and it is a day which our Church has commanded all her children to keep peculiarly holy."

"Say you so, reverend father?" rejoined the King; "then holy mother Church shall, for once, own that I am a pious and obedient son: for I mean to keep that day most religiously, by chasing the dappled deer in the New Forest from sun-rise to sun-set."

"Heaven forefend, my liege!" said the Abbot, shuddering and crossing himself, "that, by indulging in any profane sports on so solemn a day, you should draw down the vengeance of Heaven upon you; a vengeance of which you have had so many warnings."

"Now, by the face of St. Luke! father," said the King, "thou maddest me. How and wherefore have I incurred the vengeance of Heaven? For not letting a doting old bishop at Rome give away all the mitres and the fat livings in my kingdom; and for not praying to St. Peter and St. Paul to intercede for me with our Lord,—the first of which I hold to be as bad in politics, as the latter is in religion."

"Dost thou not constantly," resumed the Abbot, "even as thou hast done just now, scoff and rail at our holy religion? Dost thou not plunder the religious houses of their treasure? Hast thou not torn the offerings from the altars, and robbed the chapelries of their holy reliques? Dost thou not, at thy wild wassailings, quaff out of sacramental cups; and are not thy lewd lemans decked with ornaments that were sacred to the holy Virgin?"

"Guilty, most reverend father,—guilty, guilty!" said the King: "I will but have the morrow's chase in the new Forest; and then for that, and all other by-gone sins, thou shalt shrive me; and the rest of the Red King's days shall be spent in piety and penitence. Come what come may, I *must* hunt tomorrow."

A shout of applause and delight burst from the

King's retainers. "God pardon you!" said the Abbot, and crossed himself.

"Amen! amen!" responded several other ecclesiastics who were seated at the royal table; and the King rising to retire to rest, the revel closed, and the banqueting-hall was deserted by the gay and motley group.

"Rouse me to-morrow by day-break, Walter Tyrrel," said the King: "I will not lose this chase for all the peevish priests in Christendom."

"I will not fail, my liege," said Tyrrel, "to be with you betimes; but yonder comes the Lord of Mans, to urge his suit before you retire to your chamber."

By the face of St. Luke!" replied the King, "the priests have persuaded the dull dotard that he can only save his soul by enlisting under the banners of Peter the Hermit; and that I, forsooth, must hold his broad barony in Normandy as inviolate, when he and his bold knights are on their fool's errand in the Holy Land, as when their spears were planted, in defiance of the invader, before the gates of his paternal city."

"All health and happiness betide my liege!" said the Baron, approaching the King, and bending his knee before him. "I am about to depart with that

army, the object of whose mission is the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Infidels; and I trust, that during my absence in the prosecution of so righteous an enterprize, you will suffer my territory to rest in peace."

"Go where you will," answered the Red King hastily, "but I will have your city."

"My liege," answered the Baron, "Mans is mine by hereditary descent; and if you doubt my title, I am prepared to prove its validity before any competent tribunal."

"I will plead with you," returned William, "when and where you please; but my lawyers will be swords, and spears, and arrows."

The King was about to retire, but the Baron seized him by the skirt of his robe, exclaiming: "Listen to me, O King! wilt thou stand between a soldier of the Cross, and his road to the sepulchre of Christ? I lift not my spear to gratify any selfish feeling—I seek not to increase my territory, or to swell my coffers—but I lay bare my sword in the cause of him from whom thou, William the Red, derivest thy authority; of him, by whom kings reign and princes decree judgment. I will have the sign of the cross marked on my shield, my helmet, my saddle, and my horses, and thus being

enlisted in the service of Christ, I will leave my cause to the protection of Heaven."

The Baron turned away with a proud step and a haughty brow. The Red King laughed, and unmoved by the solemnity of his tone and manner, answered; "Do as ye list, Sir Knight! I wish not to war with Crusaders; but, by the face of St. Luke! I will have the land that my father had; therefore see that you fortify your city well, and put mettle into the hearts of your vassals, for, certes, I shall shortly knock for admission at your gates with a hundred thousand lances at my heels."

That evening the King retired to his chamber, but not to rest. Daring and reckless as he was, his mind was sometimes startled as his own impieties, and in the solitude of his chamber he had leisure to reflect on the rapacious and tyrannical career which he was pursuing, on the jealousy and discontent with which his subjects in general regarded his rule, and on the power, malice, and wounded feelings of the clergy. That evening, too, some undefined and ill-omened feelings weighed on his bosom; he started at his own shadow as he paced his apartment with a hurried and disordered step, and shuddered as he heard the owl shriek, or the bat beat its leathern wings against the case-

ment. "What means this weakness?" he said; "am I not king of England? Did not my father's right hand win the crown which he bequeathed to me? Shall the murmurs of the hungry Saxon varlets, or the curses of the cowled minions of the Bishop of Rome frighten me from my regal seat? Those varlets must fight the field of Hastings o'er again, and that bishop exchange his triple crown for a casque like this" (taking up his helmet) "ere the Red King shall quail either at factious discontents or papal anathemas."

Somewhat calmed by his mental colloquy, and commending himself to the protection of St. Luke, (a practice which, notwithstanding his vaunted contempt for priests and saints, he never, even for a day, omitted,) he endeavoured to compose himself to sleep. His lids fell over his corporeal organs of vision, but his mental sight was more painfully acute than ever: sometimes he fancied himself surrounded by enemies who with furious gestures and naked weapons assailed him, while he felt himself chained to the ground, as if by magical power, and unable to move a limb. Once he dreamed that he saw a noble falcon, with a golden crown upon its head, and with a plumage red as his own locks, attempt to soar into the air, when a large white owl

seized upon it and slew it as easily as it would destroy a mouse. But the dream which most haunted his imagination was one in which he fancied himself stretched on his back in the midst of a vast forest, with all the veins in his arms burst, and the blood copiously streaming from them.* Thrice did he awake from this dream, and as often did it return upon him, each following time with a more vivid and painful sensation of reality than before. At length, when the last drop of blood seemed receding from his veins, and the coldness of death seemed invading his heart, he fancied that a voice, dreadful as that of the destroying angel, sounded in his ear, and starting from his sleep he saw the grey light of morning streaming through the latticed casement, and his faithful retainer, Walter Tyrrel, standing by his bed-side.

"Ha! good Tyrrel," he said, "thou hast awakened me from a weary dream. Methought, Tyrrel, that I lay wounded and bleeding—but, psha! why should I tire thy ears, and torture my own mind by trying to recall a shadow? The jargon of those cursed monks has bewildered my senses. But what news of the good Abbot of Westminster?"

"He is in the chapel of the castle, praying that the wrath of Heaven, which he says that you are

* Hollinshed.

about to provoke, may be averted from your royal head."

"And this is Lammas-day!" said William, not appearing to notice Tyrrel's speech. "By St. Luke! the blessed sun of heaven appears determined this day to be as profane as the Red King, for he has dressed himself in his brightest beams, and is darting his arrows of light right and left; and the clouds are speeding away from them, as fast as the deer in the New Forest will flee to avoid my shafts.'

"It is indeed a glorious morning, Sire, and your faithful servants are in attendance, and your stately charger, Norman, is pawing the ground, and anxious to snuff up the dew upon the greensward in the forest."

"Tend thee, tend thee, my good Tyrrel; quickly gird on my doublet—so—draw on my hose. Ha! what mean these scurvy hose? They seem new, but of a marvellous ill-fashion. What cost they, I pray thee, Tyrrel?"

"The cost, as I learned from your Highness's gentleman, was some three shillings."

"The peddling varlet!" cried Rufus. "Doth a pair of hose of three shillings' price become a king to wear! Go thy ways, good Tyrrel, and bid

him fetch me a pair that shall cost a mark of silver."*

Tyrrel drew forth another pair of hose, with the appearance of which the King seemed better pleased. "So," he said, "these become me bravely. Now for my forester's cap and my well-lined quiver; and now, roan Norman, thou shalt bear the King of England on thy back."

Accoutred for the chase, the King descended to the palace gates, where his faithful steed, who uttered a shrill neigh, and pawed the ground in testimony of delight at beholding his master, stood ready, and evidently anxious, for the day's sport.

The royal huntsman was preparing to mount, and had one foot in Norman's stirrup, when a barefooted Monk, whose appearance betokened the rigour with which he had kept the vows of his order, rushed towards him, and seizing his arm, exclaimed: "Go not forth to the forest to-day, Sir King; in the name of the Mother of God, I charge thee go not forth."

"And wherefore not, good father?" said the King, smilingly.

"It is Lammas-day!" returned the Monk; "a day which God and good angels enjoin thee to keep holy."

* Hollinshed.

"Nay, reverend father," replied William, "does not the sun shine, and do not the birds warble, and the dapple deer bound in the forest on Lammas-day? and wherefore must the poor King of England be deprived on that day of those pleasures which God vouchsafes to his meanest creatures?"

"But I have had a dream," said the Monk solemnly, "a hideous dream; such as the wise do not see and forget, but ponder deeply and lay to heart."

"A dream!" said the King, and, as he spake, the high colour in his cheek faded; "a dream, good father! but what have I to do with thy dream?" he added, forcing a laugh: "thou art a right monk, I warrant thee, and to procure a piece of money, dreamest such things as best suit thy turn. Marry, and each man to his craft; so give him a hundred shillings, Walter Tyrrel, and bid him dream henceforth somewhat more pleasing, and of better fortune to our person."

The King's foot was again in the stirrup, and he was motioning with his hand to the retinue to proceed, when the Monk once more arrested his progress.

"But thou *shalt* hear my dream, Sir King," he said, "though thou cleave me to the centre for my boldness. I dreamed in my sleep a dream, in which

I saw thee, O King! gnawing the image of Christ crucified. I saw thee take the image in thy rapacious hands, gnaw it with thy unrelenting teeth, and attempt to tear away the legs."

The King again tried to force a smile; but the Monk spoke with an imposing solemnity and energy, while the standers-by evidently participated in his feelings, and their countenances told the intensity of the interest with which they listened to his narration.

"I saw thee, with impious grasp, attempt to tear away the legs; and as thou didst essay this horrid deed, I saw the image raise its feet and spurn thee to the ground."

"'Twas but a dream, my liege," said Tyrrel, seeing the King's inward emotions depicted in his changing features.

"Nay, but 'twas wondrous strange, Walter. Peace, peace, I pray thee, peace!"

"I saw thee fall," continued the Monk. "Blind and grovelling on the ground, didst thou lie; and a flame of fire came out of thy mouth, and such abundance of smoke that the air was darkened thereby.* Now read me my dream, Sir King."

"Good Father," said the King, "I cannot read it. Enlighten thou my darkness by thy interpretation."

* Hollinshed.

"That sacred image," said the Monk, "was a type of the holy ordinances of the Church, and that impious attempt of thine to deface and mangle it, represented thy daily violation of those ordinances, and the impieties which thou art at this moment about to repeat. The rest, impious King, I leave to thee to expound. Now hie thee to the forest, and chase the wild deer, if thou darest."

The Monk fixed his bright grey eye for a moment on the King, then drew his cloak closer round him, made the sign of the cross on his forehead, and disappeared amidst the assembled multitude.

"Tyrrel!" said the King, much awed and abashed at this strange interview, but yet gazing wistfully on his huntsmen and archers clad in their forest costume around him, and at his spirited steed now neighing still more impatiently, and seeming to reproach him for his delay: "What say'st thou, Walter Tyrrel?"

"Dreams, my liege, are the voice of God," said Tyrrel; "and wise men do not try their truth to their own loss and hindrance."

"Dismiss the train, Tyrrel," said the King, and sighed; "unsaddle roan Norman—we will talk of this anon at dinner; till then, farewell!"

The morning wore away heavily until the hour of

dinner arrived, when the King and his courtiers were again seated in the banqueting-hall. William's mind was still depressed, as well by the loss of the day's sport, as by the recollection of the Friar's and of his own dreams, which he could not help thinking portended some evil to him. The Abbot of Westminster and the other ecclesiastics read the thoughts with which his bosom was agitated, and, unwilling to disturb what they considered their salutary influence on his mind, they did not attempt to break the moody silence in which the monarch indulged. The Baron of Mans, Sir Walter Tyrrel, and the other nobles and knights, were infected with the monarch's moodiness, and the banquet passed away in dulness, gloom, and almost silence. By degrees, however, as the cup circulated round the table, the coldness of the King's spirit began to thaw. He listened, not displeased, to the jokes with which his returning gaiety inspired his courtiers, and smiled at the antics of the Court Fool, whose gibes and jeers had hitherto fallen pointless on his ear. "By Heaven!" he said at length, "I would that this Lammas-day were well over. Fill me another goblet, varlet. Death!" he continued, throwing away the cup from which he had been drinking, and seizing upon one of about

double its size: "the cares of such a day as this cannot be drowned in an ordinary bumper." Having drained his goblet, he cried, "Where is Eustace Fitzharding, my minstrel? Ha! I crave your pardon, my gentle troubadour. I saw thee not; a song, a song, good Eustace, and let it be a sprightly one."

The Minstrel, who, like the rest of the company, had sat moody and dispirited during the banquet, without having been once called upon by his Lord for a specimen of his skill in "*la gaie science*," now rallied his spirits, and his eye gleamed brightly, and his cheeks assumed a crimson glow as he bent over the strings of his instrument for a few seconds, and then striking his harp with a powerful and practised hand, warbled the following lines:—the *concetti* with which they abound were more congenial to the taste of the age in which they were written than to that of the period at which they are presented to the reader; and, accompanied as they were by the exquisite tones which the Minstrel struck from his instrument, they were received with considerable applause.

"I said, 'My heart, how is't you still
Speak truth whene'er you speak of sorrow;
But when a song of joy you trill
Are forced a fair false smile to borrow?'

'Because when you for heart's-ease long,'
It said, 'you steep the heart in lies,
As boys, to hear the linnet's song,
Put out the linnet's eyes.'

I said to Pleasure, 'Changeful fay,
Who can put hope or trust in you?
Scarce known before you flee away,
Scarce seen before you fade from view.'
'Praise the gods, praise them,' Pleasure said,
'For that, ye foolish mortal elves,
If they had me more constant made,
They would have kept me for themselves.'

I said to Cupid, 'Little boy,
You've stolen my heart, so don't deny it;
Give it me back, or I'll employ
Some harsher method to come by it.'
'Alas!' he said, 'I gave it to
A lady who 's a sad deceiver;
I stole it—I'm the thief, 'tis true,
But black-eyed Myra's the receiver.'

I said to Beauty, 'Flee, oh! flee
The cup that sweets with poison tips,
Nor let each flatterer, like the bee,
Steal honey from those rosy lips.'
'Nay, nay,' said Beauty, 'all that bliss
I gave it not, I but repaid it;
The bee that does the flow'ret kiss
Deserves the honey,—for *he made it*."

The Minstrel's song infused new spirit into the

company. The jest and the laugh went briskly round, and the wine cup was quaffed with exemplary fervour and constancy.

"Good Eustace," said the King, "canst thou not give us a forest song? Our reverend father hath forbidden us to loose a shaft to-day; but nevertheless, a ditty of the good greenwood will sound grateful to our ears, and in some measure make up for the loss of our day's sport."

"My liege," said the youth, "I was born and brought up in the greenwood, and will try to recall to my memory a lay which I have often heard in my boyish days. Yet, 'tis a lay which was chanted among the humblest of the forest tribe, and is scarcely fitted for the ears of a royal huntsman, and of lordly and knightly archers.

### THE FORESTER'S SONG.

'We are warriors gallant and true,
But our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's halloo,
And the blood that we shed is the deer's;

And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

We sleep not the sun's light away,
Nor shame with our revels the moon,
But we chase the fleet deer at the break of day,
And we feast on his haunches at noon;
While the greenwood tree
Waves over us free,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.

We drink not the blood-red wine,
But our nut-brown ale is good,
For the song and the dance of the great we ne'er pine,
While the rough wind, our chorister rude,
Through the greenwood tree
Whistles jollily,
And the oak leaves dance to his minstrelsy.

To the forest then, merry men all,
Our triumphs are ne'er stain'd with tears,
For our only war-cry is the huntsman's call,
And the blood that we shed is the deer's;
And the greenwood tree
Is our armoury,
And of broad oak leaves our garlands be.' "

"To the forest, then, merry men all!" shouted the King, rising from his seat. "By the face of St. Luke! we have listened to this puling Abbot too long. One of thy chansons, Eustace, as far excels all his tedious homilies as the green leaves and waving branches of the forest do the pitiful Gothic

tracery with which the dunce who contrived this hall has striven to mimic them. To the forest—to the forest! Saddle roan Norman. Tyrrell, Fitzharding, Bevis—away with us—away!"

The King's obstinacy and impetuosity were such that no one attempted to reason with him, or to dissuade him from his enterprize. Besides, the wine and the song had exerted a similar influence on his followers as on himself, and all were eager to indemnify themselves for the loss of their morning's sport by redoubled vigour in pursuing the chase in the afternoon. In a very short time the Red King and his retainers were mounted, and on the road to the forest. Many fearful omens were remarked as the royal party set out, and all who observed them pronounced the King to be a doomed man. Some affirmed that birds of strange nature and evil aspect were seen hovering about his head; and it was said, that as he rode in the full glare of the sun, and while his horse cast a strongly marked shadow on the ground, there was no shadow perceptible of the rider. At length the party arrived in the New Forest, their bugles sounded cheerily among the woods, and they were not many minutes before a noble stag was started. "Back! back!" said one to the King; "he has

an evil eye, and his hoofs and antlers are not like those of a mortal deer." The King heeded not, but setting up a cry of exuberant delight when he beheld the stately brute, he spurred on his steed, and impelled him forwards with so much impetuosity, that, with the exception of Tyrrel, none of his retainers were able to keep up with him. In the mean time the deer held on his course untired, through brooks, over hills, and amidst the recesses of the forest, keeping beyond the reach of the arrows of his pursuers. At length, however, the Red King evidently gained upon him; the arrow was fixed to the bow, and with unerring eye and certain aim he let fly the winged messenger of death at the animal. The arrow seemed to strike at his heart, and the King exclaimed, "Laurels! Tyrrel, laurels! I have hit him;" but, to his astonishment, he saw the arrow fall hurtless to the ground, and the deer bound along as lightly as before. "By St. Luke!" he said, "'tis marvellous; my aim never disappointed me before;" and lifting up his hand to shade his eyes from the sun, he stood gazing at the hart to ascertain which way he fled, and the nature of his wound. As he was standing gazing in this manner, another hart darted past him with the velocity of lightning. Sir Walter

Tyrrel immediately shot at him, but his arrow glancing from its direction, struck the King in his side, which his uplifted arm had left exposed, and uttering a dreadful groan, the monarch fell from his horse. Tyrrel immediately dismounting, ran towards him, and saw the paleness of death upon his face. William was unable to utter a word, but putting his hand to the arrow, he broke off that part which protruded from his body, and his head sunk like lead upon the earth. One groan burst from his livid lips, one convulsive throb shot through his whole frame, and then the spirit of the Red King passed away for ever.

"Curse on my unlucky arm!" said Tyrrel; "and curse on this evil-omened Lammas-day's chase! I have struck cold the noblest heart in England, and should I wait till his followers come up, my body will be made to dangle from one of yonder trees, in reward for my skill in archery. But, grey Lightfoot, my noble palfrey," he added, springing on his horse's back, "thou must now exert all thy mettle and thy strength; let but thy heels now save thy master's neck, and thou shalt have free pasturage and unbroken ease hereafter."

He sprung through the forest with the swiftness

of one of its dappled denizens, and before the King's body was found by his attendants, Sir Walter Tyrrel was safe on board a bark which was sailing before the wind for the coast of Normandy.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Henry the First.

On the death of William the Second, great disputes arose about the succession. It was not known where Robert was, he having set out some time before on his return from the Holy Land. The nobles in general espoused his cause: but finding the populace incline to Henry, who was born in England, they gave way, and Henry was crowned King some days after the death of William.

He began his reign by reforming the abuses of the court, abolishing the curfew, and granting a charter by which he confirmed many of the Saxon laws.

1101. Henry recalled Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been banished in the former reign; and soon afterwards married Matilda, niece of Edgar Atheling, and daughter to Malcolm King of Scotland.

Robert, on his return to Normandy, invaded England: soon entered into a treaty with his brother, by which he was to receive three thousand marks annually.

Henry was to retain the Crown, and if either brother died without heirs, the survivor was to succeed to all his possessions.

1103. Great disputes arose between the King and Anselm about the old affair of investitures, which continued for some years. It was at last determined that the Pope should invest, but that the new Bishop should do homage to the King.

1105. Henry quarrelled with his brother, and invaded Normandy with great success.

1106. He conquered all Normandy by gaining the battle of Tinchebray, where he took prisoners his brother Robert and Edgar Atheling. The latter he immediately released, but the former he confined in Cardiff Castle for life.

Anselm convoked a synod, at which he decreed penalties against any priest who should live in a matrimonial state.

William, son to Duke Robert, went to different courts and raised a general indignation against his uncle Henry; who detached Foulk, Earl of Anjou, from the combination, by contracting his eldest son William to his daughter.

1109. Matilda, daughter to the King, was married to the Emperor Henry the Fifth.

1112. Henry settled a colony of Flemings in Wales, who begged his protection; having been obliged, by inundations of the sea, to emigrate from their own country.

1113. Henry went to Normandy, and renewed the marriage contract between his son and Anjou's daughter.

1115. The Normans, and afterwards the English, swore fealty to William, Henry's son, as his successor in both nations.

1120. The King and his son embarked at Barfleur in different ships, for England. The ship with the prince and most of the young nobility on board, struck on a rock and split; by which dreadful accident they were all drowned.

1121. Henry married a second wife, Adelais, daughter of Godfrey, Duke of Louvaine.

1127. Henry prevailed on his subjects to swear fealty to the Empress, who was now in England, her husband Henry being dead.

The King, after this, married his daughter, the Empress, to Geoffrey, eldest son of Foulk, Earl of Anjou Plantagenet.

1133. Matilda was delivered of a Prince, who was named Henry.

1135. The King died at the Castle of Lyons, near Rouen, and was buried at Reading.

# The Conquest of Normandy;

OR,

## THE MONK'S THREE VISITS.

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" Une novele te dirai,
Henris iert reis hastivement,
Se mes augures ne me ment.
Remembre toi de ce qu'ai dit.
Que eist iert reis jusque petit."

WACE.

# The Conquest of Normandy;

OR,

## THE MONK'S THREE VISITS.

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The result of the fatal victory of Hastings was for a long time severely felt and deeply lamented by the English. The flower of the native nobility perished in that disastrous battle: of those who survived, the majority were driven into exile, while a few who were induced to accept the terms offered by the Conqueror, soon found that their destruction was only postponed until a more convenient opportunity, and were very speedily conducted to the dungeon or the block. The common people, too, experienced their full share of the tyranny of the two Williams. The Norman Barons, who became lords of the soil, looked upon them as their property, and thought themselves justified in the exercise of any act of oppression or cruelty towards them. Resistance was vain, complaint was useless, and the once high-

minded people of England, by degrees, sunk into a state of tame and passive submission.

Nearly half a century had elapsed since the battle of Hastings was fought, although the wounds of the nation were as grievously painful as if they had been inflicted but yesterday, when one general expression of joy pervaded the whole realm, on receiving the intelligence of the death of William Rufus. This monarch had succeeded to all the hatred inspired by his father, without attaining any of that respect which the military talents of the Conqueror extorted from his bitterest enemies. His profaneness, and open and avowed contempt for the Scriptures and the ordinances of the Church, had also alienated the clergy from him, so that his death was considered both by the ecclesiastics and the people as a judgment which he had drawn upon his own head, in the opinion of the former by his profaneness, and in that of the latter by his tyranny. The minds of all were now occupied with the question of who should be his successor. The Normans were anxious to place the crown on the brows of his elder brother, Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy, who, indeed, as far as priority of birth went, had a better title to it even than the late king, while the English eagerly turned their eyes towards the

young Prince Henry Beauclerc, who was born in England, was one of the first scholars of the age, was accomplished both in mind and person, and had ever shown more sympathy and respect for the sufferings of the people, than his father or either of his brothers.

Prince Henry had followed in the train of his brother to the chase in the New Forest, but not being so expert in the sport, or not having so great a taste for it, he had with one or two attendants loitered considerably in the rear of the King. He had seen much in the conduct of his brother, and the disposition of the people towards him, which led him to fear that however submissive the latter might then appear to be, they could not long patiently endure the yoke under which they laboured, and would seize the first favourable opportunity for throwing it off. As he rode along, his mind thus moodily occupied, some one grasped his horse's reins, and a deep solemn voice exclaimed:

"Hail! Henry, King of England!"

The Prince started, and raising his head, beheld an aged man in an ecclesiastical habit, standing before him. His cowl had fallen from his head, and his long white hair streamed in rich profusion down his shoulders. His face was furrowed deep

with wrinkles; but even now, at his advanced age, it beamed with a singular expression of intelligence and majesty. His bright blue eye appeared to flash fire; and his lip was wreathed with a smile, which seemed to betoken a feeling of imperiousness and triumph.

Henry had grasped his sword, but on seeing the old man he let it fall again into its scabbard.

"What meanest thou, bold traitor?" said the Prince. "How darest thou call me King of England while William Rufus lives?"

"He lives now," replied the Monk; "but mark me, Henry Beauclerc," he added, pointing to the west, where the sun was rapidly declining, "ere yonder orb has sunk beneath the horizon, the sun of his life will have set for ever."

"Cease, cease this idle prattle," said the Prince, endeavouring to extricate his horse's reins from the grasp of the Monk, but without success.

"Hail! Henry Beauclerc," reiterated the latter; "thou shalt speedily be King of England; thou shalt restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne of these realms; and with English hearts and hands thou shalt conquer the country of the Conqueror!"

At that moment a dreadful shriek rang through the forest; and the Monk, seizing Henry's arm, again

pointed to the west. The sun was on the very verge of the horizon, and in an instant afterwards sunk beneath it. The Prince turned wonderingly towards the Monk, but the mysterious monitor had disappeared.

"Tis passing strange," said he to his attendants; "know ye aught of this person?"

"'Tis the mad Monk of St John's," said a page; "He fought on the side of the Saxons at Hastings, and was left for dead on the field. Some benevolent brothers of Waltham, who went over the field after the battle, in the hope that they might be of service to the wounded, discovered some signs of life in this person, and bore him to the Abbey. There they succeeded in healing his wounds; but could never prevail upon him to reveal his name or rank. From the richness of his dress, and the value of the jewels which were found upon him, he is supposed to have been a Saxon lord of distinction. He afterwards became a brother of the order of St. John at Chester, and has rendered himself remarkable by his acts of piety and penitence; but his misfortunes are supposed to have disordered his intellect."

"His voice sounded prophetically in my ears," said the Prince, "and that shriek was strangely

coincident with the setting of the sun. Heaven shield our royal brother! Let us scour the forest in search of him."

The Monk's words proved to be prophetic. William Rufus was found dead in the forest; and within a few hours afterwards, Henry Beauclerc was proclaimed King of England at Winchester. Such were the extraordinary events which followed the Monk's first visit to that prince.

Henry's elevation to the throne was hailed with the acclamations of the whole nation. A few of his brother's partizans endeavoured to advance the interests of the Duke of Normandy, but that prince was then engaged in the Crusade in the Holy Land. He had left his dukedom a prey to civil dissension, and during the whole time that he had been the ruler of that province, his conduct had been remarkable for nothing but slothfulness and indecision. On his return from the Crusade, however, he resolved to make an effort to win the crown which his father had won, and accordingly landed at Portsmouth with a formidable army. The English began to fear a renewal of the fatal scenes at Hastings. They rallied round their native born monarch, and exhibited throughout the country such a spirit of resistance to the invaders, that Duke

Robert paused in his enterprise before a blow was struck, and at length determined to leave his brother in quiet possession of the crown, and to return to Normandy.

Henry, in the mean time, continued to endear himself to his people by his vigour, wisdom, and justice. He repressed violence, abolished the prevalent system of rapine, interposed between the tyrannous barons and their oppressed vassals, and by his decision and impartiality acquired the epithet of the "Lion of Justice." He moreover abolished that odious institution of William the Conqueror, the Curfew; granted his subjects a charter, in which he confirmed to them the privileges which they had enjoyed under their Saxon kings; and proclaimed his intention of marrying Matilda, the daughter of the King of Scotland, by Margaret the sister of Edward Atheling, and lineally descended from the ancient Saxon monarchs of England.

The words of the Monk of St. John had made a deep impression on his mind. One part of his prophecy had been fulfilled—he was King of England; but the other part, that he should restore the ancient Saxon race to the throne, seemed utterly inconsistent with the former, for he was himself of Norman origin, and it was only by virtue of his

father's conquest that he could claim any title to the crown of England. It was not until the very morning of his intended nuptials, when he was walking in solemn procession from his palace at Westminster to the Abbey, for the purpose of celebrating them, that the truth flashed upon his mind, that by the act which he was then about to perform, he was accomplishing the Monk's prediction.

"'Tis strange," he said, to Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, who walked on his right hand, "but by this marriage I shall confirm the prophetic intimation which I received from the Monk of St. John, in the New Forest, on the evening of the death of the Red King; whom God assoil!" he added, crossing himself.

"It grieves me, my liege," said the Archbishop, "to find that the ravings of a fanatic and an impostor have sunk so deep into your Grace's memory. The events which have come to pass according to his prediction, were in the ordinary course of things. The Red King's violent and heedless course of life promised a speedy termination to it; and that the wisest and most accomplished prince in Europe should espouse a princess whose virtues and talents so nearly resemble his own, might surely have happened, although this cowled dreamer had never existed."

"True, true, good Anselm," said the King; but he said it in a tone which induced the Archbishop to believe that his heart did not yield that acquiescence to his arguments which his lips professed.

"The Monk," resumed the Archbishop, "also promised that your Grace should, with English hearts and hands, conquer the country of the Conqueror. This is an event which is surely scarcely within the verge of probability, for your Grace and the Duke of Normandy have concluded a peace (which Heaven keep inviolate!) by which you have guaranteed to each other the integrity of your respective dominions, and a free enjoyment of their rights in both realms to your subjects."

The King answered not; but the project which he had long formed of subjecting to his sway the hereditary dominions of his father he could not easily part with, and the feeling of the English people, who were eager for an opportunity to retaliate upon Normandy the injury which William and his followers had inflicted upon England, would, he knew, second him in any attack which he might make upon the territories of his brother. The acclamations with which the multitude now greeted him as he passed on to the Abbey, confirmed him in the estimate which he had made of their willingness to support him, and with a proud step and an

exulting spirit he crossed the threshold of the sacred edifice.

The Princess Matilda had arrived before him. She was surrounded by the Scottish barons who had escorted her from her father's court, and by several beautiful females, who were in attendance upon her. On her progress she had been greeted with the enthusiastic cheers of the populace. Some invoked St. Edward's blessing on her head; some exclaimed that the disasters of Hastings had now terminated; and others traced a wonderful resemblance in her features to the effigies of her illustrious ancestor, the Great Alfred.

The King and the Princess had both entered the Abbey, amidst the benedictions and applauses of all who beheld them. The Barons and official dignitaries then followed them to the altar, and the Archbishop was about to perform the ceremony, when a stentorian voice from a remote part of the church exclaimed, "Forbear!" All eyes were turned towards the quarter whence the interruption proceeded, and an ecclesiastic, with his features closely shrouded in his cowl, was seen slowly pacing down the eastern aisle. He approached the altar, and removing his cowl, the King and his attendants immediately recognized the Monk of St. John's.

"What new vagary is this, reverend Father?" said the King, forcing a smile, but evidently feeling more respect for the intrusive Monk than he chose to acknowledge.

"I say," cried the Monk, "to yon Norman priest, Forbear! This is not an occasion on which, when an English-born prince weds the last heiress of the ancient and illustrious Saxon race, a Neustrian ecclesiastic should mar, by his officiousness, the auspicious ceremony."

A tumult of applause followed the Monk's address. The Archbishop and the Norman barons frowned, but the official persons about King Henry, who were, for the most part, chosen from among the Saxons, and the Scottish nobles who attended the Princess, evidently participated in the pleasurable feelings expressed by the multitude.

"And where," said the Archbishop proudly, "if a Norman priest must not perform this august ceremony, shall we find one of rank and honour sufficient to entitle him to perform it?"

A loud and bitter laugh burst from the lips of the Monk, which resounded through the aisles of the Abbey for several seconds. "Where!" he said, "thou puling priest! where shall such an one be found?" and he thrust his hand towards his side

and seemed to be seeking a weapon; but, as his eye glanced on his sacerdotal habit, a cloud gathered on his brow, and his cheek grew pale as ashes. "Peace! peace! my heart, be still," he muttered half audibly; "it is not yet the time: but, Sir King, I say to thee, let these Saxon hands tie the indissoluble knot between thee and yon fair princess, and so, perchance, may one, who has been the cause of all his country's evils, make some atonement by becoming the instrument of the cure and solace of those evils."

The populace renewed their acclamations as the Monk spake; the Norman Archbishop drew back from him abashed, and the King gazed upon him with an expression of mingled awe and wonder. "I know not who or what thou art, mysterious man," said the Monarch, "but I have good cause for believing that thou art in some way more and better than thy garb proclaimeth. Be it, therefore, as thou desirest; wed me to this fair princess; and may Heaven grant that this union may be as thou sayest—the cure and solace of this nation's evils!"

The Monk united the hands of the two royal lovers, and breathed his benediction with a fervour and enthusiasm which seemed to affect even Archbishop Anselm and his partizans. The King and

Queen knelt before the altar, the populace prostrated themselves on the ground, and at the conclusion the organ pealed forth a solemn strain of blended exultation and devotion.

"And now, O King!" said the Monk, "thou rememberest what passed at our last interview."

"Most distinctly do I remember," said the King, "and not easily shall I forget it."

"Then did I predict," added the Monk, "that three things should happen to thee, Henry Beauclerc: that thou shouldest be king of England; that thou shouldest restore the ancient Saxon line to the throne; and that with English hearts and hands thou shouldest conquer the country of the Conqueror. Did not the first event happen almost at the moment that I said it, at my first visit?—has not the second prediction been accomplished even now, at my second visit, by the instrumentality of his hands whose lips uttered it?—and when I visit thee for the third time, King Henry, the third event shall come to pass before we part, and then we shall part for ever."

The Monk uttered these words in a tone of great energy and solemnity; then, drawing his robes closely round him, and grasping his staff, he proceeded slowly down the aisle by which he had en-

tered; the people made way for him, many falling on their knees and craving his blessing as he passed; and in this way, with downcast head and measured step, he departed out of the Abbey.

"What say you now, my Lord Archbishop?" asked the King, turning towards the astonished and mortified Anselm.

"My liege," said the Prelate, "he is doubtless an impostor; albeit when I tried to rebuke him, there was something in his eye and brow which deprived me of the power of utterance. It irks me to see your Grace so worked upon by the arts of gramarye in which this Saxon Monk is, I doubt not, but too well versed. The faith of your Grace and your princely brother Robert, are too deeply pledged to each other to allow of the possibility of what this dreamer has predicted ever coming to pass."

While the Archbishop was speaking, a horn was heard sounding outside the walls of the Abbey; and immediately a horseman, whose dress and accoutrements proclaimed him to be a herald, entered and rode up towards the spot on which the King stood."

"How now!" said Henry, who immediately recognized the Norman king-at-arms, "what says our loving brother?"

"I must crave your royal pardon," said the Herald, "for what I am commissioned to utter, before I venture to use language which will sound but ill in your Grace's ears."

"Speak out," said the King: "thou knowest that thy character and thy office sufficiently protect thee."

"Then," said the Herald, throwing down his gage, "I am commanded by King Robert, thy king and mine, thy father's eldest son, to hurl his defiance at thee, and to bid thee immediately resign to him the crown of this fair realm, which thou hast wrongfully and traitorously usurped. What answer shall I bear to thy loving brother?"

"Nay," said the King, while a bitter smile writhed his lip, "first answer me, I pray thee, where our loving brother is sojourning at present?"

"He is at Tinchebray in Normandy," said the Herald, "where he has collected forces who wait but the signal of his uplifted finger to pour themselves upon the coasts of this kingdom for the purpose of enforcing his just and reasonable demand."

"Say you so?" answered the King; "then methinks it would be treating King Robert, as thou callest him, uncivilly, seeing he is so near us, to send an answer to his so courteous communication by a

messenger. We will ourselves wait upon him in person at Tinchebray; and if the arguments which we shall bring with us shall not convince him that his claim is untenable, we must e'en doff the diadem from these poor brows of ours, and place it on his own. What say ye, lords and knights, and ye, not least in our esteem, our gallant yeomen,—will ye accompany us to Tinchebray?"

"God save King Henry!" shouted a thousand voices; "God save Queen Matilda! Death to the Normans; victory and vengeance!"

"You have our answer, Sir Knight," said the King, addressing the Herald. "Bear it speedily to our brother, and assure him that we shall lose no time in confirming your intelligence by our presence. What ho! there, attend him, and show him such respect as is befitting his rank and office. What say you now, my Lord Archbishop?" said the King, again addressing the Primate and smiling—but the Archbishop held his peace, and accompanied the royal party back to the palace in silence.

It was on the 14th of October, 1107, that the English army, under the command of the King, sat down before the Castle of Tinchebray, then held by Robert de Belesme for the Duke of Normandy. This was the fortieth anniversary of the battle of

Hastings, and of the day (his last birth-day) on which King Harold had lost his kingdom and his life. The sun had not risen above an hour when the King's forces came in sight of the Castle, and found that the fortress was not left to its own resources, but that Duke Robert had arrived before them with a numerous army to its relief, which occupied a strong position in advance of it.

"Seest thou this?" said a Knight in black armour, riding up to the King, and showing him his shield, which bore the marks of many a lance and arrow upon its disk.

"Who art thou, friend," asked the King, "who hast so many times intruded thyself upon my notice, since our embarkation from England? I would not willingly disparage thy prowess, although I know thee not; but I doubt not that there are five hundred in my army who are as good as thou, and who are as much entitled to assume these airs of familiarity with me."

"It matters not," replied the Knight; "but this shield guarded this arm at Hastings, and neither arm nor shield has since, until this day, been again exhibited in the field: then I fought against the Normans, and they conquered England; now, I fight against them again this day, and by God's

good grace will assist thee in conquering Normandy."

"Thou seemest a stalwart and vigorous knight," said the King, "and thy appearance but ill accords with thy assertion, that thou borest arms nearly half a century ago. However, Heaven pardon thee, if thou utterest untruths, and visit not our cause with the punishment due to thy falsehoods! There are now other matters that demand my attention too imperiously to allow me to listen any longer to thy prating."

The centre of the Norman army was commanded by the Duke in person, the right wing by the Earl of Mortaigne, and the left wing by Robert de Belesme. Their cavalry was not quite so numerous as that of the English, but in their infantry they had greatly the superiority. Robert never appeared to greater advantage than on that day; and before the commencement of the engagement, he was seen in every part of his army animating his soldiers, inciting them to attack, and reminding them that they must this day prove themselves worthy of wearing the laurels which were won at Hastings, or submit to become the vassals of that people who had then been so heroically conquered. The Earl of Mortaigne, and Robert de Belesme also, who were the

inveterate enemies of Henry, and had nothing to hope from his clemency in the event of his proving victorious, were indefatigable in their efforts to kindle the martial energies of their followers. The whole army participated in the spirit of their leaders, and chanting, like their ancestors at Hastings, the song of Rollo, they rushed furiously upon the advanced guard of the English. The assault was irresistible; the ranks of the English were broken, and the Norman assailants shouting victory, advanced upon that part of the main body of the English which was commanded by King Henry himself. Robert de Belesme cut his way through the ranks of the enemy, shouting the name of Henry, and defying him, if he had a particle of honour and valour, to meet him and give him battle. This man, who had the reputation of being an incarnate fiend, excited so much terror by his presence, that all fled before him, and left the King almost alone exposed to the assault of Belesme and his myrmidons. The monarch, however, at the head of a small band of friends, defended himself valiantly, but his strength was evidently failing him, and his friends were falling one by one at his side. "Englishmen to the rescue, oh!" he shouted, and renewed his efforts with increased vigour. "Normans, remember

Hastings!" exclaimed De Belesme, and made another furious assault, by which the King was unhorsed. "Remember Hastings!" echoed a stentorian voice; "ay, Englishmen, forget it not!" and immediately the Knight in black armour, whom we have already mentioned, rode up at the head of a party of about a hundred men, and, smiting De Belesme with his sword on the helmet, he bore him from his saddle. "On, Sire," he said, assisting the King to remount: "the Earl of Mortaigne's division has been repulsed by the Earl of Mayne; Duke Robert is contending at fearful odds with the Earl of Mellent; and now, could we but drive back the followers of De Belesme, the victory and Normandy are ours. Once more, Englishmen, remember Hastings!"

Thus saying, the unknown Knight put spurs to his steed, couched his lance, and rushed into the thickest ranks of the enemy. The King and his followers imitated his example, and the forces of Helias, Earl of Mayne, who had driven Mortaigne from the field, speedily joining them, they carried all before them. The slaughter was immense. The English arrows darkened the air, and every English lance was red to the hilt with blood. The Black Knight, in particular, traversed the field like

the angel of destruction: wherever he appeared, the enemy sunk beneath his blow, or fled before him. "Remember Hastings!" he shouted at every step that his good steed took; and this cry, which had originally been set up by the Norman leaders, to remind their followers of their ancient triumph, now eagerly spread from rank to rank in the English army, and seemed to give herculean force to their arms, as they hurled their javelins or twanged their bows against the enemy. When a part of their forces seemed wavering and dismayed, the shout was "Remember Hastings!" and they rushed on again as though invigorated with wine;—when the English warrior felt the death-wound in his heart, he spent his remaining breath in saying, "Remember Hastings!" to his comrades, and died with a smile upon his lip;—when the Norman captive sued for quarter, the answer was, "Remember Hastings!" and his head rolled in the dust!

In the mean time, the Duke of Normandy and his forces were resisting with unequal strength, but undiminished gallantry, the attack of the Earl of Mellent. The two divisions of his army were broken and dispersed, and the main body of the English was advancing against him under the conduct of King Henry. He nevertheless fought on

with incredible valour, and had even cut himself a passage through the ranks of his assailants, and, being well mounted, was leaving his pursuers behind him, when he found himself surrounded by the Black Knight and a select band of warriors, who had kept close to him during the whole engagement.

"Yield thee, Duke of Normandy!" said the Knight; "yield thee—or thy days are numbered."

"I yield to no one," said the Duke, "merely because he bids me do so. I yield to no one but to him whose right hand can subdue me!"

"Say you so?" said the Knight; "then yield to me," and directing his sword furiously at the breast of his opponent, the latter reeled from the saddle, and the shouts of the spectators, which were speedily re-echoed over the whole field, proclaimed that the Duke of Normandy was taken prisoner.

The clamour of the battle instantly ceased. The Normans threw down their arms—some fled, some were butchered upon the spot, and four hundred knights and ten thousand soldiers were taken prisoners.

"Brother," said King Henry, approaching the place where the Duke stood in the custody of his captors; "you have put us to some cost and trou-

ble in coming over here to answer your courteous message; nevertheless it were ungrateful in us, seeing the result, to grudge either. Since, however, it may not be quite as convenient in future to answer your messages, we have resolved to place you nearer our royal person; Cardiff Castle is not so troublesome a distance from our palace as Tinchebray.

"I am your prisoner, Henry," said the Duke, moodily, "and must submit to the will of Heaven. Do with me as you please: the curse which our father provoked when he invaded a peaceful kingdom is upon me."

"But where is the Black Knight?" asked the King; "our gallant deliverer, to whom the glorious success of this day is so mainly attributable?"

"He stands yonder," said a Page, pointing to the left of the King, "and is, I fear me, grievously hurt, for he pants for breath, and seems scarcely able to support his tottering weight."

"Approach, valiant Sir," said the King; "I trust that you have sustained no hurt which a skilful leech will not know how to treat?"

"I am not hurt," said the Knight, "but my days are numbered. I have lived to see this day; it is enough, and now would I depart in peace."

The Knight's voice seemed strangely altered:

during the battle its stentorian tones had been heard all over the field, but now it was feeble and tremulous. "Unbar his visor," said the King; "surely I have heard that voice before."

The Knight's visor was unbarred, and revealed to the wondering eyes of the King and his attendants the features of the Monk of St. John.

"Did not I tell thee, O King! that at my third visit the third event which I had prophesied, the conquest of Normandy, should come to pass before we parted?"

"True, holy Father," said the King; "and thou hast proved thyself the apostle of truth."

"I said, too," added the Monk, and his features changed, and his voice grew more tremulous than ever, as he spake, "that when we did part, we should part for ever. Yet I have something for thy ear, and for the ears of the knights and barons who surround thee, which I would not willingly leave the world without disclosing."

"Support him," said the King; "he is falling!" and two pages hastened to the assistance of the Monk, whose strength was gradually failing him.

"Speak out, old man!" said the King; "who and what art thou?"

"This," said the Monk, "is the eightieth anni-

versary of my birth, and the fortieth of my perilous fall and the fall of my country; but, blessed be Heaven! my country has retrieved that fall; and I at last can die in peace."

"Reveal thy name," said the King, "for as yet thou speakest riddles."

"My name!" said the old man, and the stentorian strength of his voice seemed to return as he uttered it, "is HAROLD—Harold the Saxon—Harold the King—Harold the Conquered!"

A bitter groan burst from his heart as he pronounced the last epithet; and he hung down his head for a moment.

The King and his attendants gazed with the intensest interest on the man who they had thought had been so long numbered with the dead. Even the captive Robert forgot his own misfortunes in the presence of his father's once powerful opponent. Harold at length seemed to overcome his emotion, and gazed once more on the assembled princes and barons.

"King of England!" he said, rearing up his stately form, and extending his hands over the Monarch's head, "Be thou blessed! thou hast restored the ancient race to the throne; and thou hast conquered the country of the proud Conqueror.

Thy reign shall be long and prosperous; thou shalt beget monarchs, in whose veins shall flow the pure stream of Saxon blood; and ages and generations shall pass away, yet still that race shall sit upon the throne of England."

His voice faltered—his eyes grew dim—his uplifted arms fell powerless to his sides—and he sunk a lifeless corse into the arms of the attendants.*

* *Knighton*, from *Giraldus Cambrensis*, asserts that Harold was not slain at the battle of Hastings, but that escaping he retired to a cell near St. John's Church, in Chester, and died there an anchoret, as was owned by himself in his last confession which he made when dying, and in memory whereof, his tomb was shown when Knighton wrote. The same story is told by a contemporary, Eadmer, whom Malmsbury styles "an historian to be praised for his sincerity and truth."

# The Lord of Greece.

"Be these juggling fiends no more believed
That palter with us in a double sense."

MACBETH.

# The Lord of Greece.

The Lord Alberic, Earl of Northumberland, sat at the casement of one of the turrets of his castle of Alnwick, and gazed at the lovely scenery which presented itself far and wide to his view. The sun was now sinking behind the western hills; but, as if to make amends for his approaching departure, he was setting in unclouded magnificence, and with his heavenly alchemy transmuting the sky, the hills, and the river which flowed in the middle distance, into objects whose glory and splendour were no unworthy rivals of his own. By degrees, however, the resplendent orb sunk beneath the horizon; and the glory faded from the sky, and the hills began to cast a dim and gloomy shadow behind them, and the river ceased to show its golden ripples in the valley, and the dews fell from the heavens, and the mists arose from the earth, and darkness was overspreading the face of all things.

"It is thus — it is thus," said Earl Alberic, "with the dream of human ambition! It seems most glorious at the period at which it is about to vanish

away. The lowliest and the least worthy object of desire—the highest and the most impracticable—it gilds alike with its false and flattering beams; and then, while we are yet gazing, it is gone, and the lustre of all those objects is gone with it, and we find the dull cold night of disappointment closing round us."

The Earl Alberic had not been always in the habit of entertaining such sad and gloomy thoughts as these. A very few years had elapsed (for he had as yet seen but five-and-twenty summers) since he had walked out at the hour of sunset, amidst the scenery on which he was now gazing, and had given utterance to such reflections as the following:—"How glorious and wonderful is the career of yon resplendent orb! When he rises, he is hailed by the blessings of all, for they know that his rising promises light and warmth and fruitfulness to every thing on which he gazes; at noon the promise of his rising is confirmed, and all creation rejoices in his smiles; and at eventide he sinks to rest in a fuller blaze of majesty and splendour than had attended him during the day. Like him would I spend my days. In youth, like him, be hailed with hopefulness; in maturity, like him, dispense blessings and excite admiration; and, like him,

when the appointed hour shall come, die surrounded with glory."

While the Earl Alberic was absorbed in these thoughts, he had wandered farther from the castle than he had been accustomed to do at so late an hour; the shadows of evening were gathering round him, and the wind was making that strange, unearthly, and melancholy, yet withal pleasing and soothing music that so often hymns the dirge of the departed day; so that the incident which then is said to have befallen the Earl Alberic, might perhaps be but the creation of his own excited imagination. As he walked along, and dreams of glory filled his fancy, and a long vista of fame and honour opened before his mental vision, the following words, in a low and shrill, but very distinct tone, were sounded in his ears. "*Græciæ Dominus eris.*" He started and looked around him, but no human being was visible. "Ha!" he said, "could my senses deceive me? Methought I heard a glorious destiny promised to me—that I should be Lord of Greece. It was but fancy. I am here alone. The night is closing in, and I must return to the castle." He turned round for the purpose of retracing his steps, when the same words were repeated still more audibly and distinctly: "*Græciæ Dominus eris.*"

Again did the young lord gaze around him, and at the distance of about twenty yards, he perceived a strange and uncouth figure about three feet high, but with a head of most disproportionate size, composing nearly half of its dimensions, clad in a thin green robe, and holding a branch of osier in its hand. "What sayest thou, friend?" asked Alberic, advancing towards this mysterious being; but the figure, instead of answering him, waved its hand, and with threatening gestures seemed to be warning him away. Alberic, however, continued to approach the spot on which it stood; but the moment that he arrived there, although the instant before he had seen it distinctly, he found himself alone.

On his return to the castle, he narrated this strange adventure to his friends and retainers there, who in vain endeavoured to persuade him that the whole was the coinage of his own imagination. He retired to sleep, but not to repose: the strange unearthly form of the Dwarf haunted his dreams, leading by the hand a female of exquisite beauty, whose fine classical features, her flowing but sable drapery, and the wreath of laurel mixed with cypress on her brows, seemed to point her out as a personification of Greeee in her then state of suffering and resistance. The dream was so strong and vivid that

it broke the chains of slumber, and Alberic started from his couch, almost expecting to see the beings of his vision standing in substantial shape before him. He gazed from his casement on the deep blue vault of heaven spangled with innumerable stars. He looked for his natal star, the planet Jupiter; he gazed towards *the East;* it was just rising, and, as it rose, its superior brightness dimmed all the neighbouring orbs. "'Tis strange," he said, "that that star should be brightening the East at the very moment that I start from my broken sleep to gaze upon it. What may this portend?" "*Græciæ Dominus eris,*" said the same shrill voice which he had heard in the woodlands on the preceding evening. "Ha!" he said; "my question is indeed answered—my destiny leads me to the East, where the diadem of Greece is ready for my brow. And shall I oppose the will of Fate when that will conducts me to power and glory? Shall I throw myself beneath the chariot wheels of Destiny, when I am invited to mount and seize the guiding reins? Perish the thought. *Græciæ Dominus crim.*"

Soothed and tranquillized by the determination to which he had arrived, he again threw himself upon his couch, and a sound and unbroken sleep at length weighed down his eyelids. On the morrow

he called his friends and retainers around him, told them that the truth of the prediction which he had heard on the preceding evening had been confirmed by the events of the night; that the Greeks were now waging war against the Infidels, and if a knight of fame and prowess were to present himself to them, they would immediately acknowledge him as their chief; and that he was determined to rally his vassals around him, to levy all the treasure that he was then possessed of, and to proceed forthwith on the expedition to the East. Those whom he addressed, some lured by the hope of plunder, and others religiously believing the Dwarf's prediction, all professed their willingness to accompany their lord on his chivalrous enterprise; and scarcely a month had elapsed after this meeting, when Earl Alberic, accompanied by about fifty knights and esquires, well mounted and armed, and followed by near five hundred archers and men-at-arms, was seen issuing from the portals of Alnwick Castle on his way to the metropolis, for the purpose of paying his respects to King Henry I. previous to his embarkation for the East.

King Henry smiled when the Earl acquainted him with his romantic enterprise, and added, "Choose not a bride, my lord Northumberland,

among the dark-eyed daughters of the East. So much valour and chivalry must not be lost to my court. When you return I will endeavour to find a fair partner who shall be worthy of you, if you will be content to abide by my election."

"I am content, my liege," said the Earl, "and whether prosperous or not, I will return to do homage to my sovereign and benefactor."

The Earl, with his gallant retinue and his treasure, departed full of zeal and hope. Three long years rolled away and no tidings of him arrived in England, until, about one month before the period at which this narration commences, a tall and stalwart knight, mounted upon a gallant but worn and weary steed, clad in a suit of complete armour which showed the dints of many a battle, and the stains of many a day's long and wearisome journeying, and attended only by a single page, wound his bugle before the gates of Alnwick Castle. "And who be ye," asked the porter, "who crave admittance here? Our lord is absent with his vassals, and there are none but old men and children and women within, therefore I dare not admit ye until ye tell me who ye are."

"Knowest thou me not, Walter?" said the knight, lifting up his visor and showing a face still

young and handsome, but furrowed with untimely wrinkles, haggard, and sorrowful, and wan. It was Earl Alberic. The porter fell upon his knees and craved his master's pardon. "Rise, rise, good Walter," said the Earl; "it was I who did forget, when I gave credence to a juggling fiend and left my broad earldom in England for a visionary diadem in Greece."

In truth the porter might have been forgiven a much greater degree of forgetfulness, for the Earl had become an altered man in person and in mind. He had lost all his retainers but the single page who accompanied him home, by the sword, or famine, or fatigue; he had spent or been despoiled of his treasure; and the Greeks, who at first gladly received the aid which his men and money had afforded them, when they found these exhausted, and that the Earl wanted to reign over them, plundered and persecuted him till he was obliged to save his life by flight. Therefore was it, as he sat at the turret casement, and gazed at the setting sun, and saw the glory of the heavens, and the hills, and the river fade away, and darkness overspread the face of all things, that he said: "It is thus, it is thus, with the dream of human ambition. It seems most glorious at the period at which it is about to

vanish away; the lowliest and the least worthy object of desire—the highest and the most impracticable, it gilds alike with its false and flattering beams,—and then, while we are yet gazing, it is gone, and the lustre of all those objects is gone with it, and we find the dull cold night of disappointment closing round us."

The Earl held a letter in his hand. It was from the King, congratulating him on his return in safety, and commanding his presence at York on the following day for the purpose of solemnizing his nuptials with the heiress of Abberford, the bride whom the King, agreeably to his promise, had selected for him. The Earl had now abjured all his ambitious plans, and sighed only for domestic peace: the lady, whom the monarch proposed that he should wed, he had never seen; but he had heard much of her beauty, and he knew that she was endowed with large possessions; so that he hoped to repair both his peace of mind and his shattered fortunes by this alliance. He retired early to his couch, as he proposed to start by daybreak on his journey to York. He shortly sunk to sleep, and presently the same dream which had disturbed him three years before presented itself to him. He again saw the strange unearthly form of the Dwarf,

leading the same exquisitely beautiful female, whose fine classical features had never been erased from the tablet of his memory. The lady, however, instead of wearing sables as before, was clad in bridal robes, and held a nuptial ring in her hand, which she offered to the sleeper. He turned away from her angrily, but she smiled on him with so much sweetness that he could not help once more raising his eyes towards her and her companion. The latter suddenly underwent a strange transformation. His stature increased to near six feet; his green mantle was changed to a regal robe; he no longer held a branch of osier, but a sceptre in his hand; a golden crown was on his head, and his features were those not of the grim and ghastly Dwarf, but of Henry King of England. Earl Alberic uttered an exclamation of pleasure and surprise, and extending his arms towards his sovereign, with the effort which he made, awoke.

"Death!" he cried, starting from his couch, "am I for ever to be the dupe of dreams? It were enough to make a man forswear repose and slumber, and sigh for the sleepless, restless life of the wandering Jew. My unhappy Eastern adventure, and my approaching nuptials, have been strangely jumbled in the dream which I have just had. Ha!" he added, gazing from the casement, "'tis a night of wondrous splendour.

Just such a night was that—that fatal night—when here I stood and gazed—but, psha! why should I torture my brain to recall events which it were better I should endeavour to blot entirely from my memory? Yes, 'tis a glorious night—my natal star is now shining brilliantly—so did it then, when its prognostics deceived me. Yet now it is not in the East; 'tis neither rising, nor declining, but shining steadily and brightly, lord of the ascendant. The wise believe the stars—the holy and religious say that it is the truth which they utter; if we are led astray it is that we know not rightly how to interpret their language. Ne'er to my eye did my natal planet shine so brilliantly as it does now: would that I could divine the event which it portends!" "*Græciæ Dominus eris*," said the same voice which had twice before addressed Earl Alberic. "Fiend! fiend!" said the Earl, stopping his ears, "wake not that slumbering passion in my soul which I had hoped was laid for ever. Avaunt, Sathanas! break not my repose again."

Thus saying, he stretched himself once more on his couch, in such a position that he could gaze on the planet Jupiter. That star seemed to be shedding its most benign influences on him, and his eyes continued fixed upon it till their lids fell over them, and he sunk into a gentle and refreshing slumber.

At an early hour in the morning Earl Alberic was

mounted and on his way to York. The day was breaking beautifully. The grey hue of dawn had already been transformed into a light silvery tincture, and the clouds were now beginning to catch a golden tinge from the beams of the as yet unrisen sun. At length the glorious orb appeared above the verge of the horizon, and a choral shout, as it were from the feathered population of the leafy dwellings on which he gazed, welcomed his return to this breathing world. "Ha!" said the Earl, while a faint sad smile played upon his lip, "I once hoped to live and die like yonder orb: I drew from every phenomenon which surrounded it omens favourable to myself, and even now my false and flattering heart would prompt me to believe that its glorious rising to-day typifies that my night of sorrow and suffering has passed away, and that peace and joy, if not fame and glory, will hereafter be my lot." At that moment he started, for the well-remembered words "*Græciæ Dominus eris*" again rang in his ears, and turning round he beheld the strange misshapen figure of the Dwarf standing before him, clothed and equipped in the same manner as on the evening on which he had before encountered him.

"Devil!" said the Earl, couching his lance, and making a furious lunge at his tormentor. The lat-

ter, however, uttered a bitter laugh, and was a hundred yards distant in an instant. "Fiend!" said the Earl, "if I am to be, as thou sayest, Lord of Greece, tell me, I adjure thee, when?"

"*Hodie Græci Dominus eris:*" said the Dwarf, and immediately vanished away.

"*To-day!* sayest thou, lying fiend!" exclaimed the Earl: "but wherefore do I allow these agents of the demon of darkness to tamper with me? I will hasten to York to greet my lovely bride, and in her arms forget the dreams of ambition and the instigations of unholy beings."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his steed, and in a few hours dismounted at the gate of the Minster of York, in which King Henry was holding a synod. "Welcome, noble Alberic," said the monarch, rising from the throne, on which, surrounded with prelates and barons, he sat before the high altar: "welcome, my Lord Northumberland; and although no Grecian diadem adorn thy brow, the favour of his King, and the love of a fair and noble lady, should be no inadequate atonement for the disappointed hopes of a true knight like thee."

"They are prizes, my liege," said the Earl, "far more precious than that which I have struggled for in vain."

"Then now," said the King, leading forth a tall and stately lady closely veiled, "do I unite Beauty to Valour, and Heaven prosper the union!"

"And I," said the Earl, sinking on his knee, and pressing the lady's hand to his lips, "with this true kiss testify alike my loyalty to my King, and my love to my bride."

The lady gently raised her suitor from his suppliant posture, and throwing back her veil exhibited to the astonished Alberic the very features of the lovely female whom he had beheld in his dream.

"Ha!" he said, "is't possible. Can that lovely form be aught more than the dream of a disordered fancy! Then am I indeed blest, and the diadem of Greece may settle on the brow of whomsoever deems the bauble worth possessing."

"Then, reverend father," said the King, addressing the priest, who stood ready to perform the nuptial ceremony; "proceed in your holy office, and again I say, may Heaven prosper this auspicious union!"

The priest then proceeded to perform the ceremony. To the interrogatory "Earl Alberic, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Alberic answered with a fervent and enthusiastic "I will!" but the bride's answer was drowned in the exclamation of wonder which burst from the lips of

the bridegroom, when the priest asked her, "*Lady Gracia*, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" That answer was, however, in the affirmative, and Alberic repressed any farther expression of his feelings, until after the conclusion of the ceremony.*

"Now, indeed," he then said, clasping the lady in his arms, "is the prediction which has rung in my ears so often, accomplished. I am lord of a fairer and nobler territory than that which I imagined I was destined to possess. Here," he added, taking the lady's hand in his, "on the altar of love and beauty do I abjure the dreams of vanity and ambition."

The aisles of the Minster rang with the applauses of the assembled multitude; the ecclesiastics pronounced their benedictions on the wedded pair, and the King and Barons offered their heartiest congratulations. Earl Alberic then departed with his bride for Alnwick Castle, where he arrived in safety, not however without encountering the misshapen Dwarf once more on the spot on which he had twice before met him, who cried out in the same shrill voice, as the Earl passed along "*Dominus Græciæ es,*" and vanished away.

* Jorval. Dugdale.

Matilda gained over to her party the Bishop of Winchester; but he soon quarrelled with her, and entered into a conspiracy with the people of London and the Kentish men to seize her person. She fled first to Oxford, and then to Winchester, where she was closely besieged. In her retreat thence, the Earl of Gloucester was taken prisoner, and afterwards exchanged for King Stephen.

1142. Earl Robert went over to Normandy, which had yielded to the Earl of Anjou, Matilda's husband, and persuaded him to send over his son Henry with him to England.

1143. The Bishop of Winchester obtained a subsidy for Stephen to carry on the war.

1144-45-46. During these years the war was carried on with various success; however, at last, Matilda sent her son over to Normandy, and followed soon afterwards herself. The great support of her cause, the Earl of Gloucester, died in 1146. Stephen, being now left in quiet possession of the throne, endeavoured to get his son Eustace acknowledged as his heir, but found the Barons very averse to his proposition.

1147. Louis VII. King of France, was divorced from his Queen, Eleanor, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Guienne. Henry, Earl of Anjou, Matilda's son, made successful courtship to the divorced Queen, obtained her hand, and with it all her vast possessions.

1153. Henry invaded Stephen in England, and gained some advantage over him at Malmsbury; after which they were preparing for a decisive action, when the great men of both parties set on foot a negotiation, by which it was agreed that Stephen should keep the crown during his life, and that Henry should succeed him. This negotiation was facilitated by the death of Eustace, Stephen's son.

1154. October 25, Stephen died after a few days' illness.

# The Portrait.

"It is his brow, his eye,—the very smile
Which mantled o'er his features when he gave
His liberal largess to me, even now
Plays on the lip."

OLD PLAY.

# The Portrait.

"'Tis wondrous like!" said Earl Milo, the Constable of England, as he sat in his private chamber in Gloucester Castle, and gazed intently upon a portrait which he held in his hand.

"'Tis wondrous handsome!" said his lady, who had stolen unperceived behind him; "and, methinks, were it female instead of male, I should feel somewhat jealous at the devotion with which you appear to regard it."

"If you knew whom it represents," returned the Constable, "you would not wonder that I regard it with some interest."

"And what mysterious being then," enquired the lady, "has the artist immortalized on yonder tablet?"

"'Tis Alan of Brittany," said Earl Milo.

"Ha! the stout Earl of Richmond! and how comes it that a loyal subject of the Empress Matilda is thus engaged with the portrait of one who is King Stephen's right-hand counsellor, and the

most renowned warrior who follows the fortunes of the usurper?"

"Listen to me for one moment, girl, and thy loyal fears shall be speedily appeased. The Empress has received certain intelligence that Earl Alan is now travelling incognito upon a secret mission from King Stephen to the Princes of Wales, whom he hopes to league with his master against the Empress. Our Sovereign is anxious to be revenged upon this man for all the evils which he has brought upon her, especially for the part which he took in the elevation of King Stephen to the throne, and for the stratagem by which he possessed himself of Fort Galclint. She has accordingly procured portraits of him, which she has despatched to the governors of all the fortresses on the banks of the Severn, with orders to arrest him and send him to Bristol either alive or dead. The latter, I believe, would be the condition in which such a present would be most acceptable at court, and in which it would be most certainly found soon after its arrival there."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lady; "and these noble features belong to the far-famed warrior whom Earl Milo means to deliver up to the knife of the assassin!"

"Say not so, gentle Adelaide; for in those features I recognize a man to whom I am bound by every tie of gratitude."

The Constable then reminded the lady of an incident which he had often narrated to her before, and with which it is also necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Earl Milo had some years previously borne arms in Normandy under King Henry the First, against his brother Robert, and being reduced to the utmost distress by the loss of his baggage and what money he had taken with him, he had applied to Earl Alan, whom he happened to meet accidentally on his return, and besought him, in a tone, and with a countenance of sufficient modesty, to assist him in his distress. Alan was totally unacquainted with him, but he was touched with pity. Whether he remarked something peculiarly engaging in the countenance of the petitioner, or whether his good genius prompted him to secure a friend whose gratitude and good offices became afterwards so necessary to him, he took from his purse six pieces of gold and gave them to the stranger, with a frankness which made his alms worth much more than they were intrinsically. Milo received them, expressing an ardent wish that he might not die without an opportunity of evincing his gratitude.

Now that opportunity seemed likely to arrive. He had been entrusted by the Empress, and by her brother Robert, Earl of Gloucester, with the chief authority on the banks of the Severn for the purpose of watching for Alan; and all the other commanders in that neighbourhood were under his orders. He had accepted this appointment without being aware that he was acting against his benefactor, because Alan, at the time that he bestowed his bounty upon him, had not communicated to him his name. The instant, however, that he received the portrait, he was struck with its resemblance to his friend, and resolved to use his best energies for his preservation.

"'Tis the face of an angel!" said the lady, after her husband had left the apartment. "Ill befall the man who would do him injury!"

The Lady Adelaide was possessed of extraordinary beauty and accomplishments, and was considerably younger than her husband, with whom she had eloped from a nunnery, where her parents had intended her to remain until such time as they should think that she ought to marry. The novelty of this romantic adventure having worn off, she began to find that neither the temper nor habits of her husband were more suitable to her than his age. As

far as cold courtesy and respectful attention went, she had nothing to complain of; but his days had been passed in camps and fortresses, and the enthusiasm and ardent feelings of Adelaide were things which he either did not understand, or which he looked upon as puerilities and weaknesses. Shut up in the frontier city of Gloucester, she saw none but rough grim warriors cased in iron, compared with whom even Earl Milo appeared a model of grace and elegance. She could not help contrasting the sparkling eye, the vivacious expression of feature, and the polished manner which pervaded the portrait of the Earl of Richmond, with the cold repulsive air of all about her. Imminent as was the danger to which Alan would be exposed, should he venture within the city, still she wished for his arrival; but day followed day and week followed week, without his making his appearance. Earl Milo began to hope that he had crossed the Severn higher up the river, and had arrived safely in the territory of Wales.

One evening, as the Constable was walking in the streets of Gloucester, a man passed him closely muffled in his cloak, whose figure reminded him strongly of the person whom he was in search of. He went up and saluted him. The stranger re-

turned his compliment, and removing his cloak displayed features in which Milo could not be mistaken.

"May I pray you, Sir," said the Constable, "to accompany me into yon mansion, as I wish to speak a few words with you."

"Nay," said Alan, "I do not know that that would be altogether wise; my hearing is sufficiently acute here to listen to your few words, therefore say on."

"The intelligence which I have to communicate to you," said Milo, "is of importance; and I do not wish every eaves-dropper in Gloucester to be privy to it."

"You look like an honest person," said Alan, taking his hand from his sword, which he had instinctively grasped: "therefore, I will e'en be rash enough to follow you."

The Constable then led the way into his house, and he and his guest had no sooner seated themselves, than turning round to the latter quickly, he said, "My Lord of Richmond, you are my prisoner!"

"Say you so?" said Alan, unsheathing his weapon; "then it would not be fair that you should exercise the honourable office of gaoler gratuitously;

but, eh! who's this?" said he pausing: "surely, I have seen these features before?"

"Even so," said Milo; "surely you recollect the poor soldier of King Henry's army, whom you relieved at the little village of Marigny, and who parted from you expressing a hope that he might some day have an opportunity of evincing his gratitude."

Alan instantly recognized Milo; and the latter informed him of the vigilance and inveteracy of the Empress towards him, and showed him the portrait. He then urged him to abandon his perilous enterprize, endeavouring to convince him of the impossibility of his pursuing his route without being either slain or made prisoner. The gallant Alan, however, was deaf to all his remonstrances, saying, "that having undertaken to perform the task with which his sovereign had entrusted him, he was determined to persevere in it, whatever dangers or difficulties might attend it. Milo, however, sufficiently proved to him, that it would be madness for him to attempt to prosecute his journey for some days to come, as soldiers were scouring the country far and wide in search of him. He offered him an asylum in his house until the heat of the pursuit should be over, and then promised to despatch a trusty page with him, who would

conduct him by the shortest and safest route into the Welsh territories.

Alan, having accepted the Constable's offer, was introduced into his family as an old but long estranged friend, who had just returned from the Holy Land. He managed his disguise so adroitly, that, notwithstanding the extensive circulation of the portrait, it was scarcely possible to recognize him. The wily Earl had performed many feats so much more consummate than the disguise of his own person, that the present crisis appeared to him in the light of a mere pastime. He talked and laughed, and entered so completely into the peculiar humours of all about him, that at last, had he been really discovered to be the Earl of Richmond, it is doubtful whether the most devoted partisans of the Empress in the castle would have had the heart to lay a hand upon him. He had not, however, been in his retreat two days, before he could not help remarking the very peculiar carriage of the Lady Adelaide towards him. Habitually melancholy, especially in the presence of her lord, he observed that she became vivacious and gay when accident left her alone with him, and that when they parted her eyes were frequently suffused with tears. At times she seemed on the point of communicating something of importance, when timidity or bashfulness would close her lips. These appearances con-

tinued for a fortnight, when the truth flashed on his mind, that he had become an object of attachment to this misguided lady. His resolve was instantly made to quit the castle immediately, and at all hazards. The peace and honour of his friend, who had ventured so much for his preservation, were now become dearer to him than his own; and the attractions of the Lady Adelaide were such, as to make him apprehensive that he could not remain long within their sphere with safety to himself and to her.

"I must go, my friend," said he to the Constable; "I dare not linger here, while I have King Stephen's mission to perform, were all the Empress's legions drawn up on my road to intercept me."

"Not so soon, good my lord," returned Earl Milo, "the dangers which environed you are already considerably diminished; and I have no doubt, that in a few days the Empress will begin to doubt the accuracy of her information as to your route, and to draw off her troops to stations where they are much more wanted."

The lady reinforced her husband's arguments, and added the usual common-place persuasions to delay the departure of her guest, but her eyes pleaded still more eloquently and beseechingly, although with no better effect.

"Thanks, worthy host; thanks, fair hostess,"

said Alan; "but I must be stirring this very evening."

"Nay," said the Constable, "if you are determined upon a speedy departure, let it be at least deferred until the morning. Daybreak will be the most favourable season for you to effect your escape, and I will by that time furnish you with a fleet steed, and place a trusty page upon another, who is intimately acquainted both with the routes which you ought to take, and with those which you ought to avoid, and who will, I trust, conduct you safely to your destination. He is a slender smooth-chinned fellow, but his fidelity and experience may be relied on."

The reasonableness of this proposition was such as Alan could not object to; he therefore consented to rest another night in the castle. Having despatched his evening meal hastily, he excused himself to his entertainers on account of the arduous journey which he had to undertake in the morning, and retired to his couch.

That couch was one of perturbation and restlessness. His feelings were agitated, both on account of his hurried journey, and of the causes which led to it. He was also conscious of the feeling of restraint with which he took leave of his host, and

that it must have been apparent in his manner. Still, to have entered into any explanation with him would have been to inflict a much deeper wound than that which he should heal by accounting for his own behaviour. These reflections agitated his mind during the greater part of the night, and he had not long sunk into a really sound sleep, when he was awakened by the voice of the page, and saw the grey light of dawn streaming through the lattice. He, however, speedily equipped himself for his journey, and joined the page in the hall, whose slight and boyish person fully answered the description of his master.

"Are our steeds ready, my pretty boy?" said Alan; "we have many a weary mile to traverse to-day. I am not riding out on a day's hawking with a fair lady, where my hardest task would be to lift her to her stirrup, or smooth the jet tresses of her falcon when they are ruffled."

"All is ready," said the boy, "and half a day's hard riding will bring us to a place of safety."

They were speedily in their saddles. At a sign from the page, the drawbridge was let down, and pacing on it over the yawning gulf beneath, they soon found themselves out of the citadel. The page shortly after produced his master's seal to the senti-

nel at the city gates, who recognised his authority, and placed them at liberty among the green fields on the banks of the rapid Severn. Alan took a parting glance at the citadel, which he saw towering proudly above the other buildings of the city. He distinguished the turret in which his host and hostess slept, and kept gazing on it so long and so abstractedly that he did not perceive the keen eye of the page fixed intently on his face.

"'Tis the Constable's apartment," said the boy.

Alan started at the sound of his voice. "True," answered he; "and long may he possess the authority in that castle which he so honourably maintains now, and long may he and his fair lady enjoy those blessings of love and domestic peace which no one merits more richly than they do!"

"'Tis a bitter cold morning, Sir," said the page; 'let us hasten on!"

The page's advice was seasonable, for Alan seemed inclined to linger near the town, and now that he had made the desperate effort which placed him beyond her attraction, he could not help thinking how lovely and accomplished the Lady Adelaide was. As the walls and turrets of Gloucester faded from his view, he felt as if he had snapped the last link which connected him with the lovely Adelaide.

"How long has your lord been married?" said he to the page.

"Seven weary years," answered the stripling.

"Wherefore sayest thou so?" said Alan. "Is she not as fair a dame as ever graced a court, and her lord as gallant and noble a knight as ever bore arms under any banner?"

"Even so, Sir; but a sword as bright as adamant, and a brow as hard, and a heart as cold, may suffice well enough to win the laurel from a foe, but not the heart of a fair lady."

"Boy, your lip trembles as you speak, and your colour changes. What means this emotion? Surely you have not been mad enough to nurse a hope that you have any interest in the heart of the Lady Adelaide?"

"She thinks my cheek," answered the page, "as fair as her own; but it is you, and you only, whom she loves."

Alan started at this extraordinary declaration, and was about to address the page in no very gentle tone, when he observed his colour change, and his sight fail him, and had he not immediately caught him in his arms he would have fallen from his horse. Alan having lifted him off, and dismounted himself, laid him on the ground in a state of perfect insensi-

bility. The amazed Earl lost no time in procuring water from the river; and opening his vest, and disencumbering him from his forester's cap, he prepared to sprinkle him with the refreshing element, when what was his astonishment at seeing the beautiful bosom of a female, and beholding her dark auburn locks flowing in rich ringlets down to her neck: he also observed that the cheeks and eyebrows had been stained to assist the disguise, and indeed he had no difficulty in recognising the lady Adelaide.

It was some time before he succeeded in restoring animation; at length her bright black eyes again unclosed, but a sigh was the only thanks which she breathed to her preserver. The perplexity of Alan increased every moment—the interruption to his journey in the most perilous part of his road was the least embarrassing part of his dilemma. He could not reconcile himself even to the appearance of clandestinely carrying away the wife of his friend; neither could he leave her unprotected and alone, and exposed to the resentment of her husband. Whatever plan he could suggest, honour seemed compromised in one case, gratitude and gallantry in another, and safety in all.

"I perceive," said the lady, observing his irre-

solution, "that you despise me; well, there are peace and slumber in the bed of yonder Severn, if there be not mercy and compassion on its banks."

As she spake these words, she made a frantic movement towards the river, but Alan detained her "For Heaven's sake, Madam," said he, "judge me not so harshly. But wherefore take so rash a step as this, or trust to one who is himself a wanderer and a fugitive, to afford protection to so much beauty as this?" While he was speaking, the sound of horses' hoofs was distinctly heard at no great distance behind them. "Ah!" shrieked the lady, "'tis Earl Milo,—save me, save me! Let us mount and away, if you would preserve my life and your own."

The suddenness of this surprise, and the eagerness of his companion, left Alan no time for deliberation. They mounted their steeds with what celerity they could, and used their utmost efforts to distance their pursuers. It was evident, however, from the more audible sound of the hoofs, that the latter were gaining rapidly upon them. A sudden turn of the road enabled them, on looking back, to see within a bow's shot of them five men well mounted and armed, at the head of whom rode Milo.

"Stop, traitor, coward, robber!" shouted the Governor, pointing a bow and arrow at them, "or you and your paramour have not an instant to live."

Alan, seeing that escape was hopeless, reined in his steed, and calmly waited the advance of his pursuer. "My Lord," said he, "I can pardon the epithets which you have just applied to me."

"Pardon!" yelled the other, interrupting him and drawing his sword: "have at thy life's blood, dastard;" and throwing away his bow, added: "this good steel and this right arm will suffice."

Alan, as he received his assault, stood only on the defensive, but did it so coolly and steadily, that no sooner had his adversary's weapon clashed with his own than it flew out of his hand to the distance of fifty paces.

"Villains!" said the Constable to his attendants, who at that moment came up with him, "surround him, seize him, 'tis Alan of Brittany!"

The name was echoed by every voice in a tone of exultation and surprise, and in an instant Alan was surrounded and disarmed. He now beheld the crisis of his fate. Even could he succeed in convincing Milo of the injustice of his suspicions, (which seemed scarcely possible,) still the latter had now gone so far that it was even out of his

power, if he wished it, to save him, as the news of his arrest would be immediately communicated to the Empress.

"The dungeons of Gloucester," said he mentally, as he rode between two of Milo's retainers, "will furnish me a dull sort of lodging for a few days; and then the steel, or the cord, or the bowl, will open a passage to the other world for all of Alan of Brittany that can disturb the high-minded and generous Empress in this."

Strictly guarded, the captives, both male and female, rode on towards Gloucester, while the Constable came sadly and moodily behind. The friend for whom, on the preceding evening, he had felt so much veneration and esteem—and the wife, to whom, notwithstanding his cold and reserved manners, he had been tenderly attached, he was now driving before him as criminals and prisoners; and one of them, at least, was devoted to the slaughter. Sometimes the incident at the village of Marigny, and the outstretched hand of Alan, and the open generous expression of his face, would be painted in most vivid distinctness on his memory; and at others he fancied that he saw that hand cold and motionless, and that face swollen and discoloured, after a violent and treacherous death. But the destroyer of his domestic peace, the wretch

whom he had sheltered at his own hearth, and who had rewarded him by stealing from that hearth its greatest pride and ornament, was a being for whom no torture or ignominy too great could be devised. He could now account for the suddenness of his departure, and the embarrassment with which he took his leave of him; and every feeling of difficulty and distress with which Alan was overwhelmed by his delicacy for the situation of both parties, was immediately attributed to the fears and the remorse of the seducer and the traitor. Pale and silent, and almost lifeless, with drooping head and dishevelled tresses, Adelaide rode between two persons to whom her lightest word had usually been a command, and her faintest smile a beam of joy. The dull monotonous sound of their horses' hoofs was unbroken, except sometimes by a heart-drawn sigh from her, and occasionally by a light Provençal air whistled by Alan; who, except when he cast a look of commiseration on Adelaide, from whom he was too far apart to communicate by words, seemed to take the whole affair as carelessly as if it had been a party of pleasure.

As neither the journey to Gloucester, nor the arrival there, produced any incident which is worthy of record; it will be sufficient to inform the reader simply, that Alan was again furnished with lodgings

in the castle; but it was in a dungeon a hundred feet below the level of the Severn, and secured by bars and locks of the strongest and most massive construction. He was not obliged to submit to the indignity of fetters, from which he very naturally conjectured, that they did not intend to put him to the trouble of making any very long stay there, or in the world. He, however, remained in this place a whole day, without seeing the expected assassin, and ate heartily of the food which was liberally provided for him, without examining very curiously of what materials it was composed: neither, though he was without conversation, was he entirely without company, for every half hour his gaoler unbarred his prison door, and looked in to see if all were safe. A second day passed in the same manner, and he began to be haunted, not so much by fears for his own life, as by a restless desire to execute the mission with which he was entrusted by his royal master. The third night came, and weary of waiting for his murderers, he had sunk into a profound sleep, when he was awakened by some one calling upon his name.

"Ready, ready, for you!" said he, starting up, "you have been a long time coming."

"Peace—peace—not so loud," said the Lady

Adelaide; for as the light of the lamp which she held in her hand, fell upon her pale but beautiful features, he discovered that it was she. "I have mastered them in dissimulation. They thought me too weak and feeble even to lift my head from the pillow, and therefore left me unfettered with bolt or key, and with only one female janitor, who is now too soundly slumbering to wake till long after day-break. You must be gone."

"Show me but how, fair lady, and I would not wait for a second bidding."

"There are two secret passages from this dungeon; the one leads to the apartment from which I have just come, and the other (touching a secret spring in the wall, which immediately opened and showed a door and a flight of steps) will conduct you through a subterraneous passage beyond the castle and the town, when you must trust to your patience and your wit to elude pursuit. The Empress's messenger is expected in Gloucester momentarily, with orders for your assassination; therefore be quick."

"But how can I leave you surrounded by dangers? and even if I follow your advice, my wary gaoler will be looking in, in a quarter of an hour, to see that all is right, and the pursuit which will be

instantly set on foot, will soon bring me back again to Gloucester."

"Fear not for me," said she; "my fate is sealed; a few days are to restore me to my parents. Give me your cloak, with which wrapped around me, I can supply your place on yonder couch, and so elude the vigilance of the gaoler until the morning, when I trust that you will be beyond the reach of danger."

"Thanks, generous fair one," said Alan, eagerly kissing her hand; but hearing the gaoler drawing the bolts on the outside, he hastily threw his cloak to her and disappeared behind the secret door, while she threw herself on the couch and assumed the appearance of profound slumber.

"Is the deed done?" said Earl Milo to the gaoler, as about two hours after day-break he came to the dungeon door of his prisoner.

"The Empress's emissary was not delayed an instant more than was necessary to enable him to transmit his credentials to your lordship, and to receive your warrant for the deed."

"And how did the prisoner suffer?" said the Governor in a low and hollow voice.

"He was in a profound sleep," said the gaoler. "He heaved a deep sigh as the Norman's steel

entered his bosom, and then his spirit fled for ever."

The Constable hid his face in his hands, and uttered a deep groan, while his whole gigantic frame shook like an aspen leaf. "Lead me in to him," he said. "I will once more look upon the face of him who was once my friend, though he died my bitterest enemy."

The prison door was unbarred, and the murdered person was perceived bathed in blood, with his whole form and face enveloped in his cloak; but what was the horror of all present, on unmuffling the body, to see the wan and pale, but still beautiful features of Adelaide, from whom life appeared to have escaped so quickly, that scarcely any mark of a violent death was perceptible except the wound upon her breast.

A few inquiries soon revealed the whole mystery. Adelaide, whom all supposed to have been in such a state of feebleness and exhaustion as to be unable to turn herself on her pillow, had taken advantage of the profound slumber of her attendant (who did not notice her absence until she was roused in the morning to answer the inquiries of the Constable) to find her way through the secret passages of the castle, which were unknown to all

but Earl Milo and herself, to the dungeon of the prisoner. There, as the reader has seen, she effected his escape, and, having occupied his place on the prison bed, she sunk into a deep sleep. The emissary of the Empress arrived in the dead of the night with authority to put Alan to death, and Adelaide received the fatal blow which was intended for the man for whom she had ventured so much.

# The Saxon Line Restored.

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"All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!"

GRAY.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Henry the Second.

Henry was crowned King (January 1155) at Westminster by Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury.

1157. The Welsh invading England, Henry so completely humbled them that they were obliged to deliver up many of their castles, and permit wide roads to be cut through their woods, that he might in future have the easier access into their country.

1158. The Duke of Brittany having seized Nantz, on the death of Geoffrey, the King's brother, Henry immediately led an army to Normandy, which very soon retook that town. He then concluded a treaty with Conan, Duke of Brittany, by which he contracted his son Geoffrey, then in his cradle, to the Duke's daughter, Constance.

1162. Henry having claimed the province of Thoulouse in right of his wife Eleanor, went over to France and besieged the capital of the province; but Louis VII. threw some troops, commanded by himself, into the town, and obliged Henry to raise the siege.

Soon after this a peace was concluded, and Margaret, Louis's daughter, who had been on a former occasion contracted to Henry's eldest son, was sent into England to be educated. On her arrival there, Henry ordered them to be immediately married, though the bridegroom was only seven years of age, and the bride but three.

The King, perceiving a necessity for curbing the excessive power of the clergy, took the opportunity of the Archbishopric

of Canterbury being vacant, to obtain it for Becket, who had been bred to the law. For this man the King had conceived a great partiality, and made him his Chancellor; he therefore thought him a proper person to assist him in his design, but he found Becket, from the moment he was consecrated, ready to oppose him in every thing, with great haughtiness and pride.

Henry was so highly exasperated, and so determined on humbling the insolence of the clergy, that he assembled the nobles and prelates; when the Constitutions of Clarendon were at length signed, even by Becket himself. They were calculated to take all power in clerical affairs out of the hands of the clergy.

Becket, finding that the Pope refused to confirm these constitutions, declared that he would not conform to them, as he had been forced to sign them, and even did penance for that act. At length his behaviour grew so outrageous towards the King, that Becket, afraid of the consequences, quitted the kingdom, and excited the Pope and the King of France to take part in his quarrel.

1170. Henry caused his eldest son to be crowned by the Archbishop of York, and to receive on the occasion the fealty of the Barons of the kingdom.

Henry was reconciled to Becket, who returned to England.

1171. The King being in Normandy, still tormented by Becket, lamented before his courtiers how very much he was teazed by a sorry priest; and in a little time it was known that four of his domestics had gone privately to Canterbury, and assassinated Becket at the altar; soon after which the Pope canonized him, and threatened to excommunicate Henry for the murder.

Dermot, one of the petty kings of Ireland, craved Henry's aid against some of the other kings of that country; accord-

ingly, he carried over an army, and very soon overran the whole nation.

1173. In Henry's absence the Queen put his mistress, the fair Rosamond, to death, and prevailed on her sons to revolt against him in France; to forward which design, his eldest son went on a pretended visit to the King of France. The Queen, before Henry's return, had likewise sent over Richard and Geoffrey, for which proceeding she was afterwards closely confined. Another rebellion now broke out, but it was not attended with the success which was expected, the old King defeating his enemies in almost every encounter. In England, Henry's general, the Earl of Bohun, defeated the Earl of Leicester, and afterwards the Scots. William, their King, was taken prisoner, and sent first to Richmond, and afterwards to Normandy.

The King, on his arrival in England, did penance at Canterbury for Becket's murder, permitting himself to be scourged by the monks of St. Augustine.

Henry then reduced the remains of his sons' party in England; and being informed that the King of France in his absence had besieged Rouen, put to sea with a body of troops, and saved the place.

Soon afterwards he concluded a treaty with the French King, notwithstanding the opposition of his son Richard. At last Henry was reconciled to all his sons.

1174. The King of Scotland was released, but on very hard terms, being obliged to do homage for his kingdom, at York.

1176. Henry confirmed the laws of Edward the Confessor, and divided England into circuits, on which the judges were to go at stated times to administer justice.

1177. The King of France wishing to go on pilgrimage to Becket's tomb, Henry met him at Dover and conducted him to Canterbury.

1183. Prince Henry went over to Guienne for the purpose, as was generally supposed, of forwarding a revolt, but was taken ill there and died.

1185. Henry sent over his son John as Governor of Ireland, but his bad conduct obliged him to recall him.

1186. Prince Richard began to raise disturbances in Guienne: but his father, threatening to disinherit him, put a stop to his proceedings.

Geoffrey, Henry's son, going to Paris to a Tournament, was taken ill of a fever, and died there.

1187. News was received of the overthrow of the Christians, at Tiberiade, by Saladin, Sultan of Egypt, which occasioned the loss of Jerusalem; on which the King of France and Henry undertook the cross: but on the eve of their departure they quarrelled, and carried on a bloody war against each other. Richard left his father to join Philip, King of France.

1188. Henry offered terms of accommodation; but Philip's proposals were too exorbitant to be complied with.

1189. The King's affairs growing worse, he was forced to agree to Philip's terms: during the negotiation he found out that his beloved son John had been privy to all Philip's and Richard's plots for dethroning him. In the agony of his mind he pronounced a curse upon both his sons, which he could never be persuaded to revoke.

He died in August, at Chinon: and was buried at Fonteverault.

# Ryd Pencarn.

"Whenever you shall see a mighty king with a freckled face, make an irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low."

MERLIN'S PROPHECY.

# Ryd Pencarn.

About a mile and a half south of the town of Newport in Monmouthshire, there is a small stream which was anciently called Nant Pencarn, and which is very difficult of passage, except at certain times, not so much on account of the depth of its waters as from its hollow and muddy bed. The public road led formerly to a ford, called Ryd Pencarn; that is, the ford under the head of the rock, —from Ryd, which in the ancient British language signifies a ford; Pen the head, and Carn a rock. Of this place Merlyn Sylvester had thus prophesied: "Whenever you shall see a mighty prince with a freckled face, make a hostile irruption into the southern part of Britain, should he cross Ryd Pencarn, then know ye that the might of Cambria shall be brought low."*

In the reign of the English King, Henry the Second, South Wales had been repeatedly attacked by that monarch; but his success had ever been merely temporary, the martial spirit of the Welsh conti-

* Giraldus Cambrensis.

nually breaking out and recovering from him the conquests which he made. The priests and minstrels, who were well acquainted with the prophecy of Merlin, had always watched the approach of this King with the most intense anxiety; for he seemed to be the person pointed out by the seer, being not only a mighty prince, but having a freckled face. He had invaded Wales several times, and had twice crossed Nant Pencarn, but never by the ford which Merlin mentioned. Indeed this ford had been long disused, as it led over that part of the river where the current was strongest, and a more modern and easier ford was found higher up the stream. Over this latter ford had King Henry formerly passed for the purpose of conquering South Wales, in which purpose, whatever partial advantages might attend the progress of his arms, he was always ultimately unsuccessful.

In the year 1163, during the absence of Henry in Normandy, Rhys ap Gryffid, the immediate heir to the sovereign dignity of South Wales, took the opportunity of throwing off his allegiance to the King of England, and began his revolt by laying siege to the Castle of Llandovery, in Carmarthenshire, of which he soon gained possession. Here he found the beautiful Adelaide de St. Clare, the

daughter of the commander of the Castle, Hubert de St. Clare, the Constable of Colchester, who was absent with his sovereign in Normandy. This lady had been betrothed to William de Langualee, a gallant knight, who was also with the King's forces in Normandy, and she was in daily expectation of his return for the purpose of celebrating their nuptials. A noble ransom was offered for her liberation, but Rhys was deaf to every entreaty, and carried her away with him to the mountains. He also subdued the whole of the county of Cardigan; made successive inroads upon the Flemings in Pembrokeshire; and entrenching himself with a formidable army among the mountains of Brecknock, carried terror and devastation into the neighbouring English counties. Other Welsh princes, animated by his example, threw off the English yoke, and the whole country evinced a spirit of independence and resistance, on which Henry and his advisers had not calculated.

In the mean time Henry no sooner arrived in England, than collecting a vast force of English, Normans, Bretons, and Flemings, he proceeded towards South Wales, for the purpose of subduing Rhys ap Gryffid and his adherents. He was accompanied by the most distinguished barons and knights

of those nations, and amongst others by the constable of Colchester, the father; and William de Langualee the lover of the lady whom the Welsh prince had got into his power. The most serious apprehensions were entertained even for her life; for the semi-barbarous Welsh, in those days, spared neither sex nor age when they wished to avenge themselves on their enemies. A report had even spread through the English camp that Rhys had given her up to the priests, and that they, who blended many Pagan and Druidical rites with the very imperfect system of Christianity which they professed, intended to offer her up as a propitiatory sacrifice to Heaven, in the hope of thereby averting from their country the calamities which they anticipated from the invasion of King Henry.

The King's forces were within an hour's march of the town of Newport, and were advancing full of hope and enthusiasm, when they came in sight of the Welsh army, which hung like a dark cloud on the top of the mountain which the English were about to ascend. They had not expected to encounter the Welsh before they crossed Nant Pencarn, but they were nevertheless not ill prepared to repel the threatened attack. Their first attempt to ascend the hill was met by a shower of arrows and

stones, which latter their opponents hurled with tremendous force upon their invaders, and accompanied with fearful and deafening shouts. The English bowmen, however, returned the flight of their foemen's arrows with wonderful precision and effect, the more especially as the Welsh, posted on the summit of the hill, offered a mark which the English archers could scarcely fail to hit. A numerous body of Welch now descended the hill, armed with long knives, in the use of which weapons they were peculiarly expert, and grappled in close contact with their enemies. The King, wielding his battle-axe, was repeatedly seen surrounded by these assailants, but he as repeatedly hewed his way through them, dealing death at every blow. At length they were forced to retreat, and make their way with the utmost precipitation towards the summit of the hill, where their main force, dreadfully thinned in numbers by the arrows of the English, seemed to be making one more stand, and had drawn their bows for a final attack upon their invaders. At length they rained down a tremendous shower of arrows upon the English, and then turning their backs upon them, descended the hill in the opposite direction. Hubert de St. Clare, who stood next to the King, observed an arrow descending, which some

unerring arm had aimed at the person of the sovereign, and stepping between him and the winged messenger of death, was just in time to receive the latter in his bosom. He sunk to the ground pierced to the heart. "Hubert, good Hubert," said the King, bending over him, "I trust thou art not hurt!"

"Farewell, my liege!" said the Constable, "the days of Hubert de St. Clare are numbered—but he dies contented, having saved the life of his lord."

"Nay—nay, my noble soldier!" said the King, "I must not lose thee thus. Support him, good William de Langualee. Would that thy fair daughter were here. She is well skilled in the leech's art, and might perchance heal thy wound."

"Not so—not so," said the old man, on whose eyes the dimness of death was gathering; "her kindest office would be to pray for my soul. But thou, Sir King, hast named my daughter. May the prayer of a dying man find favour in thy royal ear?"

"Name thy petition, good Hubert," said the King: "whatever it may be, I pledge my royal word that it shall be complied with."

"My daughter, my daughter!" faintly articulated Hubert, grasping the King's hand with an

energy intended to supply that emphasis which he had not strength to give to his words; "Promise me, that if she yet live thou wilt be a good lord and protector to her; and that if she be no more, thou wilt be her avenger?"

"I promise thee," said the King. "If she be alive, she shall wed this my excellent knight, William de Langualee, and I will make her portion equal to an Earl's revenue; and if the savage Welsh have dared to hurt a hair of her head, there is not a town in Cambria that shall not become a monument of King Henry's vengeance."

The old man's eyes had closed under the weight of approaching death, but the King's words revived him for a moment. He gazed fixedly on the monarch, a faint smile played upon his lip, and his eyes glimmered with a bright but dying lustre until their lids once more and for ever fell over them.

During the progress of these events, a band of priests and minstrels had gathered on the southern bank of Nant Pencarn, having the unfortunate Adelaide St. Clare in their custody. As Rhys ap Griffid, with his forces, was about to pass the river for the purpose of making that attack upon the English, the unsuccessful issue of which has been

just narrated, she had sprung forwards and seized his bridle ere he could cross the ford.

"Save me, save me!" said Adelaide, "surely the generous Rhys ap Gryffid—the descendant of Roderick the Great—delights not in the blood and tears of unfortunate maidens. Save me, save me—my father is rich and will pay a princely ransom; King Henry is powerful and will exact a fearful retribution. Prince of Wales, I charge thee, save me!"

"Maiden, I have no power to assist thee," said the Prince; "I have given thee into the charge of the ministers of God, who will deal with thee as shall seem to them to be most agreeable to his holy will."

Thus saying, he put spurs to his horse, and dashing into the stream, landed speedily at the opposite bank.

"Were it not well to spare the maiden's life?" said one of the priests to him who seemed to be the chief among them.

"That," replied the other, "were to spurn and scoff at the favour of God and St. David, who have delivered her into our hands. Her life shall be spared for a time, until either Prince Rhys return victorious from his attack upon the King, or if he

should fail in that attack, until the King shall cross Nant Pencarn by the new ford, and so give assurance that the evil spoken of in Merlin's prophecy is not now to fall upon Cambria. In either event it will be proper to testify our gratitude to God, by offering upon his altar the noblest sacrifice which earth affords—a spotless and high-born virgin."

Of the purport of this conversation, which was held in the ancient British language, Adelaide was ignorant. She had repeatedly endeavoured, by her tears, her gestures, and her suppliant postures, to soften the hard-hearted bigots by whom she was surrounded, but in vain, for they looked at her with a grim and sullen expression of pleasure, and when her cries and lamentations were loudest, they caused the minstrels or cornhiriets (so called from *corn*, a horn, and *hir* long) to sound their trumpets till the shores of the river echoed with their minstrelsy. The priests stood by her side with their bare knives in their hands, and their keen grey eyes anxiously exploring the distance for some signs of the return of their countrymen who had lately crossed the river. At length, some straggling fugitives were seen running in the greatest disorder towards the river, and were shortly followed by more numerous parties, and finally by Rhys ap Griffid, with the

main body of his forces in full retreat, uttering the most pitiable and discordant cries.

"To the woods, to the woods!" shouted the Prince, as he once more crossed the river; "all is lost if we are overtaken before we arrive there!"

One long loud note of wailing and lamentation from the instruments of the cornhiriets followed the flight of the Prince and his forces.

"The fall of Cambria is at hand!" said the Priest who had already interceded on behalf of Adelaide; "let us rather seek our own safety than stay here till the proud conqueror comes. Release this maiden; she has committed no crime, and Heaven will surely not frown upon us because we refrain from the shedding of innocent blood."

"Sayest thou that the fall of Cambria is at hand?" said his superior; "have we not twice before seen the princely Rhys driven across yonder stream with the blood-thirsty English following him; but has not King Henry always crossed the new ford, and shortly afterwards been driven back defeated and disgraced? The fall of Cambria is not at hand until Merlin's prophecy is accomplished. Until that proud King shall cross Ryd Pencarn, Cambria, however fortune may frown upon her for a moment, is sure of final victory. Brethren and friends, listen

to me! Here let us wait until King Henry has crossed the new ford and put his foot on the southern bank of the stream. Then testify your gratitude to Heaven for the preservation once more afforded to us,—bury your knives in the maiden's bosom, and flee."

One hoarse murmur of acquiescence and applause followed this address, and the band again folded their arms and gazed sternly across the stream. They had not gazed long before the English, whom the superior swiftness and better knowledge of the country, on the part of the Welsh, had left a short distance behind, appeared in full pursuit. "They come, they come!" exclaimed the priests, "they approach the new ford! Minstrels, prepare to celebrate the event which once more ensures the safety of Cambria—brethren, be ready to strike the blow which shall testify your gratitude for the deliverance of your country!"

King Henry rode a considerable distance in advance of his forces, and putting spurs to his horse, plunged into the new ford. At that moment he saw a dozen knives raised on the opposite bank, and then suspended inactive for a moment, as if the wielders waited to observe his further movements, while the trumpets of the cornhiriets blew a blast of exulta-

tion and defiance with which the woods, the rocks, and the shores of the river loudly resounded. The King's horse, startled by the flash of the knives and the wild and unusual sounds of the instruments, reared and plunged, and refused to obey the spur: in vain did Henry endeavour to impel him through the stream, he backed until he had nearly thrown his rider, and then turning suddenly round, he bore him back to the point at which he had entered the river. The King, as soon as his steed had recrossed with him, gathered up the reins in violent wrath, and as every effort to make the animal pass that ford was unavailing, he hastened lower down the bank, and gallopped over by Ryd Pencarn, which he crossed with the greatest rapidity. One long loud shout of execration and wailing burst from the Welsh, as they saw the King step on the southern bank of the river. The priests let fall their knives, the cornhiriets threw away their instruments, and the whole party fled with the rapidity of the forest deer to the woods, leaving Adelaide St. Clare uninjured and alone.

The main body of the English had now crossed the stream, and directed their course towards the woods for the purpose of overtaking the fugitives. The pursuers were better mounted than the Welsh, and were therefore in great hopes of cutting off their

retreat. The King, with three or four attendants, rode up to the spot where Adelaide lay almost breathless with anxiety and terror.

"Sweet maiden!" said Henry, "lift up your head; your foes are fled, and there are none but friends around you now—Henry Plantagenet is by your side, and craves to know your name." Adelaide raised her head and gazed in the King's face. "Ha! by Heaven!" added the Monarch, "the fair St. Clare! Now can I perform the promise which I made to the dying request of her gallant father."

"Ha!" said Adelaide, whom the King's last words had roused from the stupor into which the fearful trial through which she had lately passed had thrown her; "is my noble father dead?"

"He died, sweet maiden! as he lived, in honour and glory. His breast was his sovereign's shield; he received in his loyal heart that arrow which was destined for my own."

"Then," said Adelaide, lifting up her hands to Heaven, "sweet father! why should I mourn your death? Why not rather mourn that the knife of the ruthless Welshman has not made me a partaker of your bliss!"

"Nay, sweet Adelaide!" said the King, smiling and taking her hand, "why not rather take the

earliest opportunity of performing that act the anticipation of which gilded your father's dying features with a smile—the celebration of your nuptials with William de Langualee?" The lady blushed, and gently endeavoured to disengage her hand from the King's grasp. At that moment a tremendous shout was heard, and the rear of the English forces was observed to desist from the pursuit, and turning back, move towards the spot on which King Henry and the Lady Adelaide stood."

"Laurels, my liege, laurels!" said Sir Alan Fitzwalter, advancing towards them, "for the brave knight William de Langualee!"

"What is thy news, good Sir Walter?" asked the King, "and what, more especially, of William de Langualee?"

"He has taken Rhys ap Gryffid prisoner, my liege, together with Owen Cyvveilioc, Owen Brogyntyn, and the three sons of Madoc ap Meryddyd. All these princes have laid down their arms to him, and are approaching your royal presence to crave pardon for their rebellion and do homage to your Grace."

The tidings of the last speaker were soon confirmed by the arrival of William de Langualee with his princely prisoners. "First," said the King,

"thou gallant knight! receive the noblest reward which it is in my power to bestow, the hand of the Lady Adelaide de St. Clare."

William rushed to the lady, whom he had not beheld since his departure to Normandy, and of whose safety until that moment he had not been assured, "Dearest Adelaide!" he exclaimed, as he folded her in his arms, "said not King Henry well?"

"Sir Knight," she said, turning from him, "is this a time to talk of nuptials, when the blood from my father's death-wound has not yet ceased to flow."

"Lady," said the Knight, "the pang of that death-wound was assuaged alone, by King Henry's assurance that this white hand and mine should be joined together."

The lady blushed again, and some annalists say that the tears which she let fall for her father, were gilded by a smile for her own true knight. Certain it is, that she did not again attempt to withdraw her hand from his grasp, and heard the following words spoken by King Henry without uttering a single expression of negation or disapproval.

"Guard the fair prize well, Sir William! 'Tis thine, alike as the bequest of her sire, and the tro-

phy won by thy own right hand. To-morrow we shall proceed to Cardiff Castle, and see thy nuptials solemnized. And now, my lords and princes of Wales," he added, turning to the prisoners; "ye have led us a long and weary journey from Neustria to Cambria; and now that we are arrived here, what would ye with us?"

"Great King!" said Rhys ap Gryffid, "we acknowledge our fault, and will no longer contend against the power of your Grace and the decrees of destiny. We saw this day that the finger of Heaven was against us, when your Majesty crossed yonder river by the ford called Ryd Pencarn; for of that place Merlin Sylvester has prophesied, that when a mighty prince with a freckled face shall make a hostile irruption into southern Britain, and shall cross Ryd Pencarn, then shall the might of Cambria be brought low."

"Ha!" said the King, "then was my gallant steed, who refused to bear me by the new ford, of a right English breed. But, princes, how shall I be assured of your allegiance, and that you will no more resist my authority, if I restore you to your liberty."

"We are ready, my liege," said Rhys, "to deliver hostages. My two sons shall be given up into your

hands, and these princes are prepared with pledges of equal value, to insure their fidelity and allegiance to your Grace."

"Then," said the King, "I will once more receive your homage, and give you license to depart free and fetterless."'

Then did the Welsh princes, in the presence of the assembled English knights and barons, kneel down before the King, and placing their hands in his, swear fealty to him, and do him homage, acknowledging him to be their liege lord, and promising in all things to be faithful and true to him and his successors.

Thus was the prophecy of Merlin accomplished, the might of Cambria brought low, and the sovereign authority of the King of England acknowledged throughout the principality.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Richard the First.

1189. RICHARD, son of Henry, surnamed Cœur de Lion, a little time after his father's death went over to England and was crowned at Westminster.

He immediately released his mother, who had been long in confinement, and soon afterwards put her at the head of his affairs.

Richard gave up the sovereignty over Scotland for a large sum, alienated the crown lands, and exerted every other means in his power to fill his coffers, for the purpose of enabling him to proceed on a Crusade to the Holy Land.

1190. He began his expedition, and met Philip, King of France, at Vezalai. They parted on their route at Lyons, but met again at Messina.

Richard then sailed to Cyprus, where he landed his troops, took possession of the island, and made the King and his daughter prisoners; the former he sent a captive to Tripoli, the latter he took with him to Palestine.

Whilst Richard was proceeding to the Holy Land, Longchamp, his Chancellor, whom he had left Regent in England, was, in consequence of his barbarity and rapacity, banished the kingdom, and Prince John assumed the conduct of public affairs.

Richard gained great glory in Palestine by his martial exploits; but he affronted the Duke of Austria at the siege of Acre, for which he subsequently suffered very severely.

1192. Philip becoming jealous of Richard's great fame,

abandoned the Crusade, and returned to France. Saladin was soon after defeated by Richard, who then marched towards Jerusalem; but being deserted by the Dukes of Austria and Burgundy, he concluded a truce with Saladin for three years and then prepared for his return to Europe.

1193. Richard embarked at Ptolemais for Europe, but being shipwrecked near Aquileia, from ignorance he travelled towards Vienna, in the Duke of Austria's dominions, where being known, he was seized by the Duke, and delivered a prisoner to the Emperor, who detained him in the hope of acquiring a large ransom.

The Emperor, to furnish some pretext for his detention of the King of England, carried him before the Diet of the Empire, and charged him with crimes committed by him, as Commander of the Christians in Palestine. Richard defended himself so ably that all the Princes of the Empire interfered for his release, which accordingly, in 1194, took effect, notwithstanding the great offers made by his brother John, and Philip King of France, to the Emperor, if he would detain him. Richard was obliged to agree to give one hundred and fifty thousand marks for his ransom, to pay part of this sum in ready money, and to give hostages for the remainder.

John having, in his brother's absence, endeavoured to possess himself of the crown, his estates were confiscated and himself excluded from the succession.

1195. Richard went over to France, and carried on a war against Philip with various success, for upwards of four years; but both kings being tired of their long contests, they made a truce for five years.

1199. Richard was killed at the siege of the castle of Chalus in France.

# The Three Palmers.

" Yo soy Ricardo, que en deciros esto
Pienso que esta abonada mi persona,
Pues todo lo que valgo manifesto,
Y quanto puedo hacer, el nombre abona."

*Jerusalen Conquistada de* LOPE DE VEGA.

# The Three Palmers.

It was about the hour of noon on a fine autumnal day, in the year 1193, that three men whom their dresses, and the white staves which they bore in their hands, proclaimed to be Palmers, entered the little village of Ginacia, which is situated about five miles from the city of Vienna. They seemed worn with toil and travel, their garments were coarse and wretched even for persons of their description, and they had suffered their hair and beards to grow to an immoderate length. He who seemed to direct the movements of the three was very tall, and displayed a figure of remarkably fine proportions. His limbs seemed of herculean strength, his eyes were blue and sparkling, and his hair of a bright yellow colour inclining to red. As he strode along, a short distance in advance of his companions, his gait and gestures gave him more the air of a monarch or a conqueror than of a meek and pious pilgrim. Occasionally, however, he seemed to recollect the sacred character which he had as-

sumed, and to make an effort to tame down the imperious expression of his features into something like humility and sanctity. His companions were frequently seen, although with evident deference and respect, to remonstrate with him on his bearing, which he sometimes answered by altering the mode of his behaviour in the manner above mentioned; but more frequently by an obstreperous laugh, by lifting up his brawny hand, which seemed better fitted to grasp the battle-axe than the palmer's staff, or by carolling a stave or two of some popular Provençal ditty.

Another peculiarity was remarked in the conduct of the Palmers as they travelled from town to town, that instead of soliciting alms they seemed to be profusely supplied with money, which they expended freely and even lavishly. The tall Palmer too, for so he was designated, took great pains to conceal his features with his hood, and to avoid the castles and palaces of the great, which were the palaces into which such persons in general were most anxious to obtain admittance. On the present occasion they gave another instance of the strangeness of their conduct, by stopping at the miserable hovel which was the only thing in the shape of an inn or hostelry appertaining to the village of Ginacia, in-

stead of proceeding on to Vienna, where they might procure the best fare and lodging.

They had no sooner arrived at this hovel, than the contents of their wallet proved that they had not been forgetful of the wants of the flesh. A noble goose was produced and placed upon the spit, and the operation of cooking it was sedulously performed by the tall Palmer himself. The host's recommendations of his wines were not attended to; but the travellers produced their own flagons from their wallets, remunerating the host, however, in the same manner as if they had partaken of his vintage.

"By my troth," said the Palmer, as the dinner smoked upon the board, and his blue eyes flashed fire in anticipation of the banquet, "Multon—Doyley—our labour has not been in vain. Holy Palmers, show your piety by your zeal in appropriating the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon you."

"Reverend Father," said Doyley in a tone of deprecation, but following nevertheless the example of good feeding which his tall brother had set him, "methinks that your conversation still savours too much of the vanities and indulgences of this sinful world. I doubt not, that should it please Heaven to restore you to all that you have lost, you will cherish

as ardently as ever what the good Curate of Neuilly called your three daughters—Pride, Avarice, and Lust."

"Nay in verity, holy brother," replied the other, "I have resolved to part with all three; and to give the first to the Templars, the second to the Monks, and the third to the Bishops."

A hearty laugh followed this sally, and the holy men then returned to their repast with redoubled vigour. "Multon, friend!" said the tall Palmer, "we must be wary—we are watched. The Duke, you know, loves me not; and were I to fall into his hands, it would be long again ere I should see the merry land in which I was born. That minstrel who has trod so closely on our heels is a spy, I warrant ye; and his features and accent, however he tries to disguise them, prove him to be English. Nevertheless, we are here with hearty good cheer before us, and reverend pilgrims though we be, the stirrup-cup and the song must not be forgotten. Let us quaff one cup to the Countess Soir—another to the land we are hastening to—a third to the confusion of the Paynims;—and then join me in the lay which we trolled out yesternight."

The cups were quaffed with most laudable alacrity and vigour, and then the three joined in the following ditty:—

"Come fill up the tankard, the wisest man drank hard,
And said that when sunk in care,
The best cure he should think, would be found in good drink,
For where can cures lurk if not there?

Trowl, trowl, the bonny brown bowl,
Let the dotard and fool from it flee;
Ye sages, wear ivy; and, fond fellows, wive ye;
But the bonny brown bowl for me.

Let old Time beware, for if he should dare
To intrude 'midst companions so blithe,
We 'll lather his chin with the juice of the bin,
And shave off his beard with his scythe."

While the Palmers were thus piously occupied, they had not observed a minstrel who entered the room, and placing himself at its farthest extremity leaned upon his harp and gazed intently at them. There was a strange mixture of intelligence and malignity in the expression of his countenance as he curiously scanned the features of the tall Palmer. When the song was concluded, he rose, and approaching the festive board, made a lowly obeisance. The reverend trio started as though they had seen a spectre. "Ha!" said he, who had answered to the name of Doyly; "'tis the spy minstrel! What would ye with us, man? We are

Palmers, with whose reverend characters it would ill accord to listen to the wanton and profane ditties of wandering minstrels."

"Nay," said the minstrel, "I know many a fytte to which your ears, most holy fathers, might listen, and your cheeks never blush. I can tell you of the exploits of good christian knights in the Holy-Land, of holy Peter the Hermit, of Godfrey of Bulloign, and of brave King Richard of England."

"Nay, nay," said the tall Palmer, "prithee begone; we have our frugal meal to dispatch, our prayers and penance to perform, and to retire early to our humble beds that we may be stirring betimes in the morning."

"Ye are discourteous churls," said the minstrel, "and ye shall one day remember, to your cost, that ye gave the minstrel neither meat nor drink, and would not listen to his ditty."

Thus saying, the minstrel took up his harp, and with a look of defiance left the apartment.

Although the meal of the Palmers was not quite as frugal, or their prayers and penances as exemplary as they wished the minstrel to believe, yet the beds on which they stretched themselves to pass the night, did not belie the humble character which they had ascribed to them. The travellers, however, were

well disposed to slumber, and the fatigues of the day's journey, as well as the fumes of the wine cup, combined to transform the three straw pallets which the host had spread out for them in their apartment into very luxurious couches. The tall Palmer's mind was not inactive, although his body was quiescent. A thousand visions, of a thousand things, presented themselves to the mind's eye of the sleeper. War and tumult, and ignominy, and imprisonment, and triumph, and love, and dominion, occupied by turns his imagination. Once he fancied himself entering a great city amidst the acclamations of assembled thousands—warriors and statesmen and churchmen hailed him as their lord—a fair and well-known face welcomed him with smiles—a disloyal and treacherous brother threw himself at his feet, craving pardon and expressing penitence—and a reverend prelate placed a crown upon his brows and breathed a benediction on the soldier of the cross. At that moment he thought that the fair lady laid her hand upon his arm, but her touch, instead of being light and gentle, was so heavy and violent, that it dispelled his dream, and starting from his sleep, he found himself in the grasp of an armed man. The tall Palmer, however, was not a person to be easily overpowered. As lightly as the

lion shakes the dew-drop from his mane did he shake off his assailant, and then clenching his unarmed hand, aimed so tremendous a blow at his steel casque that it felled him to the ground. He found, however, that the apartment was full of men similarly armed, and that his two companions were secured and bound. The intruders, for a moment, shrunk back, appalled at the gigantic strength of their opponent. "'Tis Diabolus," said one. "'Tis he, or that other one whom we seek," returned another, "for no one else could have aimed a blow like that: but close round him, we are surely too numerous and too well armed, to be daunted by one naked man."

The odds against the tall Palmer were indeed fearful, but he defended himself for a long time against his assailants. At length, however, two men stealing behind him, seized his hands and contrived to slip a gauntlet over them, by which they made them fast. The Palmer then seeing that in the game at which he was most expert, fighting, he was foiled, began to resort to means which he much more rarely made use of, expostulation and remonstrance. "How now, my masters," he said; "what mean ye? are ye Christian men, to assault three poor religious persons who are travelling on their way home from the Holy Land."

"Nay, nay," said the minstrel, for he was among the number of these unwelcome visitors; "they are no Palmers; and when my lord recovers from the effect of that unchristian blow, he will soon be able to recognise in this holy man, a person who has before bestowed his favours upon him."

"Men and Christians!" said the Palmer, "I charge ye, as ye would avoid the malison of heaven and of holy church, let us pass our way."

The threat of ecclesiastical censure seemed to produce some effect upon the grim soldiers, but the minstrel perceived that the person whom the Palmer had stricken to the ground was recovering: "Arise, my Lord," he said; "once more behold this man and say if the tale that I told thee is not true."

The Duke, for such he was, approached the Palmer, and each, by the glare of the torches, gazed on the other, and beheld the features of the individual to whom, of all mankind, he bore the most deadly hatred.

"'Tis Richard of England!" said the Duke; "the betrayer of the Christian cause; the assassin of Conrad of Montferrat, the friend of usurpers and infidels."

"Leopold of Austria," said Richard, "thou art a liar and a coward! Keep on thy case of steel, and

unfetter but one of these hands, and then repeat what thou hast now said, if thou darest."

"Bear him to the Emperor at Hagenau," said the Duke, "with his companions. My good Sir Fulk Doyly, and my Lord Thomas of Multon, did you think that I would allow you to traverse my territories without paying you the courtesy of a visit."

"Thou art a traitor, Leopold!" said Lord Multon;" a traitor to God, and to the holy cause which thou didst swear to maintain in Palestine!"

"Away with the King," said Leopold; "if *he* may be called a king whose brother wears his crown, and who is prisoner to a duke. Away with him, and let the knight and baron bear him company."

The journey from Ginacia to Hagenau afforded no events with which it is necessary that the reader should be acquainted. Arrived in that city, the princely Richard was immediately thrown into a dungeon, and although he offered the Emperor a large sum for ransom money, that monarch preferred the malignant satisfaction of holding so renowned and powerful a prince in his custody, to the gratification of his darling passion, avarice. With the news of the capture of the far-famed King of Eng-

land, spread exaggerated reports of the strength of his arm and his personal prowess. It was expected that with his own unarmed strength he would be able to tear down the walls of his prison and to effect his escape. Among those who listened most eagerly and with the greatest impatience to these reports was Prince Arthur, the Emperor's only son. The prince was considered the bravest knight and the strongest man in Germany. The narration of the feats of Richard gave him no small uneasiness, and he ardently longed for an opportunity of trying his strength with the English monarch. He had visited the royal captive several times in his dungeon, and it was by his courtesy that the King was treated with the respect and attention which was due to so distinguished a person, even although fallen into adversity. After the English had, by means of the well-known adventure of Blondel, the minstrel, discovered in whose custody their monarch was, and made large offers for his liberation, the Prince endeavoured to persuade his father to accept their terms, but without success. Besides his sympathy for the unmerited sufferings of his father's prisoner, the chivalrous prince was desirous to see him at liberty, that they might meet each other on equal terms, and try fully and fairly the strength of their

respective arms. At length, however, he became so impatient of delay, and so emulous of the King of England's reputation for strength, that he wrung from the Emperor his consent that a day should be appointed on which he and Richard should each give and receive a blow in order to ascertain which of them was the stronger. Richard smiled when he received the Prince's challenge to meet him on this occasion, and expressed his willingness to abide the ordeal.

On the day appointed, the Emperor and Empress, the Princess Margaretta, and the principal persons about the Court, assembled in the great hall of the castle of Hagenau for the purpose of witnessing this trial of strength. The dark eyes of Margaretta glistened with wonder and delight as the King of England, of whom she had heard so much, but had never yet seen, strode into the hall. His gigantic form, his sinewy limbs, and the haughty, undaunted expression of his features, filled her with apprehensions on her brother's account; and yet there was something in her heart which would not allow her to wish that the latter might be successful. The Prince seemed to entertain no fear for the result: in outward appearance the combatants seemed pretty nearly matched: the Prince was as tall and muscular as the King; he

had sustained the assault of many a celebrated warrior, and had as yet withstood the blows of the mightiest unmoved. They were neither of them armed, but were clad in silken tunics, and wore oriental turbans on their heads.

"Richard of England," said Arthur, "if thou wouldest forbear this trial thou mayest, but acknowledge that thou darest not compete with me, and give me that jewel in thy bonnet in token of that acknowledgment."

"Arthur of Austria," said Richard, "I came not here to prate, and if the Emperor has only exhibited his prisoner this day that he may listen to the vain vauntings of his son, the sooner he consigns him back to his dungeon the better. I am ready, Prince, to bear thy blow, but I lack both wit and spirit to listen or reply to thy tauntings."

"Forbear, forbear, Arthur," said the Princess, "and provoke not this rash quarrel farther; acknowledge the King of England's superior prowess. Surely an unknown knight like thee, may, without discrediting thyself, make such an acknowledgment to the most renowned warrior in Christendom."

"Peace, idle girl," said the Prince. "And now King Richard, look to thyself. Stand firm, or the fame of thy prowess is eclipsed for ever."

Thus saying, he raised his arm, clenched his hand, which seemed massy and ponderous as iron, and aimed a blow at Richard's head which those who beheld it accompanied with a shriek of horror and dismay. The King, however, received it with his arms folded, his eye wandering carelessly round the hall, and unshaken as the trunk of the oak by the gentle breeze of summer. The shriek was instantly changed into an expression of admiration and wonder.

"Did the Prince strike me?" said Richard, turning round to his opponent. "Give me your hand, young Sir; now fare you well, and may you be more successful in the future trials of your strength."

"Nay, nay, Sir King," said the Prince, detaining him; "this semblance of courtesy suits me not. The proud barons of England must not say that their king disdained to try his strength on the Almain prince. Here stand I ready to receive thy blow. Thou wilt not! Then here do I proclaim thee a coward, and no true knight. Thy strength consists in resistance, and not in assault. Thou art fearful to try thy arm on me, because thou knowest that thy blow will not produce an effect even equal to that which I have bestowed upon thee."

The King turned shortly round upon the Prince. There was an expression of determination, but not

of violent effort, in his features. He, in his turn, clenched his hand, raised his arm, and darting his blow with the velocity of lightning at the Prince, the latter fell lifeless to the ground.

"He's slain! he's slain!" shrieked the Empress; "the cold-hearted Englishman has murdered my boy!"

All present instantly crowded round the corpse, and every effort was used, but unsuccessfully, to restore to it animation. "It is in vain—it is vain!" said the Emperor. "Oh heaven!" he added, clasping his hands, "he was my only son; my only hope." The Empress gazed on the body sternly and silently. Then turning to her husband, "It is the finger of Heaven," she said; "thy wickedness and violence in detaining this King thy prisoner, have drawn down the wrath of God upon us. Release him and let him go, lest a worse evil befall us."

"Now, by our Lady," said the Emperor; "rather will I let him reve the life from me, as well as from my son. Away with him! Sink him in the deepest and most loathsome dungeon of the castle: and load those proud limbs with fetters, till their cruel and unnatural strength be reduced to infantile weakness."

Richard cast a grim look of defiance and triumph

on his imperial gaoler, and followed his guards silently to his place of durance.

The Emperor's commands were strictly and relentlessly obeyed. The captive King was thrust into a subterranean dungeon, from which the light and the breath of heaven were alike excluded; his limbs were loaded with irons, and neither meat nor drink were provided for him. But the stout heart of Richard Plantagenet was not easily daunted. His guards heard him singing as gaily and as lightly as if his prison were a lady's bower, although the only accompaniment to his music was the dull heavy clank of the footsteps of his gaoler as he paced backwards and forwards on the outside of the dungeon.

"Oh lady, lady fair,
My heart is full of thee;
And no frown but the frown of thy dark blue eyes,
And no sighs but thy own white bosom's sighs,
Can ever work sorrow in me.

"Oh lady, lady fair,
The Paynim has fled from me;
I have slain the knight who bade me kneel,
I have answered the threats of kings with steel,
But I bend my knee to thee.

" Oh lady, lady fair,
A sceptre has pass'd from me,
And an empire been reft—yet still I command
A nobler sceptre—thy own white hand,
And more than an empire in thee."

As the captive concluded his song, he heard his prison door slowly unbarring, and shortly afterwards the gaoler entered, holding a torch in one hand, and leading a lady by the other.

Richard started at this apparition, and, gazing on the features of his fair visitor, recognized the Lady Margaretta.

"And can your mind find leisure, Sir King, in so dismal a lodging as this to chant the praises of your lady fair?" asked the Princess.

"The true knight," answered the King, "can always find leisure for such an occupation, especially when his lady fair is so near him as mine was."

As he spoke, he gazed earnestly at the lady, who blushed deeply and hung down her head. The gallant monarch was always ready to make love; and although the subject of his song was a lady between whom and him wide seas and lofty mountains were set, yet he did not hesitate to assure Margaretta that it was she, and she only, who occupied his thoughts, and that ever since he had

beheld her in the morning, he had forgotten his own sorrows in the contemplation of her surpassing beauty.

"I come to free thee," said the lady: "I come to deserve thy thanks, thy gratitude—I dare not say thy love. Yet if I unloose thy fetters thou must take under thy protection the helpless being to whom thou wilt owe thy deliverance."

"Sweetest lady! I will wander to the end of the world with thee—or, better, thou shalt flee with me to merry England. There eyes almost as bright as thine will smile on thee a joyous welcome. Fair damsels and steel-clad barons shall alike bless thee for restoring their monarch to them."

"'Tis now dead midnight," said the lady, "all the inmates of the castle, save the sentinels, are sunk in profound slumber. We dare not attempt to pass through the Castle gates, but must ascend to my chamber. A ladder of ropes is fastened to the casement, by which we may safely descend, and then we shall find three palfreys for thyself, for me, and for Rudolph, thy tender-hearted gaoler, who dares not stay behind thee."

"Thanks, generous damsel," said the King. "A few hours' hard riding will conduct us to the forest, within whose recesses we may devise means of dis-

guise and concealment, and of finding our way to some of the ports in Flanders, in all of which there are vessels from England ready and anxious to facilitate the return of their king. But these fetters, lady, must not be the companions of our journey."

Rudolph had, however, provided for that emergency. He speedily unlocked the fetters, and the King of England once more stood up an unshackled if not a free man. At that moment a hideous outcry pervaded the Castle. The word of alarm was heard passing from sentinel to sentinel, and torches were seen approaching in the direction of the King of England's dungeon.

"She's gone—she's fled!" said a female voice, which was immediately recognized to be that of the Empress. "I found her chamber deserted, and a ladder of ropes attached to the casement. This ill omened violence of thine will prove the ruin of our house."

"Peace, women, peace!" said the Emperor: "let us see if our prisoner be safe. Ha!" he added, as with about a dozen followers, who brandished their naked swords above their heads, he came within view of the object of his search. "Behold the traitor with that dishonoured minion in his arms.

Smite him! slay him! the murderer of your Prince —the betrayer of my daughter."

The myrmidons were not slow in obeying the commands of their master, and advanced towards the unarmed captive. Margaretta, who was lying in his arms in a state of death-like stupor, seemed roused by the flash of their sabres, and exclaiming "Save him—spare him!—back—back," rushed between the intended victim and his assassins, and received the weapon of the foremost in her bosom. A dreadful shriek was uttered by every voice; the uplifted swords fell one and all to the ground; and Margaretta, bathed in blood, sunk at the feet of her father.

"Her heart is pierced! she's dead—she's dead!" shrieked the Empress: "woe to our house, woe worth the hour in which violent hands were laid upon the sacred person of a Christian King: woe, woe to me; my son—my daughter—where are ye?"

The Emperor stood for a moment mute, and still as a statue. The red flush of anger which had inflamed his features, was succeeded by a livid paleness, and the fierce rolling of his eye seemed to be giving place to the glassy glare of mortality. At length, his brow grew black as night, and his lip quivered with a malignant smile, as he asked, in a low and stifled voice:

"Is not the den of my Numidian lion situated opposite the dungeon of the prisoner?"

"It is, my liege," answered an attendant; "the doors face each other, and are separated only by this narrow corridor."

"Thrust back the traitor to his cell then," said the Emperor, "and let loose the beast upon him. That princely brute shall be my avenger."

The Empress caught her husband's arm and gazed with a look of deprecation in his face. The stern, inflexible expression there seemed to freeze her into silence, and she sunk to the earth. In the mean time, the attendants prepared to force King Richard back to his dungeon, but folding his arms, and with a smile of mingled triumph and contempt on his features, he spared them the effort by walking tranquilly thither. The door of the lion's den was then immediately unbarred and the furious animal sprang to the entrance. The glare of the torches arrested his progress for a moment, and as he rolled his red eye around upon them, the spectators had an opportunity of observing his dimensions. He was above eight feet in length, and near five feet and a half in heighth. His long shaggy mane extended from the top of the head to below the shoulders, and hung down to the knees. His feet were armed with claws

which seemed to be near two inches long; and while his right fore foot was advanced, he lashed the earth with his tail, and gazed intently into the opposite cell in which his destined victim awaited his attack. An instant afterwards he uttered a dreadful roar and sprang towards Richard. He attempted to spring upon him from above, but the King, with his clenched hand, smote him so violent a blow on the breast, that he reeled back in a breathless state, while volumes of smoke issued from his mouth and nostrils. A murmur of approbation and applause which was gathering from the assembled spectators was instantly hushed on beholding the still stern features of the Emperor. Again did the animal spring upon King Richard, and again did the latter with the same herculean strength repel the attack. The animal now stood at the door of his den as if willing, yet fearful, to renew the assault; he stamped violently with his feet, beat his sides with his tail, erected the hair of his head and mane, and opening wide his mouth displayed his angry teeth, and again set up a tremendous roar. The Emperor and his attendants shrunk back appalled, but what was their astonishment at seeing the King in his turn become the assailant, and rushing from his cell, dart upon the incensed animal and thrust his arm down his

throat. For a moment the lion struggled with his audacious assailant, reared and plunged, and seemed to shake even the strong foundations of the castle with his struggles. Then the death rattle was heard in his throat, his limbs after quivering for an instant were stretched rigid and motionless on the ground, and Richard drawing forth his arm displayed the heart of the ferocious animal in his grasp.

"God save King Richard!" burst from the lips of every one present. "The right hand of God is stretched over the Soldier of the Cross. The powers of Heaven fight in the cause of Heaven's chosen servants." Such were the exclamations which rang in the ears of the undaunted monarch, while the beaming eyes and agitated features of the spectators testified their admiration and astonishment still more strongly. "The will of Heaven be done!" said the Emperor, approaching his captive. "I have already paid dearly enough, King Richard, for detaining you in my custody, and will not tempt the wrath of Heaven farther. Say, is the ransom money ready?"

"Three hundred thousand marks is the sum demanded," said King Richard scornfully. "Is it not, most generous Emperor!"

"Talk not of ransom," said the Empress to her

husband, " lest, even while we were speaking, this strong-ribbed castle should totter to its base, and overwhelm us in one general ruin."

" Nay, nay, Madam," said Richard ; " the people of England are not such churls as to deny that sum to purchase the freedom of their King, nor do I wish to be indebted to the generosity of the Emperor Henry. The ambassadors from England are now in this city, prepared to pay down two-thirds of the proposed ransom, and to deliver hostages for the remainder. Say, Emperor, shall their demands be acceded to?"

" Even so," said the Emperor ; and while his avarice and fear wrung this reluctant consent from his malignity and cruelty, the big drops rolled from his temples down his cheeks, his lips quivered, and his knees trembled from the violence of the internal struggle.

The sequel of this history is too well known to be here repeated. King Richard was set at liberty, and with his two companions who had acted the parts of his fellow Palmers, arrived safely in England, on the 20th March, 1194. He was received by his subjects with demonstrations of unbounded joy ; his exploits became familiar topics of conversation amongst all ranks of society, from the high-

est to the lowest; and above all, his adventure with the lion was made the theme of universal wonder and eulogy, and procured for him his popular surname of *Cœur de Lion.**

* This tale is founded on the old metrical romance of Richard Cœur de Lion, published by Mr. Weber.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## John.

1199. JOHN was crowned in London by Hubert, Archbishop of Canterbury.

The English provinces in France declared in favour of Prince Arthur, the son of John's elder brother, Geoffrey, and applied to Philip, as their superior lord, for assistance, who took Arthur and his mother under his protection.

1202. Philip instigated Prince Arthur and the Earl of Marche to invade John's French provinces, but John went over to France, defeated, and made them both prisoners with many others. Arthur he caused to be confined at Rouen, but the Prince soon afterwards disappearing, it was universally believed that John had himself murdered him, and thrown his body into the Seine.

John was cited before Philip and his barons to answer what was alleged against him concerning the murder of his nephew on French ground, where he was only a vassal; not appearing, he was sentenced to forfeit all the possessions he held of the King of France, a sentence which Philip with great eagerness proceeded to execute.

1204. By this year Philip had restored to the French kingdom all the provinces that John possessed, except Guienne and Poitou. John, for a long time, seemed unaffected by these disasters, and continued to give himself up to pleasure and dissipation. At last he went over to England, where, by his multiplied exactions and cowardice, he so exasperated

his nobles, that they only waited for an opportunity to be revenged. Eleanor, John's mother, died this year.

The succession to the archbishopric of Canterbury occasioned a quarrel betwixt John and Pope Innocent III. The Pope laid an interdict on the kingdom, absolved John's subjects from their allegiance, excommunicated and deposed him, ordering the King of France to invade England, an enterprise which Philip very readily undertook. These proceedings at last obliged John to have a conference with Pandulph, the legate, at Dover, when he promised to submit entirely to the Pope.

1213. John on his knees resigned his crown and sceptre to Pandulph; and on their being returned to him, he did homage to Pandulph in the Pope's name for the kingdom, declaring he would pay one thousand marks yearly for his tenure.

Pandulph, on his return to Rome through France, told Philip that he might disband his army, John having submitted to the Holy See: which Philip refused to do; but all his preparations ended in nothing, owing to the defeat of his fleet by the Earl of Salisbury, natural brother to the King.

1215. The Barons compelled John to sign Magna Charta, and the Charter of the Forests; but he privately hired foreign troops, and got the Pope to absolve him from his oath. The Barons were so totally repulsed that they conveyed a deputation to Philip, begging him to send over his son Louis, whom they would acknowledge as their King.

1216. On Lewis's arrival from France, all John's foreign soldiers deserted from him, which put his affairs in so bad a condition, that he went from place to place, carrying his treasures and crown with him. He was thrown by the distressed situation of his affairs into a fever, of which he died at Newark Castle.

# The Knight of the Silver Shield.

"Then many a knight was mickle of might
Before his lady gay,
But a stranger knight whom no one knew,
He won the prize that day."

SIR CAULINE.

# The Knight of the Silver Shield.

It was a bright and balmy summer's morning, and the lovely scenery in which the castle of Whittington is embosomed, was basking in the beams of the sun, which had almost attained its meridian height. A gentle and refreshing breeze softly agitated the rich woodlands in the neighbourhood of the castle, and rippled the waves of the rapid river which flowed, glittering in the sunbeams, at its feet; while in the distance towered the lofty summits of the Welsh mountains, crowned with a rich tiara of clouds, whose variegated hues seemed to rival the resplendent orb from which they had borrowed their brightness.

The sun, the stream, the hills,—the whole face of nature smiled; but the Lady Mellent, the lovely heiress of Whittington, sat in her bower weeping. It was the third day of the tournament—the tournament, which agreeably to the directions of her father's will, was to be held within twelve months after his decease on the plains of Salop, and to the

victor in which was to be given the castle and domains of Whittington, and the hand of the Lady Mellent. The lady had delayed fixing a day for the tournament until the very latest limit prescribed by the will, in the hope that the noble and gallant knight, Sir Fulco Guarine, to whom she had plighted her hand and heart, would return from the Holy Land in time to be present at it; when she doubted not that the fervour of his passion, and the strength of his arm, would bear away the prize from all his competitors : but days and weeks and months rolled away and no tidings arrived of Sir Fulco.

The day for the tournament was appointed, and knights and esquires of the highest rank and reputation arrived from all parts of England, Normandy, and Wales, eager to break a lance in honour of the Lady Mellent. The achievements were to be continued three days. On the first, Mellent shut herself up throughout the whole day, in the chapel of our Lady in Whittington Castle, bowed her fair head, and bent her gentle knee before the image of the Holy Virgin, and prayed her to send home her own true knight to rescue her hand from the grasp of the stranger. But alas! the silver shield, and the red cross, and the peacock's crest, which were

the badges of Sir Fulco were not seen among the blazonry of any of the knights who entered the lists, and the victor of the day was declared to be the Lord Morice, a distinguished retainer of the Prince of Wales. This lord was tall of stature, bold of heart, and strong of arm, but he was cruel and tyrannical, sanguinary and barbarous, and he sought not the hand of the Lady Mellent to be his wedded wife for the love of her own fair cheek and her soft blue eyes, but that he might rule in the stately castle of Whittington, and be lord of the fertile pastures and of the waving woods which surrounded it. The second day of the achievements arrived, and the lists were again crowded with the flower of Europe's chivalry; but the knight of the silver shield was not there, and the Lord Morice of Wales again vanquished all his competitors. Then did the tears of the Lady Mellent fall faster than before; then were her gentle knees bent, and her fair head bowed more devotedly than ever before the image of our Lady; and then did she proffer still more fervent supplications to the Holy Virgin to send her home her own true knight and rescue her hand from the grasp of the stranger. But the third, the last, the fateful day arrived—the hour of noon at which the achievements were to begin was fast approaching,

and yet there were no tidings of Sir Fulco Guarine. Therefore while the sun, the stream, the hills, the whole face of external nature smiled, did the Lady Mellent, the lovely heiress of Whittington, sit in her bower weeping.

"Woe worth the day!" she said—"woe worth the day! but my heart will break, and I shall die, and sleep quietly beneath the cloisters of our Lady's chapel, ere this hated Welshman shall wed the heiress of Whittington."

She said this with a downcast head, and streaming eyes; and a deep sigh burst from her heart, which was immediately echoed by some one close beside her. She lifted up her eyes and saw a stately knight, whose armour was sore stained with the dust of a recent and rapid travel, but he wore a silver shield, and a red cross, and a peacock's crest; and she would have known,—even though he had not unbarred his visor, sunk on his knee, and pressed her fair hand to his lips,—that her own true knight, Sir Fulco Guarine was before her.

"Sweetest Mellent," he said, "I come to your rescue. Many a knight told me of your distress, but I was prisoner to the Soldan. He allowed me personal freedom. I went hither and thither and was questioned by no man, but I had plighted the

troth and honour of a soldier of the Cross, that I would not depart out of his custody until I could pay for my ransom five hundred marks of silver—and who (even did not Heaven forbid it) would abuse the trust and confidence of the princely and courteous Saladin? But I told him, sweet Mellent, the tale of our loves; and the glitter of his proud eye was darkened by a tear, and he forgave me my ransom money, and gave me one of his stately steeds, and plucked a jewel from his turban, and thrust it in my hand, to defray my charges to the land in which I was born, and the bower in which my own true lady sat and wept."

"Now Heaven's blessing light upon the princely Pagan's head," said Mellent; "and love lend the omnipotence of his dart to thy spear, Fulco, to hurl the proud Lord Morice from his seat. But alas! thou art worn and weary with travel, and he is refreshed with wine and slumber, and his heart swells by reason of his two days' victories. But thou knowest that I am not unskilled in the leech's art. I have a cordial here which used to restore my gallant father when he returned panting and breathless from the battle or the chase. Drink, gallant Fulco," she said, applying a small leathern flask to his lips; "drink health and strength, and Heaven prosper

the knight who strikes in the cause of true love."

"Thanks, gentle Mellent, thanks, my beloved," said the knight;" but my heart has within it a cordial more strengthening to it, than even that which thy fair hand has just administered, its love for thee! But hark!" he added, as a loud but distant bugle-note floated on the western breeze towards them; "the heralds summon to the lists the knights who would tourney for the prize with the victor of yesterday. If that bugle sounds thrice unanswered, then thou art Lord Morice's bride. But my page and my minstrel wait without for me with my steed, and I will yet win thee, my sweet Mellent, or perish in the attempt."

Thus saying, the knight wrung the fair damsel's hand, and disappeared through a small postern, which led from the gardens of the castle into the open plain.

In the meanwhile the lists were prepared for the day's encounter. The Lord de Lacy, the Constable of Chester, who presided over the tournament, had taken his seat in the gallery appropriated for him, and was surrounded by his yeomen and pages in rich liveries. In the gallery opposite to him, attended by a train of beautiful young damsels, sat his lady,

who, in the absence of the Lady Mellent on the plea of indisposition, officiated as the Queen of Beauty and of Love on this occasion, and was to bestow the triumphal wreath on the victor of the day.

The speakers or managers of the day's solemnities, attended by the heralds and trumpeters, paraded the lists; and no sooner had the hour of noon tolled, than they shouted with stentorian vehemence, "To achievement, knights! and esquires! to achievement." A stately knight, clad in a suit of black armour, and mounted on a black charger, rode into the lists, amidst the deafening acclamations of the multitude. The Constable of Chester and his retinue rose, and made him a courteous obeisance as he rode by the gallery in which he was seated, and the Queen of Beauty and her fair attendants stood up and waved their kerchiefs to him as he passed. It was the Lord Morice, the conqueror of the two preceding days, whom it was supposed that no knight would this day be found presumptuous enough to encounter. Certain it was that he rode into the lists alone, and when the speakers once more raised their voices and shouted "Come forth, knights and esquires, come forth!" no one appeared besides the victor of yesterday, to answer to the call.

"Heralds! sound the Lord Morice's challenge," said the Constable of Chester, "*once.*"

The bugles and trumpets filled the air with their minstrelsy for several minutes; but at length it died away without any answer having been returned to its challenge.

"*Twice,*" said the Constable; and the martial sounds again resounded over the plain, but were answered only by the echo of their own defiance.

"*Thrice,*" said the Lord de Lacy, rising up; and thrice, in louder and bolder tones than before, did the instruments of the minstrels spread far and wide the sounds which told, that unless some other knight would adventure within the lists, Morice of Wales would be lord of the castle of Whittington, and of the white hand of the lady Mellent. Those sounds were dying away in a faint and distant whisper, and the Queen of Beauty was rising from her throne to place the wreath of golden laurel on Lord Morice's brows, when a bugle-note was heard so loud and sonorous, that it startled even the doughty Welsh lord on his firm-footed steed, and drowned the acclamations of the multitude which were rising to hail his triumph. All eyes were immediately turned towards the quarter whence this sound proceeded, and a Red-cross Knight, clad in white armour, mounted on a noble Arabian charger,

and bearing a silver shield and a peacock's crest, rode into the lists, attended by a page and a minstrel, who stopped at the barrier as he entered.

"Herald," said the Constable of Chester, "demand of yonder knight his name and style, and wherefore he appears armed in these lists."

"My name," said the knight, after the herald had repeated to him the Constable's interrogatory, "is Fulco Guarine, a Knight of the Cross, and servant of the lady Mellent of Whittington; and I come hither to dare to combat the Lord Morice of Wales, who ventures to aspire to the fair hand of that lady. In token whereof behold my gage."

Thus saying, he threw down his gage, which Morice was not slow in taking up. "Sir Knight," he said proudly, "I accept thy challenge; but beware, I pray thee, for thy own sake, how thou persistest in it. This arm has yesterday and the day before unhorsed the noblest and the stoutest knights in Christendom, and thou seemest worn with toil and travel. Revoke thy challenge if thou wilt, and I will forgive thee thy insolence in making it."

"Peace, malapert Welshman!" returned Guarine. "Peace! I have given thee my defiance. If thou wilt not take it, resign to me the lady and the broad manor of Whittington."

"I have already accepted thy challenge, thou

discourteous knight," said Morice, "and now it is my turn to defy thee to the combat."

"To achievement then, gallant knights," said the speakers—"to achievement. Sound, trumpets—sound the onset."

The trumpets sounded a loud charge cheerily: and the combatants having turned their steeds' heads round, they rushed towards each other in full career. The Welshman's spear shivered against the silver shield; but the Crusader sate firm as a rock, and his spear glancing off from his antagonist's, he continued his course to the farther end of the lists. He turned round and found the Lord Morice, whom one of the Marshal's men had supplied with a fresh lance, again addressed to the fight. Again the trumpets brayed out—again the impatient coursers rushed together; and this time the blows were so well directed, that both the combatants broke their lances to the very handles, and their heads bowed low. Each was, however, too well skilled in the practice of chivalry not to recover speedily; and being once more supplied with weapons, they came once more to the charge. The Lord Morice's anger at finding more difficulty than he anticipated from the foe whom he had too readily despised, roused him to a more desperate exertion.

He levelled his lance with a furious and deadly intent; but Sir Fulco, by slightly swerving his fine-mouthed Arabian, avoided the point, and at the same time directed his own spear so fully and fiercely at the Welshman's helmet, that he bore him with irresistible force from the saddle, and threw him to the ground, where he lay senseless and stunned, wholly unable to renew the fight, although not seriously hurt. The shouts of the multitude, with whom Lord Morice's success, that mere passport to the applause of a multitude, had not made him a favourite, rent the air. The trumpets bespoke Sir Fulco's victory in a loud clarion, and the heralds prepared their greetings.

"Honour to valour! the prize of beauty! the Knight of the Silver Shield!" were the sounds with which the lists resounded. As the marshals led Sir Fulco Guarine between them to the gallery in which the Lady de Lacy sat,—the Queen of Beauty and of Love, he sank on his knee before her, and she, placing the golden chaplet on his brow, said, "Arise, Sir Knight, the victory is yours, and this golden wreath with which I bind your brows, is but a faint and unworthy symbol of the far nobler prize which thou hast won—the white hand of the fair Lady Mellent of Whittington."

The knight made a lowly obeisance to the Queen of Beauty, which was gracefully returned. The same salutations were exchanged between him and the Constable of Chester, and then waving his hand in answer to the acclamations of the multitude he rode out of the lists, while the trumpets sounded a loud long note of exultation and triumph.

It was impossible for him, conformably to the customs of chivalry, to quit the scene of his triumph until he had been present at the banquet of the Lord Constable. He occupied the seat of honour, was greeted with stately solemnity by the Lord de Lacy, and most warmly by all the other guests whom the fame of the tournament had drawn together. The heralds announced his name with all the honour of his recent victory, and the long list of splendid achievements in which his prowess had been distinguished as well in Christendom as in Heathennesse. The minstrels celebrated his fame, and the liberal knight's largess to these and the other attendants of the banquet, made considerable draughts upon the gold which the Soldan had bestowed on him.

The night wore away, and to Sir Fulco's great content gave him an opportunity of retiring from revels which afforded him no joy. After a few hours of neces-

sary repose, and in the earliest light of the morning he was again on his horse, who, although his mettle and spirit were unabated, was yet jaded and harassed with the travel of many preceding days.

His anxiety, however, to communicate the tidings of his good fortune and of her own deliverance, to the lady Mellent, could scarcely brook the least possible delay, and the Knight of the Silver Shield pricked hastily over the plain towards the castle of Whittington.

"Methought," said the knight mentally, "that the Constable looked upon me with an evil eye in the midst of all my triumphs, and that glances of strange intelligence were exchanged between him and my opponent before the fight began. I know that the tyrant John loves me not, and that this his minion participates in his feeling; but I have won the prize. The magic of his evil eye could not unnerve my right arm or tame the current of my veins.

As he rode on, wrapt in these reflections, he entered a long narrow defile formed of two steep ridges, covered with moss and lichen, and thickly crowned with wood. He thought that he heard the sound of horses' hoofs behind him as if in swift pursuit, and his suspicions were speedily converted into

a certainty. " Now the malediction of all true lovers," he said, " light upon the heads of the officious varlets. They come to bid me, in the Lord Constable's name, to some new banquet, when all my thoughts and desires are prisoners with the Lady Mellent in the Castle of Whittington. But my noble Arab," he said, patting his stately charger on the neck, " on, on. I would not lose one moment's smiling of her blue eyes for the noblest banquet in Christendom."

But the gallant steed was evidently knocked up with the fatigues of the previous day's journey, and the encounter in the lists, and the pursuers gained upon him.

" Death !" said Sir Fulco, " I must not be seen fleeing like a poltroon before them ; and 'tis a courteous errand with which they are charged. I will even therefore halt, and give my refusal in as gentle phrase as I can command."

He turned round his horse's head for the purpose of addressing the group, which consisted of about twenty men, when the leader, levelling his spear, before he imagined that any thing hostile was meant against him, unhorsed him, and he fell to the ground stunned and senseless with the violence and suddenness of the assault.

"On, gallants, on to the castle," said the Lord Morice; for it was he. "Although this man, by the aid of spells and enchantments, was able to overthrow me in the tournament, yet fortune still smiles upon Morice of Wales. King John's commission has just arrived at Chester, making me governor of the Marches, and warden of Whittington Castle. He knows not, it is true, that Fulco has returned from the Holy Land, and believes him to be either captured or slain; but it is not for me to dispute his Grace's commission, especially when it sorts so well with my interests. On, on, and seize the castle and the lady ere this springald recovers from his swoon."

"But, my lord," said a knight in his train, "how shall we gain admittance? the seneschal and the other servants are devotedly attached to the lady, and will certes keep their gates closed if we appear before the castle with any show of violence."

"Why, Leoline, man," answered Morice, "dost think me a bird of such a coystril breed as not to make a surer mark than that. You must approach the gates to the sound of bugles and trumpets, and proclaim me the victor in this day's tournament; the servants will show more respect to the directions of their old lord's will than to shut their gates against the man who he has declared shall be lord of the

heiress and the Castle of Whittington. This," he added, plucking the golden chaplet from the brows of the yet senseless Fulco, and placing it on his own, "will be a sufficient attestation of the truth of our story. On, gallants, on, the moments are precious."

Thus saying he put spurs to his steed, and the cavalcade proceeded rapidly in the direction of the castle.

In the meantime, the Knight of the Silver Shield continued in a state of death-like stupor. His gallant steed stood by his side, and neighing shrilly seemed to be calling for his master. At length a person, whose long gown of Kendal green, red girdle and riband, and the harp which hung by his side, showed him to belong to the minstrel profession, approached the place where Fulco lay.

"Ha!" he said, "'tis as I feared. I knew that my ear could not mistake the noble Arabian's neigh. My gallant master! has the perfidious Morice, who could not stand before thee in fair combat, treacherously assaulted thee at the head of his myrmidons? "But he hath received some hurt," added the minstrel, "which must be looked to speedily."

Thus saying, he pulled out a small casket or pouch which hung by his side. The minstrels in those days were frequently well skilled in the know-

ledge of drugs and the art of surgery, and John of Raumpayne soon discovered a bruise on the knight's left temple, which had been the occasion of his disaster. He lost no time in bathing this with a medicament of approved virtue, and in moistening his lips with a strong cordial, and soon had the satisfaction to see his patient's eyes unclosed.

"Ha! traitor! dastard!" said the knight, "do you prowl the country at the head of an armed banditti, to entrap the man whose single arm has proved too strong for thee?"

"Peace! gentle master," said the minstrel, "peace, there are no traitors here. 'Tis I—'tis John of Raumpayne."

"Ha! pardon me!" said the Knight, rising—"pardon me, gentle minstrel. But where am I, and was I not"—putting his hand to his brow, "victor in this day's tournament, and crowned with the golden chaplet by the white hand of the Queen of beauty and of love?"

"Even so, my noble master," answered the minstrel, "but traitors have conspired against you. The Lord Morice, whom you sent reeling from his saddle, was, as soon as he was recovered, immediately closeted with the Lord Constable, and you had scarcely left the lists before their conference was interrupted

by the arrival of a messenger from King John, bearing his Majesty's appointment of the Lord Morice to be governor of the Marches and warden of Whittington Castle."

"Death!" cried Fulco; "and the false traitor has passed me on his road to take possession of the strong castle and the fair hand which are mine by all the laws of chivalry and honour. On, on to Whittington; I will tear the prize from out of his grasp, though all the Kernes of Wales should surround him and cast defiance in my teeth."

"Hold, hold, Sir Fulco," said the minstrel; "do not tempt your destruction by appearing before the gates of Whittington just now. Morice has robbed you of the golden chaplet, for the purpose, doubtless, of making the lady and her domestics believe that he has been victorious in this day's tournament. Leave it to me to undeceive the Lady Mellent. The gates which will be strictly barred against the steel-clad warrior will fly open at the sound of the minstrel's harp."

"Good John of Raumpayne," said the knight, "thou hast ever been my guardian angel—but it may be a difficult matter for thee to procure access to the lady. There is one song, however, which if thou strikest upon thy harp, and she be within hear-

ing, will infallibly bring her to thy side. 'Tis one which I used to sing with her before I went to Palestine. 'Tis a ditty of my own; good John, thou hast heard it often."

"'Tis the Lady and the Minstrel,—is it not, Sir Knight?" asked John of Raumpayne.

"Even the same," answered Sir Fulco.

"Then fear me not," replied the minstrel; "nor that I shall be able to come to some conference with the lady. I will also endeavour to learn at what hour on the morrow Morice and his retainers will ride forth. In the meantime, good master, thou must carefully conceal thyself. The Constable of Chester loves thee not; but if once we gain for thee possession of the castle, thou mayest defy him and all thine enemies. Hide thee, therefore, in this forest until nightfall; then hie thee to the white cottage near the city of Chester, without the western postern; there lives Robert of Chester, my master and comrade in the art of minstrelsy, and there too wilt thou find Bracy, thine esquire. I possessed them with my plot as soon as I heard the purport of the King's message to the Lord Morice."

"But what plot," asked the knight, "canst thou have which will enable me, poor and friend-

less, and just returned from Palestine, to cope with such powerful foes as the Constable of Chester and the possessor of Whittington."

"Sir Fulco Guarine," said John of Raumpayne, "is dear to the hearts of the minstrels. Both he and his noble sire liberally patronized them, and were themselves well skilled in the gentle art. The bounty bestowed upon the minstrels was never yet cast upon an ungrateful soil. To-morrow will be held the fair of Chester. Thou knowest that by the charter of Earl Ranulph, no person who shall resort to that fair can be apprehended for theft, or any other misdemeanour, except the crime be committed during the fair. Hence a great multitude of persons will be there to-morrow, of whose honesty I cannot say much; but we must use such instruments for our purpose as happen to be in our way. Robert of Chester, myself, and the other Minstrels, will be able, by the allurements of our music, to incite them to any enterprise that we purpose. We need but shout 'To Whittington, to Whittington; to the rescue of the fair lady Mellent, and to restore the noble knight Sir Fulco to his rights," and such a multitude will be speedily on the road to the castle, as neither the Constable of Chester nor the Lord Morice of Wales, shall be able to withstand."

"Thanks, gentle minstrel," said the Knight, "thanks: thy device is excellent."

"But," said John of Raumpayne, "if Morice and his knights ride forth in the morning, the enterprise will be easier—we can surround and disarm them on the road, and then push forwards to the castle."

"Hie thee then,—hie thee thither," said the knight, "and Heaven prosper thine enterprise."

Agreeably to the plan which they had concerted, the minstrel pursued the road to Whittington, and the knight plunged amidst the recesses of the adjoining forest.

"Well encountered, gentle minstrel," said the porter, as John of Raumpayne appeared at the castle gates; "the valiant Lord Morice and his brave knights are carousing in the banqueting hall, and were even now lamenting that there was no one skilled in minstrelsy in the castle. Enter, enter, and tune thy harp, I pray thee, to one of thy gayest chansons."

"Alas!" said the minstrel, "I am not prepared with any ditty which is fit for lords and knights to listen to. Whenever I have approached these gates it has been with some gentle and mournful lay, such as I thought would please the ear of the lady Mellent, my generous patroness."

"Nay but, minstrel," said the porter, "the lady Mellent is now ill-conditioned to listen to min-

strel lays. She has retired to her chamber in the western turret to weep; for the stout Lord Morice of Wales has arrived here, after having vanquished in the tournament to-day the good knight Fulco Guarine, whom the Lady Mellent loved tenderly. But come with me to the banqueting-hall, thy reward will be princely.

The minstrel followed the porter to the hall in which the Welsh lord and his companions were carousing. "A harper—a harper!" they all shouted; "unsling thine instrument," said Morice, "and that right speedily, for the contents of the wine cup are mounting to my brain, and if thou delayest long thy skill will be exerted to please a listless ear."

The minstrel took a seat, which the lord of the banquet pointed out to him; and after trying his harp strings, and with his wrest or screw tuning them to the proper pitch, he struck them with a bold hand, and chanted in a loud voice the following ballad:—

"Say wherefore is your cheek so pale,
Lady, lady;
Say wherefore is your cheek so pale,
And wherefore fall those tears?"
"I've lost my hawk that ne'er did quail,
Minstrel, minstrel:
I've lost my hawk that ne'er did quail,
And sorrow my heart sears.

"Your hawk, sure, was not prized so sweet,
Lady, lady;
Your hawk, sure, was not prized so sweet,
Its loss should blanch your cheek."
"Oh! I have lost my palfrey fleet,
Minstrel, minstrel;
Oh! I have lost my palfrey fleet,
And so my heart will break."

"Your palfrey's loss your heart could bear,
Lady, lady;
Your palfrey's loss your heart could bear,
Some deeper grief lies there."
"Oh! I have lost my lover dear,
Minstrel, minstrel;
Oh! I have lost my lover dear,
Nor can his loss repair."

"And how will you your heart's wound cure,
Lady, lady;
And how will you your heart's wound cure,
And so from sorrow fly?"
"I'll seek the cold cold grave, be sure,
Minstrel, minstrel;
I'll seek the cold cold grave, be sure,
And lay me down and die."

"Why, minstrel, thou chantest that ditty, which should be whispered as gently as the south wind over a bed of roses, loudly and boisterously as if 'twere a

wassailing song or a lay of victory," said the Lord Morice; "and I pray that thou mayest not have disturbed the Lady Mellent, whose joy at our sudden presence has overcome her and obliged her to seek her chamber. But, scurvy minstrel, thinkest thou that such a puling lay as that is fit for lords and knights to listen to, who have this day been striving at the tournament, and who will on the morrow at noon sally forth to the fair of Chester, to attend on the Lord Constable. Go thy ways, go thy ways; thy voice is stout enough, but for the matter of thy ditty, 'tis fit only for the ears of chamber knights and green damsels."

The minstrel made a lowly obeisance, and retired from the hall, which he was anxious to quit, having obtained the information which he wanted.

"Hist, minstrel, hist!" said a young damsel, plucking him by the sleeve as he stepped from under the portal of the banqueting-hall: "my lady, who has heard thy ditty, bids thee put this purse into thy bosom, and to bring thy harp to the gallery adjoining her chamber."

The minstrel's eye glistened with delight at the success of his scheme, and the Lord Morice's censure of the stentorian tones in which he had chanted his tender ditty were made amends for, by the fact

of their having been loud enough to reach the ears of her to whom they were peculiarly addressed. He entered her chamber, the gallery where the lady was waiting for him, and kneeling down before her, placed her hand to his lips.

"Rise, rise, good minstrel," she said; "thanks for thy ditty, which has recalled to me the memory of happy days, long, long gone by, and never to return. But of whom did'st thou learn that ditty, I pray thee?"

"From one of the noblest and truest knights in Christendom," said John of Raumpayne, "the victor in this day's tournament."

"Nay, nay, cruel, how thou mockest me," said the lady, bursting into tears. "The Lord Morice, woe is me! is victor this day, who, although a valorous knight, has little taste and less skill in the art of minstrelsy. Him must I wed, or my dead father's curse will follow me to the grave."

"Lady," said the minstrel, approaching her, and addressing her in a suppressed tone—"him must thou not wed, and thee shall thy dead father's curse not follow, unless thou refuse the proffered hand of Sir Fulco Guarine; for the Knight of the Silver Shield is the true victor in this day's tournament, and the Lord Morice is a false traitor and a coward."

"Ha!" said the lady, as an expression of mingled joy and incredulity flashed across her features; "what meanest thou, minstrel?—thou readest riddles to me."

Then did the minstrel approach still nearer to the lady and speak to her in a tone of voice still more suppressed. The lady listened to his narration wonderingly. She clasped her hands and raised her eyes to Heaven. Tears streamed plenteously down her cheeks, but even while they were falling they were brightened by a smile.

"God prosper the cause! good minstrel," she said, "and for this thy service, may never minstrel's lay hereafter be heard in vain. Commend me to my own true love. Haste thee, begone!—the minutes are precious; and once again, I say, God prosper thee!"

"Farewell, farewell, sweet lady," said John of Raumpayne; "when to-morrow's sun shall have marked the hour of noon, thy deliverance will be at hand."

The next day was bright and serene as that which had preceded it, and the plumes of the Lord Morice and his retainers floated gaily in the wind, and their well-polished arms shone like mirrors in the sunbeams, as about the hour of noon they crossed the drawbridge from Whittington Castle, and took the road to the city of Chester.

"Now, by our Lady," said Morice, "some men will deem me scarcely wise, after the injury which the knight of Guarine has sustained from me, to venture forth while he is lurking in the neighbourhood, and to leave my castle unprotected by the presence of myself or any of my valiant knights."

"Nay, my lord," said Sir Guy of Gisborne, "Fulco is poor and friendless. He wasted all the substance which his father left him in furnishing forth his expedition to the Holy Land. Before he started on the Crusade, he also managed to quarrel with Prince John while at chess, who, now that he is king, does not seem inclined to forget an insult which the knight then put upon him. But let us hasten to Chester. The Constable will be waiting for our assistance, to enable him to overawe the rabble."

Sir Guy had hardly uttered these words, before the noise as of an immense multitude approaching, and shouts of merriment, of defiance, and of triumph, mingled with the notes of musical instruments, were heard. An abrupt turning in the road, by which they emerged from the forest and issued to the open plain, showed them, as far as the eye could reach, the country crowded with an immense concourse of people. They were armed according to the rude fashion of the peasantry of the day,

some carrying clubs, some slings, and some javelins. A very few were mounted, and two or three wore coats of mail and carried spears in their hands. A numerous party of minstrels preceded the main body, and struck their instruments with an extraordinary animation and energy, which seemed to inspire their followers with an enthusiasm bordering upon frenzy.

"By our Lady," said Morice, "it seems as though the fair of Chester had disgorged all its rabble on our path. Hark! hark! what is 't they shout?"

They did not remain long in doubt as to the nature of the cries which the multitude uttered. "Down with the traitors! down with the banditti! long live the Lady of Whittington! long live the Knight of the Silver Shield!"

An immense shower of stones was then discharged at the knights, which knocked several of them from their steeds, and stretched them senseless on the ground. The multitude then closed around them, and with their clubs and staves commenced so furious and irresistible an attack, that the mounted warriors were constrained to abandon their weapons and cry for quarter. The assailants, after dismounting them, and seizing their horses and their weapons, began to abate in their fury, but not before one of

them who was mounted had cloven the Lord Morice's helmet asunder, and stretched him weltering in his blood upon the ground.

"Hold thy hand, Bracy; for the love of Heaven, harm him not;" said another horseman who rode up to him, and was clad in a minstrel's garb, but whose gown of Kendal green unfolding, showed a coat of mail beneath. "He's past harming now," Sir Fulco," said the Esquire; "he's as dead as King Harold who was slain at Hastings."

"I could have wished to have avoided the shedding of blood," said Sir Fulco; "but he was a traitorous and discourteous knight, and scoffed at the laws of honour and chivalry. On with me then, gallants, to the castle of Whittington, within whose walls the ringleaders of this brawl shall be screened from the wrath of the Lord Constable, until the King's dispensation shall have arrived, and all shall receive thanks and liberal largess from the Lady Mellent and her affianced bridegroom."

An unanimous shout from the multitude, in testimony of applause and of adherence to his cause followed the knight's address; and it was not long before the castle of Whittington reared its stately head and threw its gates wide open before them, while the lady and her attendants crossed the draw-

bridge to welcome the knight, and to put him with her own white hand in possession of the domain which he had fairly and nobly won.

The minstrels and other leading promoters of this transaction, who were supposed to have made themselves more immediately obnoxious to the Constable of Chester and the other constituted authorities, were safely lodged within the castle, and the rest of the multitude were nobly feasted, and afterwards liberally remunerated and dismissed. The history of these transactions was speedily communicated to King John, who then held his court at Winchester, and who, by the persuasions of his barons and their representations of the flagrancy of Morice's conduct, was induced to grant a full indemnity to all concerned in this affair, and to confirm Sir Fulco in the possession of the castle and domains, and of the white hand of the heiress of Whittington.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Henry the Third.

1216. HENRY, the son of the deceased King John, was crowned at Gloucester in the presence of the Pope's legate, the Bishops of Winchester and Bath, and a few noblemen. The Earl of Pembroke was declared Protector of the kingdom; most of the Barons returned to their allegiance; and Louis quitted the kingdom, only stipulating for the safety of his adherents.

Soon after this pacification the Earl of Pembroke died. Peter de Roches, Bishop of Winchester, and Hubert de Burgh were appointed Regents. The new Regents were not able to keep the discontented Barons in awe, who by their violence and lawlessness kept the nation in a state of continual tumult.

1233. The King disgraced his minister Hubert, then Earl of Kent, to the great joy of the turbulent Barons.

1234. The Barons formed a combination against the violent administration of Peter de Roches (a Poitevin by birth,) who was a great encourager of foreigners, and Henry was obliged to dismiss him, and to banish all foreigners from his court.

1236. Henry married Eleanor, daughter of the Count of Provence.

1242. Henry went over to France and carried on a war against Louis IX. but he was defeated at Taillebourg, and obliged to return to England with the loss of the province of Poitou.

1255. The Pope having a wish to carry on a war against Sicily, without himself incurring any expense, gave, as Vicar of Christ, the crown to Henry for his second son, Edmund.

1257. Richard, the King's brother, was elected King of the Romans.

1258. The Barons, at a parliament convened by Henry in the hope of getting money for his Sicilian war, declared that they would not give him any money till the government was reformed; and that till then they would take the affairs of the nation into their own hands. At the head of the discontented Barons was the Earl of Leicester.

Henry promised that all their complaints should be redressed; and signed certain articles called the Provisions of Oxford, by which he gave up his royal authority to twenty-four persons, twelve chosen by himself, and twelve by the Barons.

1261. The Pope absolved Henry, and those who had taken the oath, from the observance of the Provisions of Oxford.

1263. The Welsh commenced an invasion of England, which was the signal for the Barons to rise in arms.

The battle of Lewes was fought between the King and the Barons, and Henry was defeated; himself, his son, and his brother the King of the Romans, were made prisoners.

1265. Leicester first instituted the House of Commons, by ordering two knights from each county, and two burgesses from each borough town, to be returned to Parliament.

Prince Edward escaped from prison, and was soon at the head of an army, by which Leicester was defeated and slain at Evesham on the 4th of August. The King and his brother were consequently released from their confinement.

1270. Prince Edward undertook a crusade to Palestine, where he gained great glory by his heroism.

1272. Henry died at St. Edmondsbury.

# Earl Ranulph and his Page.

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"Four C knightes of Lewis there was slain,
Therle of Perche was slain on Lewis syde,
And many fled with Lewis sothe agayne.
Therle Randolph of Chester knowen wyde,
The felde there gate y$^{t}$ daye with mykell pryde."

HARDYNG.

# Earl Ranulph and his Page.

THE grave closed over John Lackland at a time when the affairs of his kingdom were in a very critical state. His perfidy and tyranny had alienated from him the affections both of the nobles and the people. Foreign princes took advantage of his situation. The Pope held him in a state of vassalage. The King of Scotland ravaged the northern provinces of England, and the King of France possessed himself of John's continental dominions.

Prince Louis, the Dauphin, too, being invited by the discontented Barons to take possession of the crown, landed in England with a formidable French army, marched to London, where the citizens received him with enthusiasm and did homage to him, and took possession of Dover, Windsor, and other fortified places; so that John, who, at the time of his accession, was possessed of more extensive dominions than any English monarch who had preceded him, at last acquired the surname of *Sans-terre* or Lackland. His death too, at a time when his heir appa-

rent was only nine years of age, confirmed the hopes of his enemies; and Louis marching triumphantly through the kingdom, almost every city before which he appeared opened its gates to him and received him with the utmost enthusiasm. Another circumstance favourable to the invader was, that immediately after the death of the King, the young Prince Henry disappeared. Either he had been entrapped and made away with by the malice and cunning of his enemies, or he had been induced, by the caution and prudence of his enemies, to seek a place of concealment at a time when the country was overrun by the partisans of Louis, and in an age in which the blackest means were resorted to for the purpose of promoting the projects of the ambitious and the violent.

Still there were some noblemen who were prevented by personal attachment to the monarch, or indignation at seeing their country possessed by foreigners, from joining the ranks of his enemies, and who remained stedfast in their allegiance. The most distinguished among these was Ranulph, Earl of Chester, a nobleman of great talent and personal prowess, who had signalized himself under Richard Cœur de Lion, in the Holy Land and in Normandy, and who, after attending the celebration of his royal

master's obsequies in the cathedral of Worcester, threw himself with a formidable band of warriors into the castle of Lincoln, for the purpose of defending it from the expected attack of the Dauphin.

The Earl of Chester was short of stature, and his personal appearance altogether was not such as to arrest the attention of the common observer.

> " Robust, but not herculean to the sight,
> No giant frame set forth his common height:
> Yet on the whole, who paused to look again,
> Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men."

His forehead was high and pale; his eye, large, black and sparkling, in moments of excitement seemed to flash fire; his limbs were sinewy, muscular and agile; and in the ardour of battle or debate, his form seemed to expand to herculean proportions. Indifferent to danger or fatigue, prepared to undergo any extremity in an enterprise which he once embraced, idolized by the soldiers, and looked upon as something more than mortal by the common people, he seemed a being created expressly for the crisis at which the country had arrived. His devotion to the cause of young Henry, was only equalled by his hatred of Louis and the French; and in the ranks of the enemy his name was never

pronounced without an expression of detestation and fear.

On the evening of the funeral of King John, he arrived at the castle of Lincoln, some hours before his retinue, attended only by a single page, with whom, as they rode along the road, he had been observed to converse with an apparent familiarity, which corresponded but ill with their relative situation in life. On arriving at the castle-gates, the warder was astonished to see the haughty Earl dismount first, and then with the most tender carefulness assist his youthful attendant from his saddle. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he strode proudly through the castle-yard, and the page, bare-headed, and with an expression of the utmost humility on his countenance, followed him. The stripling was of a slight and fragile form, but his features were uncommonly beautiful, and exhibited an extraordinary air of intelligence which was far beyond his years and station. His long flaxen locks flowed down to his shoulders, and as he followed his master through the ranks of vassals who marshalled his entrance to the castle, a deep blush mantled on his fair cheek, and his bosom heaved as if agitated by some strong and inexpressible emotions.

"'Tis a wench, 'tis a wench," said Adam Forrest,

the Falconer, in a whisper to the Warder. "By the holy rood, I think now that I can guess the reason why our Earl was in such speed to be divorced from the Lady Constance. She was a noble and a most beauteous dame, albeit somewhat cursed in her temper. The deaths of her first husband and of her princely son Arthur (may God assoil the soul of King John for that deed!) drove her nigh to distraction. This wench, doubtless is to supply her place, and by 'r Lady, the Earl has shown his wonted taste in his selection."

"Peace, Master Adam," said the Warder; "thy wit is ever a mile forwarder on the road than that of thy compeers; but why should our master bring his bride to the castle in such an unseemly guise as this? 'Tis a right comely stripling, and has doubtless been recommended to the Earl for qualities which will well justify the estimation in which he seems to hold him."

"You may talk, and you may think, as you list, Walter Locksley," returned the Falconer; "whether he means her for his bride I know not; but may my noblest bird prove haggard, when I have staked a hundred marks on her prowess, if 'tis not a wench that Earl Ranulph has brought to Lincoln Castle. Mark me, when the barons whom he has

summoned arrive hither, if the jealous Earl venture to let this seeming page appear in their presence."

The Earl's subsequent conduct fully confirmed the suspicions of Walter Forrest. Haughty and distant as his bearing commonly was to his inferiors, and barely courteous to those who were his equals in rank, he paid the most respectful and unremitting attentions to the young stranger. Occasionally the boy might be seen holding his stirrup, or bearing his lance; but these were services which the Earl rather endured than enjoined, and received with an ill-disguised feeling of uneasiness and deprecation. Whatever time he could spare from his necessary duties in completing the defences of the castle, and in receiving the numerous messengers who arrived from all parts of the kingdom, was spent in the society of the page. At length the nobles and knights whom he had convened to the castle, for the purpose of deciding upon the steps to be taken for repelling the invaders, and maintaining the rights of young Henry, began to arrive, and Adam Forrest shook his head and looked very wisely at the Warder, as he observed that young Master Fitzjohn was no longer to be met with on the terrace, or in the hall, or in any of his accus-

tomed haunts, but carefully confined himself to the seclusion and privacy of his chamber.

"'Tis a wench, 'tis a wench," said he to the warder, "what sayest thou now, Master Locksley?"

"Nay, thou art a wonderful man, Master Forrest," replied the other; "of a surety thou must deal in the black art."

The Falconer looked wiser than ever, and put his finger on his lip as if to enjoin his companion to secrecy; for although he did not choose to avow that he was a proficient in studies which were punishable by hanging and burning, yet he was not willing to deprive himself, by a direct denial, of the reputation for sagacity and wisdom which the warder gave him credit for.

In the course of time the Warder whispered the discovery which the Falconer had made to the earl's esquire, and the earl's esquire whispered it to the esquire of Sir Richard Plantagenet, and the esquire of Sir Richard whispered it to his master, and his master whispered it not, but told it outright to his associate knights and barons, and many and loud were the jokes which it called forth from them at the expense of Earl Ranulph and the lady errant in disguise.

"God you good den, my lord," said Plantagenet,

as he saw the earl approaching with anxiety and apprehension depicted in his countenance; "you seem somewhat troubled this morning. You have been reading the *Liber Amoris*, and it does not please you as well as it has been used to do. If so, let me advise your lordship to direct your attention to *another page*.

An expression of concern and dismay, which was not often seen in the countenance of the Earl of Chester, mantled over his features for a moment, but it quickly passed away, and he resumed his wonted serenity.

"You seem unusually merry this morning, Sir Richard," said Ranulph; "may I crave to be admitted a companion of your mirth?"

"Nay, nay, my Lord of Chester," returned Plantagenet, "'twas of your mirth that we were speaking, and in which none of us are presumptuous enough to seek companionship. We were carousing to the health of young Fitzjohn, the courteous and accomplished page, with whom we marvel that your lordship hath not by this time made us better acquainted."

"'Tis a comely youth," said the Earl, "and one who has seen better days. His father fell at my

side while valiantly defending the castle of Chester against the Dauphin, and with his dying breath commended his orphan to my care. I have made him my page, and will at a fitting age raise him to the rank of my esquire. Nay, I doubt not, so much have I observed of his good qualities, that I shall be able very early to procure him the honour of knighthood: his great fault is bashfulness, which has prevented him from being about my person while my castle is honoured by the presence of the distinguished persons whom I am now addressing."

An incredulous smile played on the lip of Plantagenet, and his associates seemed to participate in the feeling which it indicated. Earl Ranulph gazed haughtily upon them, and then hastily added: "But, lords and valiant knights, I came not to prate with you on the affairs of my household, or to ask your opinions on the merits of my page. I have matter of graver import for your ear. Prince Louis is on his march towards this city, accompanied by the Count de Perche, the *soi-disant* Earl of Lincoln, and other nobles, and at the head of a numerous army. They will be here before sunset; and the rebellious citizens of Lincoln will, doubtless, be eager to open their gates to them."

"Say you so, my lord?" said Plantaganet: "and have you no news yet of the young King?"

"None yet, Sir Richard, but I doubt not that he is in a place of safety. My lord of Pembroke would take charge of that. Concealment is his greatest security. If the foe knew where he could be found, I doubt whether even the walls of this castle would be strong enough to shelter him from the force or fraud which would be set at work to effect his capture or his death. When once we have struck a decisive blow in his favour, we shall not be long without having his presence among us."

"True, true, my lord," said the knight thoughtfully; "and yet his presence now would be a rallying point for our friends; 'tis perhaps best, nevertheless, that he should remain concealed for a season. But is the Dauphin to be allowed to enter this city?"

"Yes," said the Earl; "with submission to these noble and gallant warriors, I say yes. The city is not worth the effort which will be requisite for its defence; and when once the enemy, who is ignorant of our strength, and thinks that this castle is only manned by an ordinary garrison, is encamped within it, the arrows of the archers on our turrets will

reach him, and by a well-timed sally we may be able to surprise him, to animate the revolted citizens to return to their allegiance, and to deliver our country from the fetters with which these Frenchmen have loaded her."

A shout of approbation and applause from the assembled leaders followed the address of the Earl, which had scarcely subsided when one of tenfold loudness and vehemence was heard to pervade the streets of the city. "*Montjoie St. Denis! Dieu nous defend et notre Seigneur Louis!*" burst from the French forces as they passed the city gates, and was enthusiastically echoed by the populace of Lincoln.

"They come, they come," said the Earl: "now, lords and knights, to the turrets, and let our ancient word of courage ring in their ears as loudly as their own insulting cry."

Before, however, the leaders could reach the turrets, the soldiers had sent forth a deafening shout of "God and St. George!" which not a few among the multitude in the now crowded streets, especially such as were within reach of the arrows of the besieged, caught up and repeated with apparent sincerity and zeal.

"They have taken possession of the cathedral," said the Earl, whose keen eye had carefully watched

the proceedings of the enemy, "but by our Lady, who is its protectress, they shall not rest long within those holy walls. Lords and knights," he added, "I have certain intelligence that the attack upon the castle will not be made until the morrow, by which time our reinforcements will arrive, and enable us to defy them. Meanwhile I will proceed to the cathedral and demand a parley."

The Earl's resolutions were no sooner formed than executed, and he was speedily mounted and on his way to the cathedral, preceded by a flag of truce. The people gazed with a mixed feeling of admiration and terror as they saw the grim warrior, at whose very name they were appalled, riding quietly and unopposed through the streets then lined with hostile troops. The French soldiery too seemed to regret that the laws of honour would not allow them to terminate the war by a single blow; and as the Earl alighted from his palfrey and advanced up the cathedral aisle amidst the foreign leaders and revolted Barons, who were ranged on either side, murmurs of mingled fear and execration met his ear.

On a throne erected in front of the high altar, sat the Dauphin, beneath a superb canopy, on which the arms of France and England conjoined were embroidered. The Comte de Perche, a renowned warrior

and statesman of France, who, at the special request of King Philip, had accompanied his son on his expedition into England, stood on his right hand, and Gilbert de Gant, an English knight who had revolted from King John, and had been created Earl of Lincoln by Louis, stood on his left. The latter scowled and grasped his dagger as the Earl of Chester approached the throne, and sinking on one knee the Dauphin extended his hand to him.

"Rise, valorous Earl; rise, thrice renowned Ranulph;" said the Prince. "It gives us great delight to see thee return to thy allegiance, and bend thy knee in testimony thereof at the throne of thy lawful sovereign."

"Prince," said Ranulph, starting to his feet and drawing himself up proudly, "mistake me not—but no, I know thou dost not. I bowed myself before thee, to show my respect for a prince renowned for his valour and courtesy. That mark of respect shown, I now, as a loyal subject of King Henry, ask thee why thou traversest his realm, girt with the grim habiliments of war, and why with bands of armed men thou appearest before the gates of the castle which my royal master has committed to my charge?"

"Earl Ranulph," said Louis, smiling, "may

surely guess the purport of my visit. However, to aid his intellect at arriving at a correct conclusion, I will inform him that I come to demand of him possession of that fortress which was delivered over to him by a sovereign who has been since deposed by the authority of the barons of the realm, and whose crown therefore reverts to me in right of the Lady Blanche whom I have espoused, the niece and lawful successor of the deposed monarch."

"Prince," said the Earl, "I come not to play the casuist with you: wrong and violence are never in want of arguments wherewith to justify the ills which they commit; and the only reasoning which I shall oppose to that of your Highness, will be such as you may see arrayed upon yon battlements. Still, to my poor illogical brain, it does seem difficult to understand the legality of the authority by which you inform me that King John has been deposed, and still more difficult to comprehend, even if he were so deposed, the argument which makes his niece his successor in preference to his own begotten issue, King Henry, whom God preserve."

"We hear much, Earl Ranulph," said Louis, "of King Henry, but we see marvellously little of him. How are the noble barons of England, by whom I am surrounded, to be convinced that the son of John

Lackland is alive, or that the stout Earl of Chester is not pursuing this war in the hope that the diadem may be girt around his own brows?"

"'Tis doubtless marvellous," said the Earl, with a significant gesture, "that while wolves are prowling o'er the plain, the lamb should seek for a hiding-place in the forest.—But we lose time——"

"In truth we do so," said the Count de Perche, advancing, who was somewhat impatient of the courtesy and forbearance with which Louis had received the defiance of the Earl. "Is this the man," he added, scanning with his eye the dimensions of Ranulph, "at whom our wives and children quake for fear—this dwarf—this puny abridgment of humanity?"

"Say you so! my Lord de Perche," said the Earl, while his eye flashed fire, and his hand grasped his sword: "I vow to God and our Lady, whose church this is, that before to-morrow evening I will seem to thee to be stronger and greater, and taller, than yonder steeple!"*

A smile of grim defiance was exchanged between the two incensed barons, and Ranulph, making a respectful obeisance to the Dauphin, departed from the cathedral.

* Dugdale.

The next morning by daybreak the castle resounded with the busy note of preparation, alike for defence and for assault. For the former, indeed, the fortress was already so well prepared that the active operations of the Earl and his adherents seemed superfluous, unless a formidable attack was intended to be made upon the enemy. At an early hour the bugle of the invaders was heard sounding cheerily in the streets of Lincoln, and daring the besieged to come forth and meet their enemies on equal terms.

"The Count de Perche is braving us," said Plantagenet, "and loading us with every ignominious epithet that his fancy can suggest. Let us sally forth, my Lord of Chester; our force is fully equal to the encounter, although the insolent foe imagines that we are far inferior to him in numbers."

"In five minutes, Sir Richard," said the Earl, "we will convince him of his error. Within that time I will be ready to conduct the attack."

"He has gone to take leave of his Epicene," said Plantagenet, smiling: "for so stout an Earl, methinks that his heart is one of the softest. Nevertheless let us proceed towards the sally-port, that we may be ready when occasion calls for us."

The chieftains proceeded to descend the winding

staircase of the turret, which led towards the great yard of the castle. As they passed a chamber-door, which opened upon the staircase, they heard the voices of the Earl and the Page, and although the nice sense of honour of these knights and nobles would not allow them to pause and listen, yet they did not feel themselves bound to close their ears to the following dialogue; and their descent did certainly (although no doubt involuntarily) proceed rather more tardily than before.

"Nay, nay—'tis impossible!" said Ranulph. "It will be a needless exposure of yourself, and can answer no useful purpose. Doubt not but that I will humble the insolent Frenchman, and return to thee very shortly."

"But I will not, and must not, remain inactive here," replied the Page, "while you are exposed to so many dangers. I will be at your side to share the glory or the disasters of the day."

"'Tis a noble-hearted wench," said Plantagenet, "and yet a somewhat silly one. They talk now in so low a tone that I cannot catch a syllable. Yet hist! hist! the Earl's voice is again audible."

"If it must be so, then I call God to witness that it is contrary to my will and counsel; but if you go forth, you must not go unarmed; and yet these

tender limbs will scarcely support the habiliments of a warrior. I do remember though, that in my boyhood, when I played in mimicry that iron game, which since no one has followed in better earnest than myself, I had a slight and easy suit of mail constructed, which was adapted to my immature strength. Proceed with me then—myself will be your armourer."

In the mean time the French forces had been endeavouring to concentrate their strength before the castle; but the arrows of the besieged made such dreadful havoc in their ranks, that they were frequently obliged to retire. Stones and other missiles were hurled upon them from the walls of the castle, and one fell close to the feet of the Count de Perche, and killed a knight who was standing by his side.

"This cowardly dwarf!" he said; "he dares not meet us here. His chivalrous spirit will not venture out of those ribs of iron and stone in which it has encased itself. Ha! by St. Denis though! the castle gates fly open. Montjoie! Montjoie! on, warriors, to the fight."

The attack, however, of the Earl of Chester was so sudden and fierce, that the invaders were driven back a considerable distance before they could

recover from their surprise. They then rallied, and endeavoured, at first with considerable success, to drive back their assailants. The battle now raged with tremendous fury. The air was darkened by the flights of arrows; the two hosts alternately pressing forwards and retreating, swayed to and fro like the advancing and receding of the waves; and the din of battle, composed of the shouts of some, the groans of others, the clash of swords and armour, and the stentorian ejaculations of the adverse war-cries, "St. George!" and "St. Denis!" seemed like the exultation of some presiding fiend by whom the elements of anarchy and slaughter had been set in motion. The Earl of Chester seemed to be gifted with ubiquity; at one time he was in the midst of the hostile ranks, dealing forth desolation and carnage, and in an instant afterwards he was in some parts of his own army, where symptoms of weakness or disaffection had appeared, rallying them and inciting them once more to the attack. Now his spear tumbled the Earl of Lincoln from his steed, and his horse's hoofs were on the casque of the vanquished; and now he snatched the bugle from the herald's hand, and pealed the notes of courage and victory.

"By Heaven," said the Count de Perche, "this

man is a fiend incarnate; he rides through this hideous battle as lightly and unconcernedly as though he were justing at Windsor or Westminster, in honour of his lady fair; yet death is in his right hand, and his shield seems the Egis of Pallas. Who is yon stripling who rides by his side, as though the stature of the knight demanded an esquire of proportionate diminutiveness?"

"'Tis the page, my Lord," said a Norman knight, "of whom we have heard so much talk, and whose garments, it is said, are the only masculine part about him."

A dreadful cry of mingled triumph and despair now arose; and the Count de Perche saw the English division of his army, composed of the revolted Barons and their adherents, fleeing towards the city postern, and hotly pursued by Earl Ranulph and the Knight of Plantagenet.

"By St. Denis! all is lost," he said, "if we cannot rally those traitors. Ha!" he added, as another shout, louder and more unanimous than any which had preceded it rent the air, and he saw the assailants and the assailed join their forces, and bear down in one body upon him and the exhausted and reduced band of his own countrymen who surrounded him. "The apostates! the double

traitors! Frenchmen, one effort more for your own honour and that of your country. Shout, God and St. Denis! and set upon the foe."

"God and St. Denis!" shouted the chivalrous Frenchmen as they encountered the attack of a force now far superior to their own. The Count de Perche maintained his reputation for gallantry and strength; on no one did his battle-axe fall whom it did not cleave to the ground, and no one encountered his spear whom it did not send reeling from his saddle. At length, he perceived the Earl of Chester approaching him. The two warriors at first eyed each other silently and motionless for a moment, and then spurring on their horses, joined in the dreadful conflict. At the first encounter the spears of each shivered into a thousand atoms. The Count then lifted his battle-axe and directed a furious blow at Ranulph, but the latter received it on his shield with so much force and adroitness, that the weapon flew out of his assailant's hand. The Earl, perceiving the unequal terms to which his opponent was reduced, threw his own battle-axe from him, and then the Count, unsheathing his sword, followed his example. They then closed in a short but deadly struggle. The Frenchman directed a blow at Ranulph which cleaved his shield

in two and wounded him in the arm; when the latter rising in his saddle, and striking him on the head with his sword, the weapon cut through his helmet, and entering his brain, the Count fell reeking with blood and lifeless to the earth.

The French, seeing their leader fallen, became panic-struck, and fled in all directions. The English with shouts of victory pursued them, and the carnage was immense. "On to the cathedral," said Earl Ranulph; "the Dauphin is there, and the effort of one minute may now terminate this disastrous war."

The victorious forces pressed forward to the cathedral just as Louis and the few adherents who remained there with him were endeavouring to force their passage out. Having beaten them back, and sent in some of the soldiery to disarm and secure them, Earl Ranulph and the principal knights and barons in his army dismounted, and entered the sacred edifice.

"My Lord Dauphin!" said the Earl, approaching the Prince, who was standing near the altar; "we now meet on somewhat different terms from those on which we met yestereen, and you will scarcely now imagine that I come to tender you my allegiance."

"The fortune of war, Earl of Chester," answered the Prince, "has made me your captive: and all that as a captive I have to hope for is, that having fallen into the hands of so renowned a warrior, he will not sully his fair fame by exercising any unnecessary rigours towards those whose misfortunes constitute his triumph."

"Your Highness and your Highness's friends," answered Ranulph, "are free and fetterless as the wind, upon one condition."

"Name it," said Louis doubtingly.

"Swear upon this holy altar, and in the presence of our Lady, whose church this is, and by the sacred relics upon this shrine, that you renounce all claim to the kingdom of England, and that you will speedily hasten out of this realm with all your followers; and that when you shall be King of France you will restore Normandy to the crown of England."

"All this I swear," said Louis; "and may God prosper me as I keep inviolate my oath."

"Amen! amen!" responded every voice in the cathedral.

"Then now, noble Lords of England, and valiant and chivalrous knights," said the Earl, "we have but one duty to perform, and that is, to proffer on the same holy shrine on which Prince Louis has sworn,

our humble duty and allegiance to King Henry, of that name the Third, our lawful King and Sovereign."

"Pardon me, my Lord of Chester," said William Longsword, Earl of Salisbury, one of the peers who had just deserted the French party; "we are not prepared to swear allegiance to a person who may not be in existence. Produce the young King, and on our knees we are ready to tender to him our homage."

"My Lord of Salisbury's returning loyalty," said Plantagenet, "seems to be growing cool again. The King is under the guardianship of the Earl of Pembroke, who no doubt has taken steps to provide for his safety, and will produce him when he knows that his loyal barons wish to behold their sovereign."

"Nay, nay," said Ranulph, smiling; "my Lord of Salisbury's objection is most reasonable, but I am prepared to obviate all his scruples. Approach, Sire, and receive the homage of your faithful subjects."

Thus saying, he led the page into the centre of the circle formed by the assembled barons, and unbarring his visor, the fair face, the blue eyes, and the long flaxen ringlets of young Henry were immediately recognized by all.

"God save King Henry!" said Earl Ranulph; and the exclamation was echoed by a thousand voices.

The young monarch was then led to the throne before the altar, which had but a short time before been occupied by Louis; and the Earl of Chester, delivering to him seizin of his inheritance by a white wand instead of a sceptre, did homage to him for his estates and titles, and his example was followed by the rest of the nobles present.*

* Dugdale. Hardyng.

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Edward the First.

EDWARD was crowned at Westminster August 19th, 1274, with his Queen Eleanor. He immediately sent commissioners into different parts of England to redress grievances and reform abuses, which gave the people a good opinion of his reign.

Two hundred-and-eighty Jews were hanged for clipping and coining, and a short time afterwards Edward ordered all the Jews to be seized and to be transported out of the kingdom. He also confiscated their effects.

1276. Edward went to war with the Welsh. Their Prince Llewellyn was slain in battle, and Wales was annexed to the English kingdom.

1291. John Baliol, Robert Bruce, and the other competitors, having agreed to refer their respective claims to the crown of Scotland, to the decision of Edward, the States of Scotland met on the 12th of May at Norham. Edward then desired them to acknowledge his sovereignty over Scotland, a proposition which astonished them so much that they were silent. He chose to construe that silence into an acknowledgment; and all the claimants having allowed his pretensions, every castle in the kingdom was delivered up to him.

1292. Edward declared Baliol King of Scotland, and delivered him up the fortresses on his doing homage and swearing fealty to him.

1293. Edward having forced Baliol by acts of despotism into rebellion, invaded Scotland.

1296. During this year all Scotland was subdued, its strong holds taken, and Baliol defeated near Dunbar, and sent prisoner to the Tower of London.

1298. The Scotch having revolted under the conduct of William Wallace, Edward marched an army to the North. The Earl of Warren also collected an army in England, and marched into Scotland, but was entirely defeated by Wallace at Cambuskenneth.

1305. Wallace was betrayed into Edward's hands, who sent him in chains to London, where he was executed on Tower-Hill as a rebel.

Robert Bruce raised forces to resist the English, and drove them entirely out of Scotland.

1307. Edward, while on his way to Scotland, at the head of a powerful army, died at Carlisle.

# The little Battle of Chalon.

"He played agayne both loud and shrille,
And Adler he did sing,
Oh! ladye, this is thy owne true love,
Noe harper——"

KING ESTMERE.

# The little Battle of Chalon.

It was a bright and balmy summer's night, and the moon was pouring a flood of the purest radiance on a landscape of unrivalled beauty. An ancient Gothic castle, embosomed in majestic woods, stood on the brow of a hill, at whose foot flowed the river Marne, glittering splendidly and tranquilly in the moonbeams. The river wound in many a shining link down the valley, and would have bounded the horizon, but that, on its opposite bank, in one dusky solid mass towered the battlements of the city of Chalon. Beyond the outward wall of the castle was a gay parterre, adorned with innumerable flowers of every hue and odour, and fenced in with wooden palisades, into which opened four wickets. At one of these wickets stood a person clad in the garb of a minstrel, with a harp slung about his waist; but as the night breeze stirred the green mantle which formed his outward garment, the coat of mail beneath it, which it was intended to conceal, glittered brightly in the moonbeams. Two horses, richly

caparisoned, were feeding at a short distance from him. He gazed often and anxiously towards the eastern turret of the castle, and at length began to exhibit signs of great anxiety and impatience.

"Perchance," he said, "she doubts whether I am true to my engagement. I will sing her favourite ditty to my harp, which will assure her that I am here; and should it be heard by any one else, it will be supposed that some wandering minstrel is greeting the lords of Marne with a lay as he passes by their venerable mansion."

This resolution was no sooner formed than executed. The harper struck his instrument, and with a voice of considerable power and sweetness sang the following serenade:—

Wake, lady, wake, the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June,
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream
Which in the brightness of their beam
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that 's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, lady, wake, the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale;

Now doth the brook that 's hush'd by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirr'd,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, lady, wake, thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment rich and rare,
To wrap thee from the cold night air;
The appointed hour is flown:
Danger and doubt have vanish'd quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thou alone.

Wake, lady, wake, I have a wreath
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, love, but thine;
I 've kept my plighted vow.
Beneath thy casement here I stand
To lead thee by thy own white hand
Far from this dull and captive strand:—
But where art thou?

Wake, lady, wake: she wakes, she wakes!
Through the green mead her course she takes;
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray;

Now mount thy palfrey, maiden kind,
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But swifter than the viewless wind,
Away, away!

The last stanza was improvised; for, just as the singer was concluding his song, a person in the habit of a page appeared at the wicket. The masculine attire, however, did not conceal the heaving bosom and the flowing ringlets of the seeming page, who sunk, exhausted with fear and anxiety, into the arms of the knight; he in the mean time warbled the concluding stanza of the serenade, and, suiting the action to the word, after tenderly embracing his companion, and assisting her to her saddle, he mounted his own, and both rode away rapidly in an opposite direction to that of the city of Chalon.

"Sweetest Adelaide," said the knight, "we must instantly proceed to the English camp. King Edward and his knights have, fortunately for us, declined the invitation of the Earl of Chalon to take up their quarters in the city, and preferred abiding in their tents; there thy habit will effectually conceal thee, and the gentle Adelaide shall for a short season wait upon her own true knight as his page, and that short service upon him will he afterwards repay with the service of a life devoted to her."

"Gallant Eustace," said the lady, "with thee by my side, I ought to feel assured of happiness and safety; dismal forebodings nevertheless weigh down my heart. Oh! for the hour when the billows of the sea shall roll between me and my treacherous guardian, and the hated being with whom he would have me wed."

"That hour, my sweetest," said the knight, "is near at hand. To-morrow is the third and last day of the tournament; and, on the next day, King Edward and his gallant knights, whose superior prowess on the two preceding days has won them no good-will in the minds of the Burgundians, will proceed on their way home to merry England; there, sweet Adelaide, the bride of Eustace de Mortimer, will be a welcome guest at the court of the gallant Edward and the good Queen Eleanor."

While the knight and the lady are pursuing their route to the English tents, we will take the opportunity of putting the reader in possession of some facts with which it is necessary that he should be acquainted. Eustace de Mortimer was a young and gallant Englishman, who was knighted on the field by King Henry the Third, after the battle of Evesham, for his services in contributing to that memorable victory; he afterwards accompanied Prince

Edward in his expedition to the Holy Land. The English forces passed through the city of Chalon on their way, where they were joined by a party of Burgundians under the command of the Lord of Marne, to whose daughter Adelaide, Eustace de Mortimer had been betrothed. The lovers took a tender leave of each other after they had exchanged protestations of constancy and fidelity, and after the Lord of Marne had commended his daughter to the guardianship and protection of his kinsman the Earl of Chalon.

Edward and his little band of English performed prodigies of valour in the Holy Land. His fame and valour, and the reputation of his great uncle, King Richard, struck terror into the hearts of the infidels. The withering influence of the climate, and the overwhelming superiority in the numbers of their enemies, nevertheless compelled the Crusaders to conclude a truce with the Sultan and to return to Europe. The Burgundians preceded the English on their return homewards, after having lost their leader, the Lord of Marne, who was slain at the siege of Joppa. Edward at the head of about five hundred followers, the wreck of the forces which he had led out of England, proceeded through Italy and France towards his native country. In

Sicily he received intelligence of the death of his father, King Henry the Third; and that the Barons had all taken the oath of fealty to him, and desired his immediate presence in England to take possession of the throne of his ancestors. As he passed through Burgundy, the Earl of Chalon requested his presence at a tournament which was to be made in the neighbourhood of that city, and even sent him a sort of challenge. Though a King of England might have honourably declined measuring swords with an Earl of Chalon, yet Edward, who had acquired a high character for valour and courtesy, accepted the challenge without a moment's hesitation. The English encamped in the neighbourhood, and a tournament which was to last for three days was proclaimed, to which, attracted by the celebrity of the principal person challenged, the most renowned knights flocked from all parts of Europe. Eustace de Mortimer took this opportunity of seeking out his betrothed bride, for the purpose of condoling with her on the death of her father, and of making arrangements for carrying her with him to England. He found, however, that the Earl of Chalon, who had been appointed guardian of her person and estates by her father, had grossly abused his trust. He had suffered his son, Rudolph de Chalon, to per-

secute her with his addresses, although she had, with her father's consent, been solemnly betrothed to the English knight; and on her refusing to consent to receive the addresses of Rudolph, he had shut her up in her own castle, which was on the banks of the Marne, at a distance of about three miles from the city, and seized her estates and converted the revenues to his own use. It was in vain that Eustace remonstrated with him, and insisted on obtaining an interview with his bride.

"Sir Knight," said the Earl, "if you really felt that affection for this unhappy maiden which you profess, you would cease from urging your suit at this moment. Her father's death has so wrought upon her young and ardent mind that she is bereft of reason, and seclusion and quietness are absolutely necessary to her restoration to a state of mental and bodily health. Proceed, Sir Knight, to England: and myself will, when the maiden is able to endure the journey, escort her thither, and be present as the representative of her father at your nuptials."

"My Lord," said Sir Eustace, shaking his head incredulously, "I fear that when King Edward and the five hundred good lances which follow him have turned their backs on the city of Chalon, Eus-

tace de Mortimer may wait for his bride till her auburn locks have grown grey, and her bright eyes are dimmed with age, and the hue of her cheek resembles more the grave-stone than the rose."

"Doubtest thou the plighted word of Chalon?" said the Earl, affecting displeasure and turning to go away.

Nay, my Lord!" said Eustace, intercepting him, "I doubt no longer; for I know that though that word was plighted to perform the will of her father, who affianced her to me, yet Rudolph de Chalon has been suffered to present himself to her as her suitor, and that the scorn with which she rejected him has been followed by the loss of her liberty."

"Young Sir," said the Earl, "you wear a more imperious brow and talk in a bolder tone than the Earl of Chalon is accustomed to confront or listen to."

Thus saying, the Earl abruptly left the apartment, in which he had granted an audience to the English knight. "Now, by St. George!" said Sir Eustace, when he found himself alone, "if this be Burgundian faith and honour, Heaven and this right hand alone can work out the deliverance of Adelaide. I must find means to gain admission to the castle: I must, I must speak to her. If I can-

not by stratagem procure her liberation, then must I invoke the aid of good King Edward to compel this perfidious Earl to perform the will of her father."

The day after this interview between Sir Eustace de Mortimer and the guardian of his bride, was the first day of the tournament. The lists were erected on the outside of the city of Chalon. Two splendid pavilions were erected for King Edward and the Earl, on one of which were emblazoned the arms of England, and on the other those of Chalon. Queen Eleanor of England and the Countess of Chalon jointly officiated as the fair presidents of the day's sport. The first day was devoted to encounters between individual knights on each side, and neither the King nor the Earl appeared in the lists on that day. In every encounter the English had the advantage so decidedly, that the Burgundians murmured openly, and did not hesitate to accuse their opponents of having made use of spells and enchantments in order to ensure the victory; although each knight had previously to entering the lists taken the usual oath administered by the heralds, that he had not resorted to any such practices. The most memorable combat this day, was that between Sir Eustace de Mortimer and Sir Rudolph de Chalon. When

these two knights entered the lists, they rode up to the place where the heralds were stationed and took the accustomed oaths. Sir Eustace then held out his hand to Sir Rudolph, in token that he combated not by reason of personal hostility, but for the pleasure of the ladies, and to perfect himself in martial exercises.

"Nay, proud Englishman," said Rudolph de Chalon, "I cannot accept thy courtesy, for there lives not the man whom I would more gladly see stretched upon his bier than thou. Thee, therefore, do I challenge, not to an idle feat of arms, but to peril life and limb against me for the hand of the Lady Adelaide of Marne." Thus saying, the Burgundian knight threw away from him the pointless sword which he held in his hand (agreeably to the regulations of the tournament, which prescribed that no sharp weapon should be used in the lists) and drew from his scabbard a sword which had been the terror of his enemies in many a well-fought field.

"Discourteous knight," said Sir Eustace, "I wished not to show thee any ill-will, although both the lady whom you have named and I have small cause to love you or any of your house. Neither need I peril life and limb for the possession of the hand of the Lady Adelaide, since that hand is mine

by her father's and her own sweet will. Nevertheless, Sir Rudolph de Chalon, do I accept thy challenge ; and now God defend the right."

Thus saying, the English knight also unsheathed his fatal weapon, and both combatants were about closing in a mortal conflict, when the herald rushed between them.

" Forbear, gallant knights," said he, " forbear! put up your sharp swords, or instantly leave the lists. Neither personal malice nor private quarrel must disturb the chivalrous sports of this day."

Both knights stood sternly gazing at each other, and both were evidently displeased at the interruption of the herald, for Sir Eustace de Mortimer had by this time become infected with the hostile spirit of his opponent. " If it must be so," said Rudolph, sheathing his sword slowly and reluctantly, " I will be content with the disgrace instead of the death of this presumptuous Englishman, who dares to aspire to the hand of the Lady Adelaide of Marne."

" I cannot war with words, Sir Rudolph," said Eustace, " and if I could, it would ill-become a knight who serves the gallant King Edward of England to emulate thee in thy discourteous speech. To achievement—to achievement!"

The knights then retreated in opposite directions to the extremities of the lists; their pages approached them, and again placed in their hands the pointless weapons which they had thrown aside; and then, at the sound of the trumpet, each rushed towards his adversary, and the combat was commenced.

The contest was long and doubtful; in skill, strength, and zeal, the competitors seemed to be equally endowed. At one time, Mortimer's horse stumbled, but Sir Eustace at that moment aimed so well-directed a blow at Sir Rudolph's helmet, that it bore him from his saddle, and both knights came to the ground together. They then continued the encounter, knee to knee and breast to breast; the tremendous blows which they directed at each other excited an admiration in the breasts of the spectators, which was only equalled by that caused by the swiftness and dexterity with which they interposed their shields and received those blows as they descended. At length Sir Rudolph's sword broke against the shield of his antagonist, and a shout of applause was rising from the assembled multitude, who thought the combat terminated, when, to the surprise of all, Sir Eustace threw away his own weapon, and once more stood on equal terms with the Burgundian. The combatants paused an in-

stant, and their eyes flashed fire through the steel bars of their visors; then extending their arms, each seized the other in his vigorous grasp. This portion of the struggle lasted a shorter time than was expected. Whether from superior skill and practice in the art of wrestling, or that he had not till then put forth his entire strength, Sir Eustace had scarcely clutched his opponent before he threw him to the ground, and placing his knee upon his breast, was hailed conqueror by the acclamations of thousands.

"Sir Knight," said the Countess of Chalon, to whom the task of placing the wreath of laurel on the brows of such English knights as proved victorious devolved, as did that of rewarding the triumphant Burgundians to the Queen of England: "wear this wreath which thou hast won so nobly; and although my kinsman has fallen beneath the power of thy arm, trust me, that no feelings towards thee but those of respect and admiration exist in the bosom of Maud of Chalon. Nor," she added, turning to the discomfited knight, "will my kinsman, who has lost neither fame nor honour in this encounter, refuse to meet with a friendly grasp the hand of the gallant Englishman."

"First shall my hand moulder in the grave!"

said the Burgundian. "I acknowledge him the victor this day. By what means his victory has been obtained, I leave those to judge who have witnessed the success which has attended his countrymen this day. Nevertheless, I defy the foul fiend! and if this knight will again encounter me on the morrow, I will prove to him that my defeat this day has been owing to accident, or to something worse, with which I will not charge him."

"The time will come, Rudolph de Chalon," said Mortimer, "when thy heart's blood shall pay for these foul aspersions. The combat which thou offerest for the morrow I might by the laws of chivalry decline, having already proved myself thy conqueror; nevertheless, will I waive the exemption which I might claim, and on the morrow will I encounter thee again, if thou darest."

"Then," said the Burgundian, smiling grimly, "give me thy hand, which I ere now refused; and know," he added, while he squeezed it in his iron grasp, "that friendship was never plighted with so much fervour and sincerity as I now press thy hand in token of my fixed and irrevocable hate."

Sir Eustace answered only by the vehemence with which he returned the hostile pressure of the Burgundian's hand; and then making a lowly obeisance to

the fair presidents of the tournament, both knights departed from the lists.

On that evening a minstrel presented himself at the gates of the Castle of Marne, and was, as the professors of that art usually were, readily admitted into the interior. The porter gazed earnestly at the visitor; for although he did not remember to have seen a minstrel with the features on which he then looked, yet was there something in those features which he thought was familiar to him.

"Adam," said the minstrel, "knowest thou me not?"

"The glance of that eye," said the old man, "breaks upon me like a light to which I have long been unaccustomed, and the sound of that voice is like long-lost but unforgotten music to my ear."

At that moment a bugle was heard sounding, and the minstrel, thrown off his guard, instinctively put himself in an attitude of defence, and darted his hand to his left side, as if to grasp a weapon, but no weapon was there.

"Ha!" said the porter, on whom a sudden light seemed to have broken; "I know thee now—Sir Eustace de Mortimer! Sir Knight, Sir Knight, thine ear must be beyond the blast of bugles and trumpets, and thine eye beyond the flash of sabres and spears, ere the exchange of a steel corslet for a robe of Ken-

dal green can hide thee from the glance either of friend or foe."

"But what meant that bugle note?" asked the knight.

"'Twas but the warder's salutation to my lady," answered the porter, "as she took her evening walk upon the battlement of the eastern turret."

"Thy lady!" said Eustace; "Adam, 'tis with thy lady I would speak."

"Nay, Sir Knight, not for the wealth of England may'st thou speak with her: I am strictly commanded by the Earl to forbid the admission of any one to her presence."

"But thy prohibition, good Adam," said the knight, "cannot extend to a wandering minstrel, who comes to lighten her sad heart with his songs, and especially when that minstrel, instead of craving alms from thee, has wherewith also to lighten the sadness of thy own heart, although, perchance, the remedy differs somewhat from that which he would prescribe to thy lady."

"Tut, tut, Sir Knight," said the porter, suffering the purse of gold which the other offered to sink unresisted into his pouch; "there needed not this; the love which I bore to the good lady's father, and which I still bear to her and to you, Sir Knight, had been enough to procure for you a short interview. Be-

sides, I am not such a churl as to refuse the petition of a minstrel, whom even the grim warrior on the field of blood will smile upon and listen to. If thou be'st not what thou seemest to be, gentle minstrel, Heaven pardon thee! Mine eyes are dim, and my memory fails me, so that I cannot detect thy knavery."

Thus saying, with a significant elevation of his finger he motioned the knight to follow him; and leading him along many a long corridor and winding staircase, which, as the passage through them was not distinguished by any incidents worth recording, we shall not minutely describe, they arrived upon the battlements of the eastern turret of the castle. The lady was sitting at the parapet, lost apparently in the contemplation of the surrounding scenery, which we have already attempted to describe. Her cheek was pale and evidently worn with sorrow and anxiety, but the knight looked on it in vain to discover any traces of that mental disease under which the Earl of Chalon had told him that his ward was suffering. He stole behind and approached so close to her, that her bright auburn tresses mingled with his own; but still she stirred not, spoke not, and was unconscious that any one was near her. At length the minstrel struck his harp and awoke a

low and gentle and scarcely audible strain, but it was one which effectually roused the lady from her trance.

"Ha!" she said, starting from her seat and rushing towards the knight, "what is't I hear—who is 't I see? Eustace, Eustace de Mortimer!"

She threw herself into her lover's arms. "Sweetest Adelaide," he said, "I come to rescue you from the captivity in which this dishonourable Earl has placed you; to claim you for my affianced bride; to lead you to liberty and peace in merry England."

"Alas!" said the lady, "how is my liberation to be effected? The Earl and Sir Rudolph are now here, and intend to pass the night here. Every avenue to the castle is narrowly watched; and even the arrival of a wandering minstrel, as thou seemest to be, is by this time known to every person within these walls."

"But on the morrow, Adelaide, the Earl and the Knight sup with the King of England in his tent, and pass the night in the city of Chalon. All their retainers will attend them, as well to add to their importance and dignity, as to be near the spot on which the sports of the succeeding day, which will be the last of the tournament, are to take place. The castle will then be left to the guardianship of

our friend Adam, and a few other domestics, who, at the hour of eight, will be regaling themselves in the buttery; then, should a minstrel sound his harp on the outside of the castle, and a page trip across the parterre to give him alms, wouldest thou, Adam, gaze too curiously on the features of the latter, to ascertain whether they were male or female?"

"My eyes are dim with age, Sir Knight," said the porter; "so that peradventure a cunning disguise would effectually deceive me."

"Would this disguise be cunning enough for that purpose?" said the false minstrel, opening his wallet, and displaying a pair of hose, a buff jerkin, and a cloak.

"There is enough there, Sir Eustace," said Adam, "to deceive a wiser and a younger man than I."

"Then, gentle Adelaide," said her lover; "tomorrow evening, at the hour of eight, disguised in these garments, meet me at the eastern wicket, where I will have two fleet steeds ready to carry us to the English tents; there thou mayest alike laugh at the tyranny of the Earl, and the importunity of Sir Rudolph."

"Doubt me not, beloved Eustace," said the lady. "And thou, Adam," said the knight, "doubt not

me, that if thou art faithful to thy old master's daughter and to me in this emergency, thou shalt not lack a costly reward. Farewell! sweet Adelaide! a sad, but neither a last nor a long farewell."

The knight bent his knee, the lady waved her kerchief; and then the former, following the guidance of Adam, retraced the steps by which he had approached, and his back was soon once more turned on the walls of the castle.

The next day, being the second of the tournament, was one of great and intense interest both to the Burgundians and the English; the former being anxious to retrieve the honours which they had lost, the latter to preserve and confirm those which they had acquired. The King of England and the Earl of Chalon both entered the lists this day. The martial appearance of the King excited universal admiration. He was then about thirty years of age. He was tall and remarkably well formed, except that his legs were somewhat disproportionately long, a circumstance which procured for him the popular appellation of Long-Shanks. His limbs were bony and muscular, but extraordinarily agile; and although he possessed almost herculean strength, his every movement was characterised by the utmost

ease and gracefulness. The tournament seemed to be indeed a mere sport to him. Every knight he encountered was unhorsed almost as soon as he lifted his weapon: and, while his antagonist fell to the ground exhausted and breathless, Edward rode on in search of a new opponent, apparently unconscious of any exertion or effort. The English knights in general, inspired by the example of their monarch, were with a very few exceptions uniformly successful. Sir Eustace de Mortimer again stretched Sir Rudolph Chalon breathless at his feet, while the lists rang with the acclamations of the admiring spectators. The Earl of Chalon alone adequately maintained the reputation of his country: he unhorsed several English knights in the course of the day, and maintained his own seat unmoved. The anxiety of the spectators was very great to see the King and the Earl engaged together, but it so happened that throughout the whole of the day these knights were engaged in different parts of the lists, and had no opportunity of encountering each other. Late in the day, however, the Earl was seen spurring his horse towards the spot on which the King stood with his lance in rest, awaiting his attack; but just as they were about to close in the combat, the bell tolled the hour at which it was ap-

pointed that the tournament should terminate, and then the stentorian voices of the heralds were heard shouting, "Fold up the banners!"

"Gallant Lord, "said the King, "I have marked your feats of arms to-day with wonder and delight, and am much grieved that I have not had an opportunity of measuring my strength with yours. To fall by your arm will be no disgrace, while to prove myself your victor will win me a wreath of which even Edward of England may be proud."

"Your Grace may have that satisfaction on the morrow," said the Earl proudly but courteously. The King waved his hand in testimony of his acceptance of the challenge, and retired to his tent amidst the sound of bugles and trumpets and the acclamations of the multitude.

That evening, in the English camp, was spent in entertainments and revelry, to which the Earl of Chalon and his knights were invited; while, as our readers are already aware, it was employed by Sir Eustace de Mortimer in putting into execution the stratagem which he had formed on the preceding day for the liberation of Adelaide. That stratagem having been executed without any obstruction, we shall proceed to narrate the events of the succeeding day.

This day was the only one of the three devoted to a tournament, strictly so called, the sports of the two preceding days having been what were more properly denominated justs. These two ancient amusements, in which our ancestors so much delighted, though often confounded with each other, differed materially. The tournament was a conflict with many knights divided into parties, and engaged at the same time. The just was a separate trial of skill, when one individual only was opposed to another. On the two former days each knight had singled out his opponent, but on the third the collective strength of the English and Burgundians were to be drawn out as it were in battle array against each other. The former headed by their King, and the latter by their Earl, appeared in the lists at an early hour of the morning; and no sooner did the heralds sound the signal to begin, than the charge was made with all the impetuosity, energy, and apparent hostility of a real combat. "St. George! St. Edward!" shouted the English. "St. George of Burgundy!" returned the Burgundians.—Again, however, had the latter the worst of the engagement; and as knight after knight of the Burgundian party was unhorsed and declared incapable of continuing the contest, did he mutter impreca-

tions on the diabolical spells to which he attributed his discomfiture. The hopes of this party, however, was the reliance which they placed on the prowess of their yet unconquered Earl. "Let the proud English monarch look to his laurels to-day!" was the often repeated exclamation of his knights as they saw their leader careering through the lists, and bearing every man from his saddle who opposed him. At length he rode full tilt against King Edward; with a yell of delight he threw away his sword, cast his arms about the neck of the monarch, and used his utmost endeavour to pull him from his horse. Edward, on the other hand, finding that the Earl would not quit his hold, put spurs to his horse and drew him from his saddle, hanging about his neck, and then shaking him violently threw him to the ground.*

The murmur of applause, which burst not only from the surrounding spectators, but also from the contending knights, at beholding this feat, was astounding. For a moment all seemed stupified with surprise and admiration; then a roar of indignation arose from the Burgundian ranks.

"Death!" said Rudolph de Chalon. "Gallants of France and Burgundy, will ye submit to this? are the laws of chivalry to be held inviolate by us,

* Walsingham.

when our opponents have invoked the foul fiend to their aid. Let others do as they list; but for me," he added, throwing away his pointless sword, "this bauble shall disgrace my hand no longer, but this," drawing another weapon from his girdle, "is an instrument on which he who bears it may rely."

Thus saying, and before the heralds could interpose their authority, he rushed into the English ranks, and singling out Sir Eustace de Mortimer, aimed so tremendous a blow at him that it cut through his helmet and made a deep incision on his head. Eustace, unprepared for an attack from a more formidable weapon than the pointless sword appointed to be used on the tournament, stood ready to receive the blow unresisted, and to return it when his opponent was thrown off his guard by the effort which he made. Rudolph's sword, however, had no sooner struck on his helmet than the unfortunate knight, uttering a deep groan, fell from his horse and sunk weltering in his blood to the ground. "Treason, treason!" shouted the English knights, and instantly a score of lances were planted in the bosom of Rudolph de Chalon. The engagement now became general. Each party saw one of their number stretched upon the earth, bathed in blood. The lists were broken through, the barriers over-

thrown, the heralds, and other official persons connected with the tournament, fled dismayed from their posts, and the shouts of no fictitious battle were mingled with the shrieks and wailings of females, the trampling of horses, and the groans of the wounded and the dying. How long this carnage might have lasted it is impossible to say, had not King Edward, at the head of about a dozen knights, rushed into the midst of the contending parties, commanded them to lay down their arms, and charged with his sword in hand alike English and Burgundians who seemed disposed to resist his authority. At length the slaughter and tumult terminated, and the combatants, with sullen and discontented looks, reluctantly retreated to their respective pavilions.

"By St. George! knights and esquires," said the King, "never till this day did I gaze upon gallant gentlemen, encountering either in the tournament or the field, with feelings of shame and anger. Who began this fray? I speak, I know, with the concurrence of my noble brother the Earl of Chalon, that whoever he may be, neither his rank nor his valour shall shield him from the punishment due to his demerits."

"He is beyond the reach of your Grace's dis-

pleasure," said an English knight; "having already paid the penalty of his foul treachery. Rudolph de Chalon lies lifeless in the lists."

"My son, my gallant boy!" said the Earl of Chalon; "who has dared to lay hands upon thee, the last hope of my house?"

"My Lord," said the same knight, "he drew his fate down on his own head. He treacherously assaulted and wounded Sir Eustace de Mortimer with a weapon forbidden to be used at the tournament."

The Earl hid his face in his hands, and the deep blush, which mantled even to his brow, seemed to be the mingled expression of shame and sorrow.

"Ha!" said King Edward, "the noble Mortimer!—I trust that no evil has befallen that gallant knight."

"Hither he comes, my Liege," said the knight, "to express, with his dying breath, his loyalty and devotion to your Grace."

Four knights now approached, bearing the bleeding and almost lifeless form of Mortimer stretched upon his shield. A page hung over him, leaning the dying man's head upon his breast, and bathing his face with his tears.

"Justice, my Liege," said Mortimer; "ven-

geance, justice, for injured innocence, and vengeance upon perjury and treason."

"Say on, say on, gallant Eustace," returned the King; "thou canst not ask that which I will refuse thee."

"Not for myself, great King, am I with my dying breath a humble petitioner to your face—my days are past and my moments are numbered; but behold," he added, pointing to the page, "the heiress of the Lord of Marne, your Grace's gallant companion in arms, who is defrauded of her father's heritage—aye, and of her affianced husband's life, by the treachery of the Earl of Chalon!"

"What! my Lord of Chalon," said the King, his eyes flashing fire, and his hand instinctively grasping his sword, "can this be true that I hear? But I wrong my gallant dying knight to doubt it."

"'Tis true, most true, great King," said the earl, falling at his feet. "But am I not sufficiently punished for my treachery? My son, for whom I committed this wrong, is numbered with the dead, and I am a man dishonoured and disgraced."

At that moment a dreadful shriek burst from Adelaide de Marne. "Ha! save him—save him!" she cried; "talk you of heritage and revenues at such a moment as this?"

All eyes were turned towards the shield on which Sir Eustace lay. His lips were quivering with the last breath that hung upon them—his cheeks wore that hue which is only succeeded by the corruption of mortality; and his lids fell over his eyes only to unclose once more, and exhibit that chill glassy glare which startles us from gazing upon the relics even of the most beloved.

"Alas! said the King, "our utmost care will avail the brave knight nothing, but look to the Lady Adelaide."

The unfortunate maiden had sunk in a state of insensibility upon the lifeless body of her lover. Every effort was made to restore her, and at length with success, but a success which was merely temporary: she again unclosed her eyes for a moment, gazed first on the breathless form of Eustace, then on the Earl; hid her face in her hands, while a shudder ran through her whole frame; heaved one long sigh, and then her spirit fled for ever.

Such was the fearful catastrophe of the memorable tournament of Chalon. Several knights were slain on both sides, and scarcely one escaped without having been severely wounded. The King, eager alike to reach his dominions and to flee from a spot associated with so many painful recollections, hast-

ened to England; and the Earl, fatherless, dishonoured, and broken in spirit, shut himself up in a secluded castle in a remote part of Burgundy. The events of that day caused the tournament, which was intended to have been merely an exhibition of martial but innocent sports, to be called "*the Little Battle of Chalon.*"

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Edward the Second.

1307. EDWARD THE SECOND's first act of power was to recal his favourite Gaveston, whom his father had banished the kingdom. He heaped unceasing favours upon him, and gave the sole management of the government to him, though a foreigner. The nobility of England were much disgusted by this appointment.

1308. Edward married Isabella, daughter of Philip the Fair, King of France. The Barons obliged him to banish Gaveston.

1310. Gaveston was sent out of the kingdom, not as a banished man, but as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was soon recalled by Edward. Gaveston, venting his pride and insolence, not only on the Barons but the Queen, the nobility, headed by the Earl of Lancaster, took up arms.

1312. Gaveston was made prisoner by the Earls of Pembroke and Warren, at Scarborough. He was afterwards beheaded on Blacklow Hill, near Warwick. The King and the Barons were afterwards reconciled to each other.

1314. Edward was defeated by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn, and Scotland again rendered independent of England.

1319. The Barons again took arms, owing to the King having attached himself to the Spensers, two new favourites. They were banished the kingdom, the King not being able to protect them; but soon afterwards, on obtaining some successes against the Barons, he recalled them.

1322. The Earl of Lancaster was beheaded at Pomfret Castle, and many others of his party were put to death.

1324. The King of France having seized on Guienne, Queen Isabella went over to France to her brother, where she met with many of the Lancastrian faction, and amongst them with Roger Mortimer, who by his person and address soon gained her affections. She entered ardently into all Mortimer's conspiracies against her husband. It was secretly determined to get Prince Edward into their power, for which reason the King was persuaded to resign Guienne to his son. The Prince was sent over to do homage to Charles, and Isabella entered into a treaty with the Earl of 'Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa she contracted her son.

1326. Isabella landed on the coast of Suffolk with a numerous army, and was immediately joined by vast numbers of the common people, and many of the principal nobility.

Edward was pursued to Bristol, and thence fled into Wales. The elder Spenser was taken prisoner by the Queen's army, and hanged, and his head sent to Winchester.

The King, disappointed in Wales, took shipping for Ireland, but was driven back by contrary winds. He then endeavoured to conceal himself in the mountains, but was soon discovered, and put under the charge of the Earl of Leicester. Young Spenser was afterwards taken and hanged without any trial at Hereford. The King was sent to Kenilworth Castle.

1327. Isabella called a Parliament, in which the King was formally deposed, and in a few days, was obliged by menaces to sign a resignation; but everybody now beginning to abhor the Queen for her barbarity to her husband, and infamous conduct with Mortimer, she found that things could not remain quiet whilst the King was alive, and discovering that the Earl of Leicester (at this time Lancaster) pitied and was kind to him, Edward was removed to Berkeley Castle under the charge of Mautravers and Gournay, who put him to death in a barbarous manner, on the 21st of September.

# The Spectre's Voyage.

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" I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That will not let me stay."

# The Spectre's Voyage.

THERE is a part of the river Wye, between the city of Hereford and the town of Ross, which was known for more than two centuries by the appellation of "the Spectre's Voyage;" and across which, as long as it retained that appellation, neither entreaty nor remuneration would induce any boatman to convey passengers after a certain hour of the night. The superstitious notions current among the lower orders were, that at about the hour of eight on every evening, a female was seen in a small vessel sailing from Hereford to Northbrigg, a little village then distant about three miles from the city, of which not even the site is now discernible; that the vessel sailed with the utmost rapidity in a dead calm and even against the wind; that to encounter it was fatal; that the voyager landed from it on the eastern bank of the river a little beyond the village; that she remained some time on shore, making the most fearful lamentations; that she then re-entered the vessel, and sailed back in the same manner, and that both boat and passenger vanished in a sudden manner as they

arrived at a certain part of the river, where the current is remarkably strong, within about half a mile of the city of Hereford.

This singular tradition, like most stories of a similar character, was not without a foundation in truth, as the reader will perceive who takes the trouble to peruse the following narrative.

In the turbulent reign of Edward the Second, when the whole of England was one theatre of lawless violence; when might was constantly triumphant over right, and princes and soldiers only respected the very intelligible, if not very equitable principle,

> "That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can;"

the city of Hereford was distingnished by the zeal and patriotism of its citizens, and by the unshrinking firmness with which they adhered to the cause of Queen Isabella and the young prince her son, afterwards the renowned King Edward the Third, in opposition to the weak and ill-fated monarch who then wore the crown, and his detested favourites the Spensers, father and son. Sir Hugh Spenser the younger, was a man of unquestionable talents, and possessed virtues which, during a period of less violence and personal animosity, might have proved

honourable to himself, and useful to his country. The nobles, however, hated him for his obscure birth and his devotion to the service of his prince, who, however imbecile and unworthy of his high station, was nevertheless unstained by any flagitious crime, and was possessed of a kind and generous heart, and was especially endeared to Spenser, on account of the wealth and honours which he had prodigally lavished upon his family and himself. The discontents of the Queen and the Barons were not vented in fruitless complaints or idle menaces. They flew to arms. The King of France, the Queen's brother, assisted them with men and money; the Count of Hainault, to whose daughter Philippa, the young prince had been contracted, did the same. The King was driven from London, and forced with the elder Spenser, whom he had created Earl of Winchester, to take refuge in Bristol. Being hotly pursued to this city by the Earl of Kent and the Count of Hainault, at the head of a formidable army, he was obliged to flee into Wales, leaving the elder Spenser governor of the castle of Bristol. This fortress was immediately besieged, and speedily taken, as the garrison mutinied against their governor, and delivered him into the hands of his enemies. This venerable noble, who had

nearly reached his ninetieth year, was instantly, without trial, or witness, or accusation, or answer, condemned to death by the rebellious Barons: he was hanged on a gibbet; his body was cut in pieces and thrown to the dogs; and his head was sent to Winchester, the place whence he derived his title, and was there set on a pole, and exposed to the insults of the populace.

When the news of this catastrophe reached the younger Spenser, he was at the head of a fine army, which had sat down before the city of Hereford, for the purpose of reducing it to obedience to King Edward. The formidable force which he commanded, had struck terror into the hearts of the citizens, so that notwithstanding their attachment to Queen Isabella, and their detestation of Spenser, they had shown symptoms of their willingness to yield to the latter upon reasonable terms; and he, desirous of obtaining possession of the city without any unnecessary effusion of blood, had granted a truce of a week's duration, to give them time to decide upon what conditions they would open their gates to him. The disastrous intelligence which he received from Bristol, however, made him doubtful whether he should hold inviolate the truce which he had granted to the besieged. He did not doubt but

that the Earl of Kent and his troops, flushed with conquest, would hasten to his destruction, and to the relief of Hereford, and that unless he could possess himself of the city and castle, and by shutting himself up in the latter be enabled to bid defiance to his enemies, the fate of his father must inevitably be his own.

The favourite recreation of the inhabitants of Hereford was then, as it is now, to make excursions either alone, or in parties upon their beautiful river. This amusement had become so much a custom with them, that the most timid females were not afraid to venture alone and at night in a small skiff, with which almost every family of respectability was provided; and on a bright moonlight night, the bosom of the river was beautifully diversified by the white sails glittering in the moonbeams, while sweet female voices would be heard warbling some popular melodies, the subjects of which were usually the praises of Prince Edward, or execrations of Spenser and those who had corrupted the King. It was on such a night, that the incident with which our narrative commences occurred. The moon was riding in an unclouded sky—unclouded except by those light fleecy vapours which hovered round the form of the queen of night, increasing rather than dimi-

nishing her beauty. The river seemed one sheet of silver, and numerous little vessels passing and repassing, gave it a delightfully animated appearance. In one, which seemed to be venturing nearer to the camp of the enemy than the others, might be seen a light and delicate female form, and on the shore which she was approaching, a little above the village of Northbrigg, stood a soldier, whose accoutrements bespoke him to belong to the army of Sir Hugh Spenser.

The lady landed, and the soldier hastened to meet her. "Dearest Isabel," he said, "blessings upon thy generous trusting heart, for this sweet meeting! I have much to tell thee, but that my tongue dares not utter all with which my mind is stored; and if it dared, it is not on such a night as this, so bright, so beautiful, that tidings dark as mine should be communicated." Isabel, who had laid her head upon his breast when they met, started from him, and gazed with the utmost terror and surprise at the unwonted gloom which darkened his countenance.

"Walter, what means this? Come you to break the trusting heart which beats for you alone? Come you to cancel your vows—to say that we must part for ever? Oh! better had you left me to the

mercy of the wave, when its work of death was half achieved, if you reserved me only for the misery which waits upon a broken heart, and blighted and betrayed affections?"

"Sweet, dry these tears!" replied the soldier; "while I have life I am thine. I come to warn thee of sure but unseen danger. The walls of Hereford are strong, and the arms and hearts of her citizens firm and trusty; but her hour is come, and the path of the destroyer, although secret, is like the stream which hides itself for a time beneath the earth only to spring forth more strongly and irresistibly than ever."

"Thy words are dark and dreadful; but I do not know of any cause for fear, or of any means of avoiding it, if it exists."

"Fly with me, fly!—with thy heart and hand reward my love, and think no more of those grim walls, and sullen citizens, with souls as iron as their beavers, and hearts as cold as the waters of their river."

"Oh! no, no, no! my father's head is grey, and but for me alone all his affections, all his hopes are buried in my mother's grave. He hates thee and thy cause. When I told him a stranger had rescued his daughter from the wave, he raised his hands to

heaven and blessed him. I told him that that stranger was a follower of the Spensers', he checked his unfinished benediction and cursed him. But if he knew thee, Walter, thy noble heart, thy constant love, methinks that time and entreaty would make him listen to his daughter's prayer."

"Alas! my Isabel, entreaty would be vain, and time is already flapping his wings, loaded with inevitable ruin, over yon devoted city and its inhabitants. Thy father shall be safe—trust that to me; and trust me, too, that what I promise I can perform. But thou, my loved one, thou must not look upon the horrid face of war: and though my power extends to save thy father from injury, it would be easier to save the wall-flowers on the ramparts of the city from the foot of the invader, than one so fair, so feeble, from his violence and lust."

"Whoe'er thou art," she said, "there is a spell upon my heart which love and gratitude have twined, and which makes it thine for ever; but sooner would I lock my hand with that of the savage Spenser himself, when reeking with the best blood of Hereford's citizens, than leave my father's side when his grey hairs are in danger, and my native

city, when treachery is in her streets and outrage is approaching her walls."

These words were uttered with an animation and vehemence so unusual to her, that Walter stood for a moment transfixed with wonder: and before he recovered his self-possession, Isabel, with the velocity of lightning, had regained her skiff and was sailing before the wind to Hereford. "Curse on my amorous folly!" he exclaimed, "that, for a pair of pale cheeks and sparkling eyes, has perhaps ruined a better concerted stratagem than ever entered the brain of the Grecian Sinon. I must away, or the false girl will wake the slumbering citizens to their defence before the deed is done: and yet, must I devote her to the foul grasp of ruffian violence? No, no! my power is equal to save or to destroy." As he uttered these words he rapidly ascended the rocks which skirted that part of the banks of the river on which he stood, and was soon lost among the wild woods that crowned their summit.

We shall not enter into any detailed account of the events of that night. The royalists, by means of an unexpected attack during the truce, and aided by internal treachery, hoped to make themselves

masters of the city of Hereford. The citizens, however, had by some unknown means obtained intelligence of the designs of the enemy, and were prepared to repel their attacks. Every street was lined with soldiers, and a band of the bravest and most determined, under the command of Eustace Chandos, (Isabel's father,) manned the city walls. The struggle was short but sanguinary—the invaders were beaten back at every point, their best troops were left dead in the trenches, and above two hundred prisoners (among whom was Sir Hugh Spenser himself) fell into the hands of the citizens. The successful party set no bounds either to their exultation or their revenge. The rejoicings were continued for three successive days; the neighbouring country was ravaged without cessation and without remorse; and all the prisoners were ordered, by a message to that effect received from Queen Isabella, to be treated as felons, and hanged in the most public places in the city. This decree was rigorously and unrelentingly executed. The royalist soldiers, without any distinction as to rank or character, suffered the ignominious punishment to which they were condemned, and the streets of Hereford were blocked up by gibbets, which the

most timid and merciful of its inhabitants gazed upon with satisfaction and triumph.

Sir Hugh Spenser, both on account of his rank and of the peculiar degree of hatred with which each bosom beat against him, was reserved to be the last victim. On the day of his execution the streets were lined with spectators, and the principal families in the city occupied stations round the scaffold. So great was the universal joy at having their enemy in their power, that even the wives and daughters of the most distinguished citizens were anxious to view the punishment inflicted upon him whom they considered the grand cause of all the national evils. Isabel was not of this number; but her father sternly compelled her to be a witness of the dismal scene. The hour of noon was fast approaching, and the bell of the cathedral heavily and solemnly tolled the knell of the unfortunate Spenser. The fatal cavalcade approached the place of execution. A stern and solemn triumph gleamed in the eyes of the soldiers as they trod by the side of the victim; but most of the spectators, especially the females, were melted into tears when they beheld the fine manly form of the prisoner, which seemed better fitted to adorn the royal levee, or a

lady's bower, than for the melancholy fate to which he was about to be consigned. His head was bare, and his light flaxen hair fell in a rich profusion of locks down his shoulders, but left unshaded his finely-proportioned and sunburnt features. He wore the uniform of the royal army, and a star on his breast indicated his rank, while he held in his hand a small ivory cross, which he frequently and fervently kissed. His deportment was firm and contemptuous, and, as he looked on the formal and frequently grotesque figures of his guards, his features even assumed an expression of risibility. The sight of the gibbet, however, which was raised fifty feet high, seemed to appal him, for he had not been apprized of the ignominious nature of his punishment. "And is this," he said, as he scornfully dashed away a tear which had gathered in his eye, "ye rebellious dogs, is this the death to which you doom the heir of Winchester?" A stern and bitter smile played on the lips of his guards, but they remained silent. "Oh God!" he continued, "in the field, or on the wave, or on the block, which has reeked so often with the bravest and noblest blood, I could have died smiling; but this——" His emotion seemed increasing, but with a violent effort he suppressed every outward sign of it;

for the visible satisfaction which gleamed on the dark faces around him, at the state of weakness to which they had reduced the proud heart of their foe, was more galling to his soul than the shameful death to which he was devoted.

By the time he reached the place of execution his face had resumed its calm and scornful air, and he sprang upon the scaffold with apparently unconcerned alacrity. At the same moment a dreadful shriek issued from that part of the surrounding booths in which the family of Chandos sat; and in another instant a female, deadly pale, and with her hair and dress disordered, had darted on to the scaffold, and clasped the prisoner in her arms.

"Walter!" she cried, "Walter! can it be thou? oh! they dare not take thy life; thou bravest, best of men! Avaunt, ye bloodthirsty brood! ye cannot tear me from him. No! till my arms grow cold in death I'll clasp him thus, and defy the world to sever us!"

"Oh! Isabel!" he said, "it is too much; my soul can bear no more. I hoped thy eyes had been spared this sight—but the cold tyrants have decreed it thus: oh! leave me, leave me!—it is in vain—unmannered ruffians, spare her!" While he spoke, the soldiers forcibly tore her from him, and were

dragging her through the crowd.—"My father! save him! he saved thy child.—Walter! supplicate him—he is kind." She turned her eyes to the scaffold as she uttered these words, and beheld the form of Spenser writhing in the air, and convulsed with the last mortal agony. A fearful shriek burst from her heart, and she sank senseless in the arms of those who bore her.

Isabel survived this event more than a twelvemonth; but her reason had fled and her health was so shattered that final recovery was hopeless. She took scarcely any food, refused all intercourse with her former friends, and even with her father, and would sit silent and motionless for days together. One thing only soothed her mind, or afforded her any gratification; and this, as she was an experienced navigator of the river, her friends indulged her in—to sail from the city of Hereford to that spot on which she used to meet her lover. This she did constantly every evening; but when she landed, and had waited a short time, her shrieks and cries were pitiable. This practice one evening proved fatal. Instead of steering to the usual landing-place, a little above the city, she entered a part of the river where the current is unusually strong. The rapidity of its waves mastered and overturned the

frail bark in which she sailed, and the unfortunate Isabel sank to rise no more!

The tragic nature of these events made an impression on the popular mind which two centuries did not efface. The spirit of Isabel was still said to sail every night from Hereford to Northbrigg, to meet her lover; and the beach across the river which this unearthly traveller pursued, was long distinguished by the name of "the Spectre's Voyage."

# HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

## Edward the Third.

1327. EDWARD THE THIRD was crowned when only fifteen years of age. A Regency was appointed, but the Queen-mother and Mortimer engrossed the government to themselves.

Edward married Philippa of Hainault.

1328. Mortimer concluded a peace with the Scots. David, Robert Bruce's son, was married to Joanna, Edward's sister. Every claim that England had on Scotland was relinquished.

1330. On the death of Charles, King of France, without sons, Edward laid claim to the crown, in right of Isabella, his mother, but the Peers of France adjudged it to Philip of Valois.

1331. The conduct of the Queen-mother and the Earl of March becoming notoriously infamous, the former was sent prisoner to Castle Rising, in Norfolk, and the latter hanged. Queen Philippa was delivered of a son, afterwards known as Edward the Black Prince. Edward, disapproving of the peace made by Mortimer with Scotland, supported the claims of Baliol to the throne of that kingdom, entered Scotland with an army, defeated the Bruce party at Halidon, and having possessed himself of several of the strongest fortresses in the kingdom, received the oath of fealty from Baliol.

1334. The Scots nobles revolted against Baliol, returned to their allegiance to Bruce, and expelled almost all the English from the kingdom.

1344. The battle of Cressy was fought, in which Edward totally defeated the French King, and the young Prince of Wales gained great glory.

1346. The Scots were defeated by Queen Philippa at Neville's Cross, and their king, David Bruce, made prisoner.

1354. John, King of France, was defeated, and made prisoner at the battle of Poictiers, by the Black Prince.

1359. A peace was concluded between England and France, by which nearly as much French territory was ceded to the former as she had anciently possessed, and King John was set at liberty.

1361. The Prince of Wales married his cousin, Joanna of Kent.

1363. The Prince of Wales, being created by his father Prince of Aquitaine, kept his Court at Bourdeaux.

1366. The Prince of Wales, carrying a numerous army into Spain, gained the battle of Najara, and restored the deposed King of Castile, Pedro, to the throne.

1369 to 1376. Edward having grown old and infirm, and the Prince of Wales being dangerously ill, Charles, King of France, took advantage of the incompetency of the generals to whom the affairs of the English in France were entrusted, to recover almost all the provinces which had been ceded to Edward. The Prince of Wales died in 1376.

1377. King Edward the Third died.

# The Chaplet of Pearls.

"He was a king indeed!
For wisdom not a statesman in his realm
Could mate with him: for valour, the right hand
E'en of his stoutest warriors never dealt
Blows like his own; yet was the king withal
Courteous and gracious to the knights who fell
Beneath his weighty arm, like the south wind,
Which when it breathes upon the summer flowers,
Lays their heads low and kisses them."

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

# The Chaplet of Pearls.

Sir Emeric de Pavia, a valiant Lombard, whom King Edward the Third had made Governor of Calais, was walking moodily on the ramparts of that town: his step was hurried and impatient. He often raised his hand and passed it rapidly across his brow, as if he would by that act wipe away some torturing recollection from his brain. Sometimes he stamped furiously on the ground, and at others sat down on the battlements; and while he leaned his head on his clenched hands, the sweat poured from his brow and his whole frame shook convulsively. At times he looked towards the sun, which had nearly attained his meridian height and was gilding the broad expanse of ocean, the town and castle of Calais, and the distant plains of Picardy with the full effulgence of his beams. At others he stretched his eye across the Channel, and looked wistfully, yet fearfully, towards the white cliffs of Dover. So entirely absorbed in his own reflections was the Governor, that

he did not observe a person near him wrapped in a long black cloak, who seemed narrowly to watch his motions. The stranger's face was enveloped in his cloak. At first he seemed to avoid coming in contact with Sir Emeric; afterwards, however, he crossed his path repeatedly, evidently intending but not being able to attract his notice. At length, during one of the most violent of Sir Emeric's paroxysms, the stranger approached him, and, tapping him on the shoulder, said in a low but distinct tone of voice, "Then the tale that was told to me is true."

"Ha!" said the Governor, starting and grasping his sword, "who and what art thou? What is the tale that has been told thee?"

"That Sir Emeric de Pavia is a traitor!" said the stranger.

"Dastard and liar!" said the Governor: "who and what, I say again, art thou that darest to call Emeric of Pavia a traitor?"

"Behold!" said the stranger, flinging back his mantle and exhibiting the fine majestic features of a man about thirty-five years of age, which were well known to Sir Emeric. The latter fell on his knees, and in a suppliant tone exclaimed, "Guilty, my most gracious liege, guilty; pardon, pardon!"

"Emeric," said King Edward, for it was he, "thou knowest that I have entrusted to thee what I hold dearest in this world, after my wife and children,—I mean the town and castle of Calais, which thou hast sold to the French, and for which thou deservest death."

"Ah! gentle King, have mercy on me!" said the Governor; "all that you have charged me with is true, most true; but there is yet time to break the disgraceful bargain. I have not yet received one penny of the filthy lucre for which I agreed to deliver this town and castle to your Grace's enemies."

"Emeric," said the King, raising him from his suppliant posture, "I have loved thee well, and even from a child have loaded thee with marks of my favour. Your plot, well and secretly contrived as it was, could not be kept hidden from me. I had certain intelligence of it a month ago. News was then brought to me at Westminster, that thou hadst sold this place to Sir Geoffrey de Charni for twenty thousand crowns, and that this day he is to proceed from St. Omers with his forces, and arrive here at midnight, for the purpose of receiving possession from thee. Was my information true or false?"

"It was most true, my liege," said Emeric, again attempting to throw himself at the King's feet.

"Listen to me," said the King, preventing him: "it is my wish that you continue on this treaty. When Sir Geoffrey's forces arrive, lead them to the great tower; and on this condition I promise you my pardon. I have just arrived from England with three hundred men-at-arms, and six hundred archers; but have arrived so privily, that no one but thou knowest that I am here. The Prince of Wales and Sir Walter Manny are with me. Go with me, that I may give you directions for placing the men in ambuscade in the rooms and the towers of the castle. Sir Walter Manny shall conduct this enterprise; and my son and I, who would at present remain unknown, will fight under his banner."

Again did the repentant Governor throw himself at the feet of his sovereign, and again did the latter raise him from his suppliant posture, and assure him of his pardon, and of his entire oblivion of the intended treason, if he remained faithful to him at the present crisis.

Sir Geoffrey de Charni, accompanied by the Lord of Namur, the Lord de Crequi, Sir Odoart de Reny, and numerous others of the most distinguished among the French lords and knights, arrived from St. Omers, with all the forces he could collect, crossed the bridge of Neuillet, and sat down about

midnight before that gate of the castle of Calais which is called the gate of Boulogne. Here he halted, to give time for his rear to come up, and here he found Sir Emeric de Pavia anxiously awaiting his arrival.

"My gallant Lombard," said Sir Geoffrey, "is all well, and are you ready to deliver up possession of the castle?"

"All is well, Sir Knight," said the Lombard, "and the castle is yours on payment of the twenty thousand crowns."

"Then Sir Odoart de Reny," said Sir Geoffrey, addressing that knight, who stood by his side, "take with you twelve knights and one hundred men-at-arms, and possess yourself of the castle. That once in our power, we shall soon be masters of the town, considering what strength we have with us—that strength, should it be necessary, may be doubled in a few days. Myself will remain with the rest of the army here in silence; for I mean to enter the town by one of the gates, or not at all."

Thus saying, he delivered to Sir Odoart the twenty thousand crowns in a bag, with instructions that he should give them to the Lombard as soon as the French forces had crossed the drawbridge.

"Thou art a very knave, Sir Emeric," said Sir

Odoart to the Governor, as they rode together towards the drawbridge, "to turn recreant to so gallant and chivalrous a king as thine. Thou hast earned the crowns doubtless, but Heaven save me from entitling myself in the like manner to such a booty."

"Thou art marvellously honest on a sudden," said the Lombard; "but to a plain man's apprehension there seems to be no such wondrous difference between the tempter and the tempted, the briber and the bribed, especially when the former is breaking a solemn truce, as should entitle him to plume himself on his superiority to the latter."

"Lead on, lead on, Sir Emeric," said his companion, "we are e'en haggards, and thou art but a coystril; so as thou sayest we need not quarrel as to which soars highest."

At a sign from the Lombard the drawbridge was let down and one of the gates of the castle opened. Sir Odoart, having entered with his detachment, placed the bag in Sir Emeric's hands, saying, "The twenty thousand crowns are, I believe, all there. I have not time to count them, for it will be daylight presently."

Sir Emeric, taking the bag from his hand, flung it into a room, the door of which he locked.

"Now, Sir Odoart," he said, "follow me, and I will conduct you to the great tower, that you may sooner possess yourself of the castle. Behold it there!" he added, pointing to a door before them. "Push back the bolts and enter." Thus saying, he disappeared. Sir Odoart and the French advanced: the bolts gave way at their touch, and the door of the great tower flew open.

At that moment, a cry of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" rang in their ears, and above three hundred men, armed with swords and battle-axes, rushed upon Sir Odoart and his little band. They seemed to be commanded by a knight in green armour, who advanced before them. "What!" said he to Sir Odoart, who, seeing the impossibility of resisting so disproportionate a force, had given up his sword to him, while his followers imitated his example, "do these Frenchmen think to conquer the castle of Calais with such a handful of men?"

"Sir Knight," said Odoart, "that double villain, the Lombard, has betrayed us, or the standard of King Philip of France had floated on the towers of this castle ere now."

"The standard of King Edward," said the Green Knight, "King of France and England, floats there now, and ill betide the hand that shall attempt to

pluck it down. But let us onward to the gate leading to Boulogne:—guard well the prisoners. Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" Thus saying, the captives were shut in the tower, and the English, mounting their horses, made for the gate of Boulogne.

In the mean time Sir Geoffrey, with his banners displayed, and surrounded by his forces, was awaiting at the Boulogne gate, with some impatience, the return of messengers from the castle. "If this Lombard," he said to the knights who stood next him, "delays opening the gate, we shall all die of cold."

"In God's name," replied the knight, "these Lombards are a malicious sort of people; perhaps he is examining your florins, lest there should be any false ones, and to see if they be right in number."

The day was now breaking, and the gate of the castle was distinctly visible to those outside, when on a sudden it burst open, and, amidst deafening shouts of "Manny, Manny, to the rescue!" a numerous troop of armed warriors, well mounted, galloped towards the French forces. The Green Knight led them on, preceded by the banner of Sir Walter Manny; and numerous other banners, such

as the Earl of Suffolk's, the Lord Stafford's, and the Lord Berkeley's, were seen among the English troops. "Betrayed! betrayed!" said Sir Geoffrey de Charni to those who stood about him. "Gentlemen, if we fly we shall lose all; it will be more advantageous for us to fight valiantly, in the hope that the day may be ours."

"By St. George!" said the Green Knight, who had approached near enough to hear de Charni's words, "you speak truth—evil befal him who thinks of flying!" then, retreating a little, the English dismounted from their horses, and advancing on foot, for the most part armed with battle-axes, they attacked the enemy.

The battle was short, but desperate and sanguinary. The English, incensed at the treachery of the French, and the latter infuriated at the unexpected opposition which they encountered, vied with each other in the fury and zeal with which they contested the victory. Six banners and three hundred archers left the main body of the English army, and made for the bridge of Neuillet, where they found the Lord Moreau de Fiennes, and the Lord de Crequi, who guarded it. The cross-bowmen of St. Omer and Aire were also posted between the bridge and Calais, and met a furious assault

from their enemies. They were immediately discomfited and pursued to the river, where more than six hundred of them were drowned. The knights of Picardy for a long time maintained their post against very superior numbers; but reinforcements still pouring in to the English from the town, the French were at length obliged to surrender, or seek their safety in flight.

The Green Knight performed prodigies of valour. He was frequently seen surrounded by the enemy, but hewing his way through them with his battle-axe. Sir Geoffrey de Charni, Sir Henry du Bois, and Sir John de Landes, were all made prisoners by him; and scarcely had one knight surrendered to him, before he was seen attacking another or defending himself from the assault of numbers. He had many times, during the engagement, attempted to come in contact with a French knight, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, whose extraordinary prowess struck as much terror among the English as that of the Green Knight's did in the opposite ranks; they were scarcely able ever to exchange a blow, before two large bodies meeting where they were fighting, compelled them to break off the engagement. At length, however, the Green Knight and his opponent met without the intervention of any obstacle. The conflict around them was suspended, as if by

the mutual consent of the combatants, and the two armies stood by and gazed at the contention between their respective champions. Twice did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont fell the Green Knight to the ground; but he rose, like another Antæus, from his fall each time, apparently with renewed strength and vigour. Their battle-axes were struck from each other's hands; their spears, which were then resorted to, shivered into a thousand splinters; their swords were the only weapons left to them. With these they held for a long time a doubtful conflict, until at length that of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont broke against the shield of the Green Knight; and the latter, pressing irresistibly upon him, threw him to the ground, and planted his knee upon his breast. A tumultuous shout of applause immediately burst from the ranks of the English; and the French, who had already, although fighting with the utmost valour, been defeated at every point, threw away their arms, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

"Brave Knight," said Sir Eustace to his conqueror, "I yield to your superior prowess, nor blush to be overcome by strength like yours."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, raising his fallen antagonist and returning him the sword which he presented him, "you of all men have least

cause to blush for the events of this day. By St. George! I have encountered many a tall and stalwart knight in my time, but never one who gave me so much trouble as you have done."

"May I crave your name, courteous Knight," said Sir Eustace, "that when the friends of Eustace de Ribeaumont learn that he has been vanquished, they may know that it was by the hands of one who has doubtless distinguished himself in many a fiercer field than this."

"Sir Eustace," said the Green Knight, "fear not that the most fastidious of your friends will think your fame for honour or valour tarnished by surrendering yourself to me. As for my name," he added, lifting his beaver, "when next you see these features you will know it. Shall you remember them?"

"They are features, Sir Knight," said de Ribeaumont, "which when once seen are not easily forgotten; but I would speedily pay my ransom money and regain my liberty—when, therefore, I pray you, shall we meet again?"

"To-night at supper, in Calais castle," said the Green Knight; and as he spake, the conquerors and the prisoners simultaneously moved towards the gate of Boulogne.

That evening a superb banquet was given in the

castle of Calais, to which the French and English knights were alike invited. There was no distinction made between the guests of the two nations, except that the tables of the prisoners were more superbly decorated and more profusely supplied than those of their captors. A table was placed on an elevated platform at the end of the room, the seats at which were not occupied at the time that the principal part of the company was assembled; but the astonishment of the French knights was extreme when the doors were thrown open and the King of England, the Prince of Wales, and a numerous train of the most distinguished barons and warriors of England, entered the room. As yet they had imagined that the most eminent person in the ranks of their opponents had been Sir Walter Manny. The wonder and interest of Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont were, however, the most intense of all; for, as he gazed on the features of him who wore the crown and held the sceptre, he recognized the Green Knight, and perceived that he had been opposed in single combat to the King of England.

The banquet passed off cheerfully, with many expressions, on the part of the Frenchmen, of wonder and delight at the distinguished rank of the persons to whom they had been opposed, and the courtesy

with which they were treated. At its conclusion, King Edward rose from his seat, and having laid aside his crown, advanced bareheaded, except that he wore a chaplet of fine pearls around his head, down the hall, attended by his son and the lords who had sat down at table with him, for the purpose of retiring from the assembly. As he moved down the hall the knights rose up, and he entered into familiar and courteous conversation with them, especially with his prisoners. As he approached Sir Geoffrey de Charni, his countenance altered and assumed a severe expression. "Sir Geoffrey," he said, "I have but little reason to love you, since you wished to take from me by stealth last night, and during the continuance of a solemn truce, what had given me so much trouble and cost me so large a sum of money to acquire. I am, however, rejoiced to have detected and frustrated your attempt. You were desirous of gaining Calais town and castle at a cheaper rate than I did, and thought that you could purchase them for twenty thousand crowns; but through God's assistance you have been disappointed."

This rebuke was given with so much dignity and feeling, that Sir Geoffrey was unable to utter a syllable in his defence, and the King passed on un-

answered. The last person whom he addressed was Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, who stood at the hall door through which the monarch was about to make his exit, and fell on his knees before him.

"Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont," said the King, extending his hand to him and raising him, "of all men living you are the knight whom I have found most valiant, as well in attacking his enemy, as in defending himself. I never found any one in battle who gave me, body to body, so much to do as you have given me to-day. I adjudge the prize of valour to you, above all the knights of my court, as what is justly due to you."

The knight would have expressed his sense of the honour conferred, but the King stopped him by taking the chaplet of pearls, which was very rich and handsome, from his own brows, and placing it on Sir Eustace's head: "Sir Eustace," he added, "I present this chaplet to you as the best combatant this day of either party, whether French or English; and I beg you to wear it this year at festivals, for my sake. You are a personable gentleman, young and amorous, and well accepted among the ladies; wherefore, if you will only wear it at all public balls, and declare unto them that the King of England gave it to you as the reward of your valour, I will now

release you from your captivity, quitting you wholly of your ransom."

Thus saying, the King left the hall, after the knight, whose feelings could not find utterance, had knelt down and kissed the monarch's hand in token of gratitude and acquiescence. Not only did Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont, as long as he lived, wear the chaplet in remembrance of the gift of so renowned a prince, but his family ever afterwards bore for their arms three chaplets garnished with pearls.*

Froissart.

# The Starry Tower.

" I tell thee,
There's not a pulse beats in the human frame
That is not govern'd by the stars above us;
The blood that fills our veins, in all its ebb
And flow, is sway'd by them as certainly
As are the restless tides of the salt sea
By the resplendent moon; and at thy birth
Thy mother's eye gazed not more stedfastly
On thee than did the star that rules thy fate,
Show'ring upon thy head an influence
Malignant or benign.

MS. DRAMA.

# The Starry Tower.

THE Spanish soil has been the theatre on which, from the earliest period of English history, English valour and chivalry have peculiarly distinguished themselves. In the year 1350, Don Pedro, who was the only legitimate son of Alphonso, King of Castile, and who afterwards earned for himself the surname of The Cruel, mounted the throne. This prince began his career with the most unheard-of enormities: tyranny, rapine, and murder, were the most common among the crimes which he committed. The beautiful Leonora de Gusman, his late father's mistress, he put to a cruel death: her son, the Grand Master of St. James and his father's favourite child, he caused to be assassinated in his presence; and dined in the apartment in which this crime was perpetrated, before he would suffer the body to be removed; and he sacrificed his wife, Blanche of Bourbon, a princess of the blood royal of France, to the hatred and malice of his mistress, Maria de Padilla, who, having the unfortunate prin-

cess once in her power, took care that she should never more be heard of.

These crimes, together with the oppression and cruelty which he exercised towards all ranks of his subjects, caused a general revolt. Many of the most distinguished nobles, and multitudes of the lower classes, flocked to the standard of Don Henry, Count of Trastamare, the bastard brother of Don Pedro, who entered Castile, backed by a gallant French army under the command of the renowned Bertrand du Guesclin, and caused himself to be proclaimed King. The arms of Henry and Du Guesclin were every where successful, although Pedro, (among whose vices cowardice could not be reckoned) fought against them with the most determined gallantry and even heroism. The tyrant was defeated in battle after battle, and chased from city to city, until he was driven beyond the frontier, and obliged to take refuge in Bordeaux. Edward the Black Prince then held his court in that city, as Prince of Aquitaine. To this far-famed warrior Pedro applied for assistance to regain his territories and expel the invaders. The prince saw in him only a legitimate monarch despoiled of his rights, the victim of the rebellion of his disloyal subjects, and of the invasion of the French. He therefore im-

mediately led an army of thirty thousand men into Castile, and meeting a very superior force of Spaniards and French under Don Henry and Du Guesclin, engaged and completely defeated them, and reinstated Don Pedro on his throne.

Don Pedro, for a time, affected to be overwhelmed with thankfulness and admiration of the Prince of Wales and the English; but once feeling himself firmly restored to the station and honours which he had forfeited, he began to renew his oppressions of his subjects, and to evince the blackest ingratitude towards his preservers. The Black Prince found himself and his army destitute of money and provisions, with which Pedro had repeatedly promised to supply them, and had as often violated his promise. Want soon bred among the English soldiers a mortality which carried off great numbers; and the fear of losing the rest obliged the prince to depart from Castile, greatly dissatisfied with the conduct of Don Pedro. He however left behind him a small but gallant band of warriors, under the command of a distinguished knight, Sir Ralph Helme, who was better known by the appellation of "The Green Squire."

To this knight Don Pedro had particularly attached himself, as well on account of his extraor-

dinary strength and valour, as that the magicians and astrologers, in whose science he had great faith, had told him that while the Green Squire lived, he should himself be safe. Simon Joseph, a Jew, his principal astrologer, had also told him that his reign should be long and prosperous, and that he should add new kingdoms to Castile. Several magicians, however, whom he consulted as to where he should die, only answered him by saying, "*The King shall die in the Starry Tower.*"* This prediction for a long time gave him great uneasiness; but as he knew of no place which was so denominated, and as all the other predictions were favourable to him, he gradually regained his peace of mind, and resumed his career of tyranny and cruelty with redoubled vigour and energy.

In the mean time the Count of Trastamare, who after his defeat had retired to the court of the Duke of Anjou, heard of the ill treatment which the Prince of Wales had received from Don Pedro, and of the departure of the former from Castile. He again applied to the King of France for assistance, and was soon once more, in conjunction with Du Guesclin, at the head of a formidable French army. These he lost no time in leading into Castile, and was immediately joined by multitudes of Pedro's disaf-

* Mariana.

fected subjects. The King saw his nobles and soldiers deserting from him daily, and at length almost the only troops on whom he could rely were the little band of English under the command of the Green Squire. These, however, could effect but little against the formidable forces to which they were opposed: battle after battle was gained by the enemy; fortress after fortress surrendered, and Don Henry was almost universally acknowledged as King of Castile.

In this state were the affairs of Castile, when, at about the hour of noon in a sultry autumnal day, an army, or rather, from its appearance, the sad wreck of one, halted in the valley of Azofre, on the banks of the river Montelbana, for the purpose of taking some repose during the noontide heat. Of the soldiers some lay stretched on the turf beneath the shade of the spreading alder-trees, some preferred the shelter of their tents, and some were enjoying the luxury of bathing in the river. The sky was of the deepest and intensest azure, and the sun poured down upon them a blaze of unclouded brightness, but of almost intolerable heat. The most perfect stillness reigned, unbroken even by the stirring of a leaf, for not a breath of air swept across the valley.

The General was sitting in his tent with a map of the surrounding country spread before him. He was yet young, tall, and well formed, and his eye still spoke undaunted resolution and fortitude; but deep furrows were ploughed untimely on his brow: his hair had become prematurely grey; and now, in the solitude of his tent, he did not attempt to repress the deep sobs with which his bosom heaved, or refrain from gnashing his teeth, and beating his forehead with a vehemence which too truly told the bitterness and desperation of his soul.

To such a state was Don Pedro then reduced, who, but a very few years previously had mounted the Castilian throne full of youthful ardour and hopefulness; in those few years, however, so much of crime and misfortune had been crowded into his career, as to account sufficiently for the tremendous change which had taken place. He had now become more than ever the tyrant of his people, and the persecutor of his father's children; but he was also the exiler of his mother, the murderer of his wife, and a fugitive flying from the indignation and vengeance of his revolted people. He had now been retreating for some days before a very superior force, under the command of Don Henry, in the hope of being able to effect a junction with the English

under Sir Ralph Helme, who were posted at the town of Alava, before he should be compelled to give battle to his enemy.

It was while in this situation that a messenger arrived, bringing him intelligence of the death of his paramour, Maria de Padilla, the only person to whom he had ever evinced any thing like sincere attachment.

"Is't come to this!" he said; and big tear-drops rolled for the first time down his iron features. "I could have borne all besides—defeat, disgrace, dethronement, treachery, hatred; these I could have borne—these I have borne; but this—" his voice faltered, his limbs trembled, and a pause ensued, during which a thousand varied emotions were pictured in his changing features. "She loved me," he added; "she was the only being in the world who did so. She died, however, in her bed, without violence, and with every officious tendance that she could desire. Not so died Blanche of Bourbon! Not so Ferdinand de Gusman! Not so—" Here he paused, and the cold sweat poured down his cheek, as he numbered over in his memory the list of his victims. "I am here," he continued, "a fugitive, and almost a captive; but the stars are with me still. However my destiny may for a season

appear adverse, I know that what is written yonder cannot lie. Although clouds may gather in the atmosphere, and hide the planets from our gaze, are they therefore less bright? No, no: they shine for ever bright, far, far above the clouds, which the tempests of this earth engender."

Soothed and almost calmed by these reflections, he was about to draw his mantle closer round him, and dispose himself for a short slumber, when suddenly one of the sentinels who kept guard without the tent stood before him, and making a profound reverence, said:

"Sire, a monk of the order of St. Dominique de la Calcada craves admission into your royal presence."

"Trouble me not with monks of whatever order they may be," said the King: "I cannot see him."

"Sire," returned the soldier, "'tis the famous Antonio Melendez, the holiest of all the fathers of Castile, who says that extraordinary things, which nearly concern your Majesty, have been revealed to him in a dream."

The superstitious curiosity of the King was awakened by this statement, and he had, besides, often heard of the wisdom and sanctity of Father Melendez, who was almost canonized by the lower

orders of the population. He therefore commanded his immediate admission.

The old man entered pale and tremblingly, and prostrated himself at the feet of the sovereign. "Forgive, forgive, Sire," he said, "the humblest, but one of the most loyal of your subjects, if he be the bearer of evil omens to your royal ear.

"Ha!" said Don Pedro, his brow darkening as he spoke, "talk not to me of evil omens. I am the King of whom the stars have prophesied that his reign shall be long and happy, and that he shall add new kingdoms to his own. But rise, old man, and let me hear thy tidings."

"Sire," said the Friar, rising, "it was but last night that the holy patron of our order, the blessed St. Dominick, appeared to me in a dream. The majesty of Heaven itself was in his features and in his gait, and a halo of divine glory surrounded his brow. 'Awake, arise, thee, Antonio Melendez,' he cried, 'and hie thee to the Valley of Azofre on the banks of the river Montelbana, where thou shalt find the King, Don Pedro, with his army. Tell him that Heaven is weary of his crimes, and has delivered him over to his brother Don Henry, by whose hands he shall die, to revenge the blood of the good and the innocent which he has shed.'"

"Death, traitor!" cried the King, rising from his seat and stamping violently, "this to me!" Then he seized the Friar by the throat, and calling to his sentinels, who immediately entered the tent, exclaimed:—

"Erect a stake yonder, opposite the tent, and bind this accursed sorcerer firmly to it. There let him perish in the flames; and as soon as the pile is lighted, let the order to march be given, lest the rebels should surprise us before we can effect a junction with our friends."

In vain did the wretched victim shriek for mercy; in vain did he asseverate the truth of what he asserted. The guards dragged him from the royal presence, while the King gave orders for the drums to beat in order to drown the cries of the victim.

A hundred hands were instantly at work in the erection of a thick iron stake, which was therefore very speedily completed. The Monk made a vigorous but hopeless resistance, in spite of his infirmities and his age. His cries and petitions were inaudible for the reason which has been mentioned; but from his pointing repeatedly towards heaven and then towards his knees, he was understood to beg for at least a short respite to enable him to perform his devotions. His executioners were not diverted for a moment from the fulfilment of their stern office,

and soon stopped even his signs, by binding his arms closely behind him. He was then made fast to the stake by strong chains of iron bound around him.

They then rapidly piled faggots all around him, and having set fire to them, the trumpet was heard to sound a march, and immediately the whole army was in motion, leaving the miserable man to his fate.*

"Mercy, mercy! save me, save me!" shouted the unhappy wretch; but the martial instruments playing the gayest and most lively airs, at once stifled his cries and formed the most bitter mockery and contrast to his torments. With a refinement of cruelty worthy of himself, Pedro had ordered that the faggots should be damped before they were placed, in order that the fire might not spread too rapidly, and so make the victim's death less long and lingering than he wished it to be. It was some time, therefore, before it touched even his extremities, and not until the sound of the music was lost in the distance, and the army was hidden from his sight behind the mountain which they had ascended. Then the intolerable pain caused him to utter loud and lengthened groans, with which the shores of the river echoed; and his body writhed and twisted about as much as the chains with which it was fastened

* Mariana.

would permit. The sound of drums and trumpets was heard proceeding from an opposite direction from that which his murderers had taken. "Don Henry's forces approach," groaned out the sufferer; "speed, speed them hither, O God!—Alas! the flames spread higher.—Is there no hope?" The increasing loudness of the music announced that this friendly force was coming nearer; with an incredible effort he managed to burst one of the links which were twisted around his feet, and thus to free them and his legs from the chains. This enabled him to draw them higher up the stake, and out of the reach of the flames; and looking towards the west he perceived a thick cloud of dust, which the march of a numerous body of men had raised, and which a brisk breeze that had just sprung up, was spreading in every direction. Hope began to animate his breast, but the breeze had fanned the flames, and they rapidly approached his vitals. His legs dropped from the uneasy situation in which he had placed them, the fires encircled his body, and just as the last sigh was escaping him, he was conscious of some friendly but unavailing offices which were being performed in his behalf.

"He's dead, Sire," said a soldier; "the flames have done their worst, and now all that they

can effect will be but the pious office of completely converting into ashes the body which they have tormented."

"True, Alonzo," said Don Henry, "and peace be to those ashes! This was doubtless one of my good brother's tender mercies, who seems not to have a very long start of us. My poor fellows, however, can proceed no further in the pursuit, and stand in much need of that repose which it appears that he has already taken. We cannot find a fitter resting-place than this. Let the order for the army to halt be given."

To return to Don Pedro:—the crisis of his fate appeared to be rapidly approaching. On arriving at the place where he expected to form a junction with Sir Ralph Helme, he learned that the little body of English under his command had, on their march towards the place of rendezvous, been surprised by the army of Du Guesclin, and so completely cut to pieces, that only the commander and four or five followers had been able to effect their escape into the castle of Montiel. Thither the monarch directed his steps, but so panic-struck was his army at the news which they had just received, that numbers fell away from him every hour, and only Don Pedro and a very slender remnant of his force

entered the gates of Montiel. Here he found Sir Ralph Helme with a very inefficient garrison, which his own few, broken, and dispirited followers did not materially augment. The enemy also rapidly followed his steps, and soon with a numerous and triumphant army invested the town and castle of Montiel.

The King and Sir Ralph Helme were not men to be easily daunted. They defended the castle for months against the unwearied assaults of Don Henry. A more terrible foe, however, than had yet assailed them now made its appearance. The stout hearts which had defied the arrows and bullets of the besiegers, began to wither beneath the resistless agency of Famine. At length, one evening Sir Ralph, with agitated looks and hasty steps, sought the King in the turret of the castle which he usually occupied.

"Sire," said the Green Squire, "it is in vain to attempt to defend the fortress any longer. The few men whom we have left, threaten to mutiny and deliver it up to the besiegers, unless your Majesty can make some terms with them."

"Terms with the Bastard!" said Pedro scornfully; "never, even were it practicable! Hence, hence, thou glittering bauble!" he added, throwing

away the sceptre which he held in his hand,—"I have preserved thee in battle and amidst death; when surrounded by hostile armies, or by concealed traitors, this hand hath grasped thee firmly; but now I am about to betake myself to an inglorious flight, and the sceptre of Castile must not be the companion of my shame."

"Sire," said Sir Ralph, "it is in vain to struggle against the decrees of destiny. Your garrison is reduced to a number not sufficient to man the outward wall, and there is not so much as a single day's provision left in the castle. It were better that your Majesty and a few of your chosen adherents should escape by flight. To those who remain, the victors will not refuse to grant safe and honourable terms."

"Is it come to this?" said Don Pedro, clasping his hands and stamping violently on the ground. "Is there not even one poor castle in which the once mighty monarch of Castile can rest in safety? Where is that deceiver, that Simon Joseph, who promised me extent of territory and uninterrupted triumphs over all my foes?"

"He is here," said the Astrologer, stepping forward and meeting the lion-like glance of the King meekly and calmly, but boldly and unabashed.

"Wretch!" said the Monarch, "didst thou not

say to me, 'Don Pedro, do not hope for peace and quietness,' (and Heaven knows that in that particular thou hast not lied, but didst thou not add) 'thy reign shall be long and prosperous, victory shall wait upon thy banners, and new kingdoms shall be added to Castile?'"

"Such," said Simon Joseph, "was the language of the stars; and as such I faithfully interpreted it, O King, to thee; but," he added emphatically, "however cold the season may be, he who will plunge into a heated bath must not marvel should he perspire."*

The King for a moment gazed upon the Astrologer without speaking a word. Then throwing away the dagger which he held in act to bury it in the Jew's bosom, and lifting up his hands towards heaven, he exclaimed: "It is most true! However benign the influences which the planets would shed upon us, the passions, the inclinations, and the habits of men, are stronger even than the influences of the stars themselves. Sir Ralph Helme, lead on—I follow thee."

Thus saying, the fallen monarch passed on amidst the lamentations and the tears of his followers, who forgot in the contemplation of his personal bravery, and the resignation with which he met his

* Mariana.

fate, the cruelties and the vices which had reduced him to so low a condition. Sir Ralph Helme preceded him, and twelve of his most trusty partisans followed. They descended a long winding flight of steps, which ended at a small door, that opened into the great yard of the castle. Don Pedro looked back at the tower which he had just quitted, and enquired by what name it was known?

"Sire," said one of his adherents, "it is called the Starry Tower."

"Ha!" said Pedro, smiling, but as he always smiled, grimly and darkly, "then one of the delusive tales of astrology is proved untrue. In my youth I consulted men learned in the occult arts, as to the place where I should die, and they told me that all that the stars revealed to them was that the King would die in the Starry Tower. I have never met with a place so designated, until now that I am quitting it for ever."

While the King was thus speaking, the Green Squire lifted up the trap-door which led to the subterraneous passage, and the whole party descended. They traversed it for a long time mutely and dejectedly. At length the King broke the silence, and said, "I like not, Sir Ralph, such dark and dreary passages as these! On such a night as

this, I would rather be beneath the canopy of Heaven with my own bright planet shedding down its benign influences on my head."

"Sire," said the Knight, "let us steadily pursue our course, and light will soon break in upon our path."

As he uttered these words, a light was seen gleaming at a considerable distance from them, which by its increasing in size appeared to be approaching them, and the sound of footsteps was heard.

"Ha!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "betrayed, betrayed!"

At the sound of his voice the light disappeared, but footsteps were still heard approaching them, and at length a multitude of lights were suddenly flashed upon their faces, and in the stupor which their dazzling effect occasioned, they all found themselves made prisoners by a very superior force.

Sir Ralph Helme, however, for a long time struggled with the captors. After the King and all his attendants had surrendered, he continued to use his sword with no small effect against the French. He had felled three men to the ground, and was about to sheath his weapon in the breast of a fourth, when he received a mortal stab in the back and fell lifeless to the ground.

"Ha!" exclaimed Pedro, less affected at the death of his faithful and gallant adherent than by the recollection of the prophecy which associated his fate so intimately with his own; "is the Green Squire dead?—then is my hour at hand."

"On with me, fellows," said one, who appeared to be the leader of the assailants, "and secure the castle." A numerous and well-armed body immediately passed by, carrying dark lanterns in their hands. A smaller party remained to take charge of the prisoners, and bring them along with them. "And now," said he who appeared to have the command of this smaller party, "whom have we here?"

"First, Sir," said Don Pedro, "may we crave to know who it is that addresses us, and by what authority he detains us?"

"I," said their captor, "am the Begue of Villaines commanding that part of the army of Henry, King of Castile, which is appointed to guard all the outlets of this castle; and having learned the secret of this subterraneous passage from a fugitive from the castle this day, I have marched to take possession of it, and to arrest all its inmates."

"Then," said Pedro, "I am in the hands of a very valiant and noble knight, and I surrender myself

your prisoner. I am Pedro, King of Castile, the only legitimate son of King Alphonso."

A tremendous shout was heard at that moment. "Ha!" said the Begue of Villaines, "our brave fellows have made themselves masters of the castle. Bring King Pedro along with us. Our master little knows how rich a prize we have secured, or he would have halted on his way, and left the castle to remain in the hands of those who then held it."

From these words Pedro gathered that some person of rank, superior to the Begue of Villaines, had gone forward with the more numerous party to the castle. Various and violent were the emotions which agitated his bosom, but resistance was vain, and he quietly paced the dark windings of the subterranean passage until they arrived at its termination and emerged into the great yard of the castle.

"Is Don Pedro secured?" were the first words addressed to the Begue of Villaines, by the officer who commanded the troops drawn up in the yard.

"I have him safe," said the Begue. "What are his Majesty's commands?"

"He waits his arrival in yonder tower," said the officer, pointing to the Starry Tower.

"Ha!" said Don Pedro mentally; "then Henry himself is here, and in yonder tower;" and an in-

voluntary shudder ran through all his frame. But he added, and his thoughts were now audibly expressed, "Does not this bastard call himself King of Castile?"

"Even so, Sir," said the Begue.

"Then," said the fallen monarch, and a momentary brightness passed over his features, "the King may die in the Starry Tower, and yet Don Pedro be safe. Lead on, Sir Begue! lead on!"

The party then ascended the long winding steps which Pedro had heavily and mournfully, but still under happier circumstances than the present, so recently descended. A very short time brought him and his guards into the room which he had lately quitted, and there he found Henry surrounded by his guards, wearing the royal robe, and holding in his hands the sceptre which Pedro had so recently thrown from him in the agony of his despondency.

"Ha!" said the latter. "Bold traitor, who art thou, who darest to assume the pomp and majesty of the monarch of Castile?"

"I," said Henry, with a bitter smile, "am he to whom alone that pomp and majesty of right belong. I am the King."

"Sayest thou so?" said Pedro, with one of those grim smiles which expressed all the malignity of

his soul in his features: "then meet the fate which the stars have destined should befal the King in this tower."

Thus saying, he sprang upon Henry with all the fury and the agility of a tiger, and, seizing him in his vigorous arms, wrestled with him, and in an instant threw him; then planting his knee upon his breast, and, drawing a dagger from his belt, he was about to plunge it into his bosom, when a soldier who stood by, and whom, until now, surprise had rendered motionless, held back his hand, and placed his own upon his throat. Don Henry immediately sprung upon his legs, and, unsheathing his own dagger, drove it to his opponent's heart.*

"Ha!" said Pedro, "then the prophecy of the Starry Tower was true, and so was that of the villain whom I devoted to the flames. "Henry," he added, fixing his eyes upon the prince, while a bitter smile played upon his lips, "with my latest breath take my ——"

The malediction which he would have uttered was suspended by the death-rattle in his throat, and his head sunk lifeless upon the ground. Still the fierce and bitter smile lived upon his dead lip, and in his eye the cold stern expression of hatred triumphed even over the glassy glare of mortality.

* Mariana. Froissart.

"He died as he has lived," said Don Henry, "pitiless, and without remorse. And now are thy sufferings avenged, Castile; and your deaths, my beloved and noble-hearted brothers; and thy injuries also, thy ill-deserved injuries, sweet Blanche of Bourbon! Rest, now, rest in peace, perturbed spirits, for the triumph of the just has arrived, and honour, valour, and beauty may find protection even in Castile."

The events of that day, fearful and bloody as they were, were no sooner generally known than they were hailed with rapture throughout the whole kingdom. Don Henry mounted the throne amidst universal acclamations. The neighbouring princes, among whom were the great King Edward of England and his chivalrous son, courted his alliance. He swayed the Castilian sceptre with honour to himself and advantage to the nation, and at his death transmitted it to his posterity.

END OF VOLUME I.

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